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THE PARIS TAXI-DRIVER CONSIDERED AS AN ARTIST

By Alexander Woollcott

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

IT was not so very long ago —ten years perhaps—that E. V. Lucas, one of the most affectionate and understanding of all the latter-day pilgrims to the city of cities, dwelling fondly on the gay old *cochers* who used to add such color, zest, and even hazard to travel in the streets of Paris, dismissed as a negligibly remote nightmare the day when automobiles would, to any considerable extent, replace the carriages. There were, he admitted, such distant objectives as Barbizon, say, or Sannois, for which motor traffic would be convenient. But, though other cities might rank convenience above charm, in Paris, at least, there would always survive those languid victorias which the English novelists like to call *fiacres* and which the perverse Parisians persist in calling *sapins*. (Though how a word of such funereal connotation ever became attached, behind the Academy's back, to so festive a vehicle passes all comprehension.)

Regretfully, then, must Parigot report that the past year has seen the rapid disappearance of nearly all those delightful survivals of a lost leisure. Paris, besieged, contained enough of them for all impractical purposes. Then there were plenty of them still standing groggingly about for the melting armies of 1919 to roll around in. But since then their number has greatly and conspicuously diminished.

The greater hustle and bustle, the pressing, almost panicky, sense of lost time which has visibly quickened the very street scenes of England and France —that may have had something to do with it. And the wholesale demobilization of motors certainly did. The poor old carriages were crowded out. What became of them all? Did they journey in lonesome solemnity to Père Lachaise, and vanish forever within its portals? Did the *sapins* finally crumble to dust and the horses lie down and die in the streets? I suspect so. Those I knew were always threatening to do just that, even in the tonic air of the Champs Elysées.

But while the *sapins* are almost all gone, many of the *cochers* linger. The greater part of them have, it is true, reluctantly discarded the costumes which made them look as though they had been cut out of old sporting prints. But they are still recognizable, sitting bored and disdainful at the wheel of many a taxi, and, what is more important, the fine tradition of the *cochers* persists in all the taxi-stands within the fortifications. The adventurous spirit, the imaginative driving, the *esprit de corps*, manifested always in the unflagging hostility which regarded all presumptive patrons rather as presumptuous—that remains. Mr. Lucas of little faith might have known that even the taxis would be personal and picturesque in Paris. In Paris, and in Paris alone, taxi-driving is already a mellowed art. It would be so.

To consider the Parisian taxi-driver as an artist, it is only necessary to accept, without a struggle, the definition of an

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artist as one whose chief interest in his own work extends beyond any mere aspect of its advantage, assured or putative, financial or otherwise, to himself, and centres on the rôle of that work in the world. Of every job an artist undertakes, whether it be writing a novel or planting a bush, he asks: "What is this for?" rather than "What will this bring me?" By this standard your Parisian taxi-driver is indeed an artist, and it is only those zanies who do not know this that are forever becoming embroiled with him.

The gay old *cochers* who used to add such color, zest, and even hazard to travel.—Page 643.

If you wish him to transport you, it is well not to rely on a mere display of wealth, either in your own habiliments or, more pointedly, by brandishing many notes of large denomination. He may be in communistic mood at the time. Watch that driver there, who seems so utterly indifferent to the frantic gestures of an imposing *Sénateur*, yet who not only accepts as his fare an old market-woman but affably and ostentatiously assists her to stock his cab with enough panniers of vegetables to make it take on for a time the aspect of a huckster's cart.

Also, if you yourself happen to be a fat, wealthy, and rather offensive American tourist, remember of a Frenchman that his mere occupation and contentment with what may seem to you a menial task is no evidence that he is not a far more seasoned and cultivated gentleman than you are. I recall once asking a seedy driver if he knew, somewhere in the vicinity of the Trocadéro, a street called the Rue du Tasse. "I know his verse, sir, but not his street," was the reply, which alternately stimulated and depressed me the rest of the day.

Then keep in mind that your driver may have been one of those who bore the reinforcements from the threatened city in the first battle of the Marne. At a recent reunion of them, one complained gayly that his meter had registered 675 francs when that great job was done, but that he had never been paid—complained gayly, mind you.

Above all, remember he is an artist. That is not to say that he is not often a very bad artist. Indeed, most of the Parisian drivers are execrable chauffeurs, moody, abstracted, fitful. They prefer a breakneck pace.

Once in pre-war days, when curiously bonneted women drivers were familiar sights at the taxi-wheels, I cried out to one in my dismay: "Is there no speed limit in this mad city?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," she answered sweetly over her shoulder, "but no one has ever succeeded in reaching it."

There is a legend that there are never any accidents, that the drivers proceed

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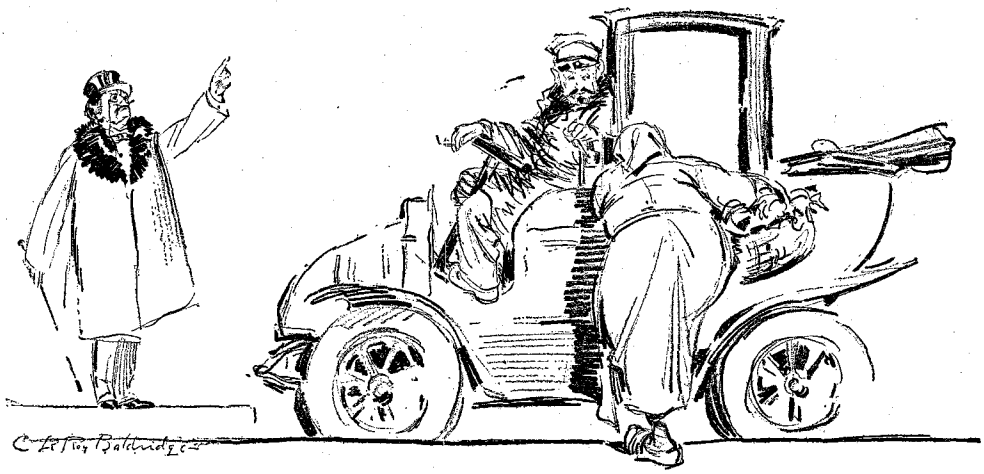

Utterly indifferent to the frantic gestures of an imposing *Sénateur*.—Page 644.

wildly through the swirl of traffic, grazing pedestrians on the Place Vendôme, taking the Rivoli corner on one wheel, and careening toward the river, always coming within a hair's breadth of disaster, but always miraculously escaping. The legend is baseless. There are frequent crashes. If they are overlooked—as they certainly are in every chronicle of our time—it is, I think, because of the disarming glamour of human interest with which the drivers succeed in investing them.

Not long ago I saw two taxis collide at the right-bank end of the Pont Neuf, resulting in agitation and slight injury to the occupant of one of them, a stout matron whose false front somehow fitted in well with her jetty reticule, her shiny black valise, her three hat-boxes, and her Pekinese dog. These and she, all somewhat battered, adjourned with the floridly gesticulating drivers to the nearest *terrasse* for restoratives, and there they were soon surrounded by eleven policemen, most of them taking notes on the testimony. (I remember their exact number because it considerably embarrassed the waiter who was engaged at the time in illegally serving me cognac and coffee out of hours. Of course he went on serving it just the same, but it embarrassed him.) The discussion, which started with a warm controversy over this collision in particular and soon progressed to an experience meeting on collisions in general, then passed on to conversation on street-paving, automobile manufacture, and the venality and incompetence of government, especially the present one. In this conference, the warring drivers, after exhausting the interest afforded by the spectacle of the swooning and slightly bloody lady, joined heartily, and for as much as an hour forewent their gainful occupation for its sake, while the original

"I know his verse, sir, but not his street."—Page 644.

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accident—its causes and its responsibility—was permanently forgotten.

These policemen were merely carrying on the tradition that traffic court should be held at once on the spot. Once when my taxi was hit by another with such violence that the chance companion sitting on the driver's seat of the offending cab was pitched out into the Place de la Concorde, I was greatly diverted to see him melt into the crowd and then, when court was held, emerge as a disinterested spectator who had just happened to witness the accident. His glib and imaginatively circumstantial testimony handsomely exonerated both drivers, and, though a natural desire to have justice on the offending driver burned within *my* driver's heart, he was struck dumb with admiration for the style and ingenuity of the perjured witness. Oh, yes, all chroniclers to the contrary notwithstanding, they do have traffic disasters in the streets of Paris, but somehow the participants manage to make them more amusing and charming than anything else.

Bad artists, then, they often are, but artists always. So, if you want them to trundle you about in times of stress, you must try to interest them in the purpose of your expedition. Remember that it is not possible to make a machine out of a Frenchman merely by putting him in one.

This key to the taxi-drivers of the boulevards has risen in value in a year that has severely strained the relations between them and the general public. Such strain would be inevitable in a time when petrol is so scarce, when *essence* is as costly as nectar. Then it has been greatly aggravated by the disappearance of all small silver from circulation, what with the steady trickle of coins across the frontier and their inevitable concentration in the *chausettes* of a distrustful peasantry. The little packets of stamps, done up in paraffin paper and marked "1fr." or "2fr.," may circulate smoothly enough at the cafés and kiosks, even after some one has thought to depreciate the currency still further by extracting the contents of some of them. But they are poor things to brandish before a driver who is far from his own garage, who has very little gas left, who received no tip from his last customer, who is in pessimistic mood, and who is not really eager to take any one anywhere anyway.

Then the hostility has been sharpened by the memories of two skirmishes. There was the strike of the drivers against the employing companies, which led, after much sarcasm, to a doubled tariff and was promptly followed by a popular boycott of the taxis, so that, for once in a way, the stands were always full. The sulky public, without visible or audible propaganda, declined to ride and for days persisted in their heroic refusal, days long to be remembered by those who actually saw the Parisian drivers gazing imploringly at pedestrian passers-by. This really happened in several authenticated instances. It was a tremendous concession.

If you would know my hero at his best, you should hear the jovial Wythe Williams recount his adventures with him during the strike. That brief war emptied the streets except for the few driver-owned cabs, which cruised about the city enjoying not merely the opportunity for charging famine prices but also the innumerable chances of spurning uninteresting patrons. It was during such a conflict and on a night of fine drizzle which made the streets slippery, and set all the gay river lights a-blinking, that Mr. and Mrs. Williams set forth after an early dinner at their apartment in the Rue Val du Grace, over by the observatoire. Theirs was the forlorn hope of being transported to the opera, a bad three miles away. They looked for a taxi, although the search for a magic carpet seemed just as feasible. They waved their umbrella at each of the few passing vehicles, only to be ignored.

One lone cab, its driver swathed in oil-skins, his flag hooded, was loitering along the Boul' Miche', seemingly for the purpose of irritating whole sidewalks full of signalling pedestrians. One anxious native leaped on his running-board. "How much," he asked, "to the Gare d'Orsay?" "A hundred francs," replied the driver with mischievous gravity and then chuckled delightedly at the fellow's collapse.

Suddenly he beheld the forlorn Williamses, clad for the opera, and huddled pathetically at the curb under the family

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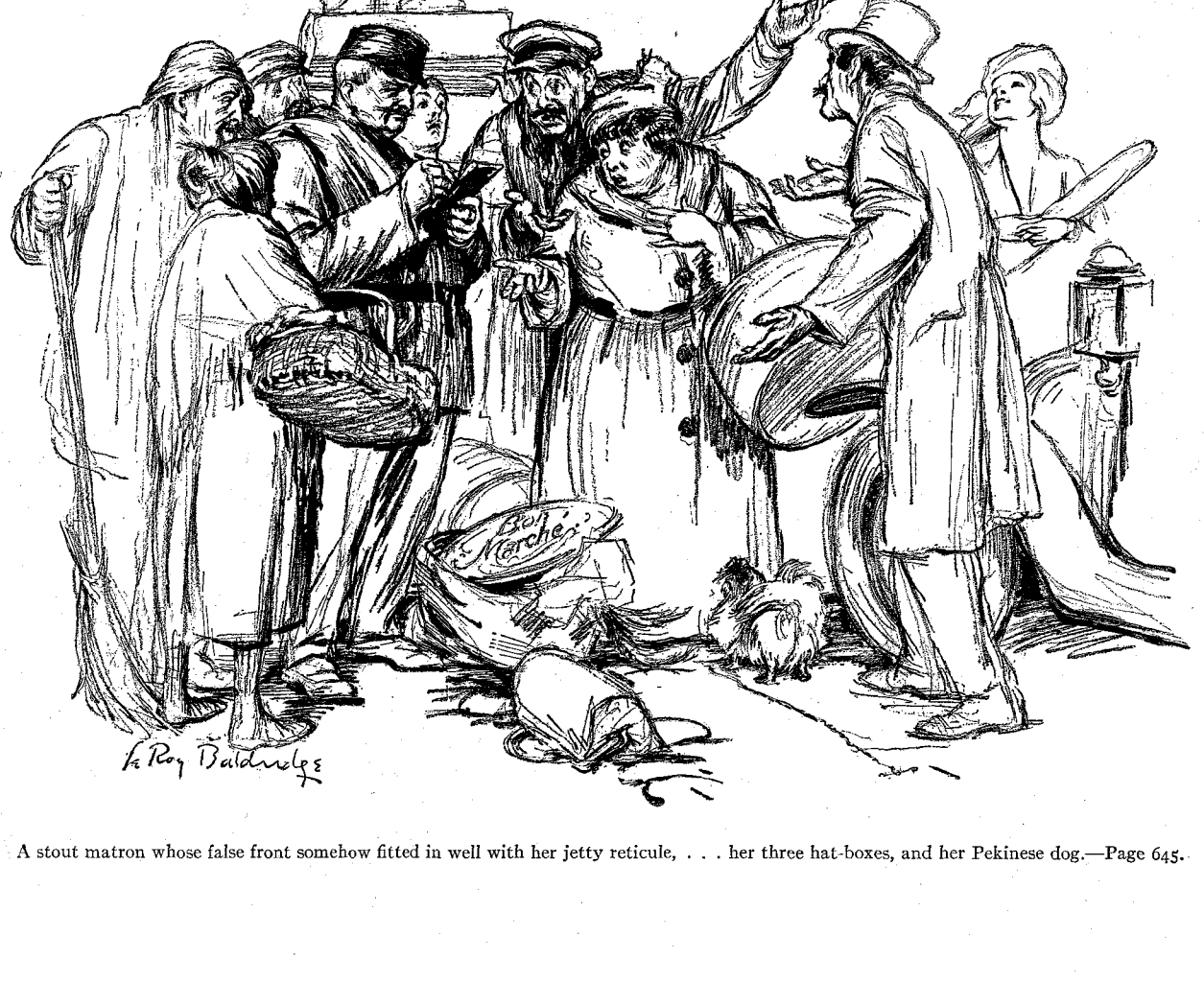

A stout matron whose false front somehow fitted in well with her jetty reticule, . . . her three hat-boxes, and her Pekinese dog.—Page 645.

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umbrella. Something smote him. He circled over to within hailing distance.

"Where do you want to go?" he roared.

"To the opera," they replied miserably.

"To the opera itself?" They nodded assent.

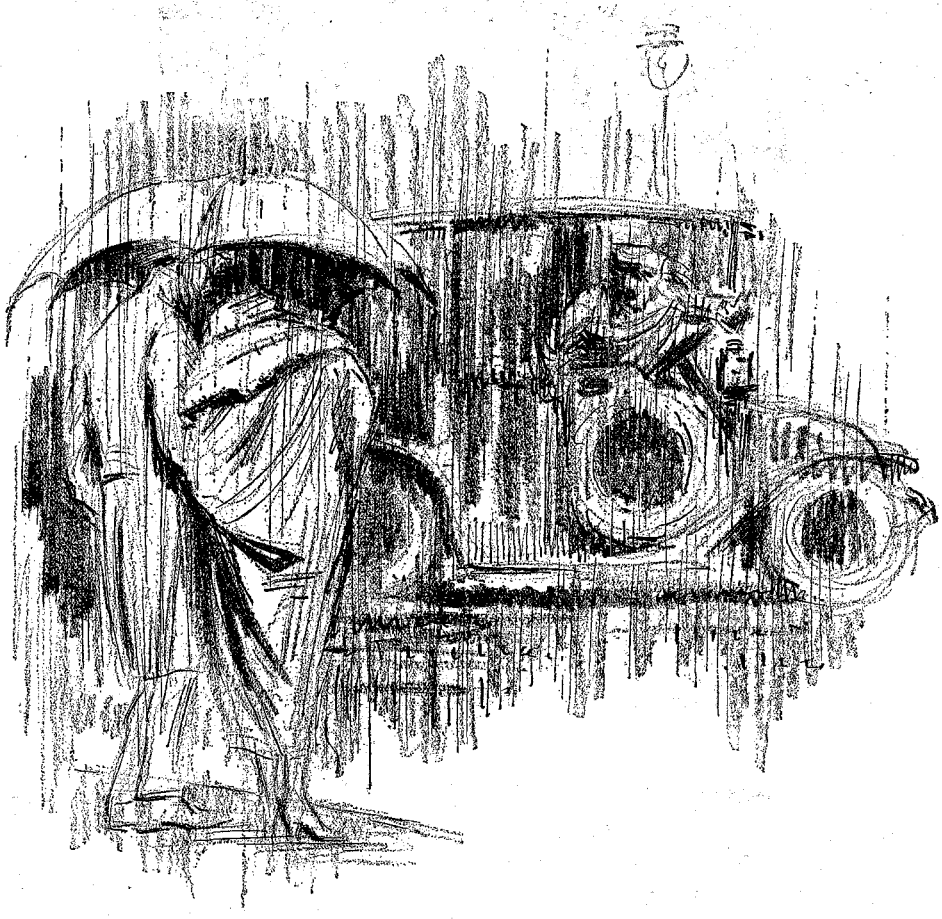
"My God, sir!" he cried, "it's 'Samson' to-night, with a ballet afterward—one of those double bills, very long. It will begin early. Don't you know you'll be late?" They admitted that it seemed dismally probable.

"Well, well," he went on impatiently, and with no descent to barter, though the opportunity was rich, "jump in, jump in! There's no time to lose."

Through the deserted streets they rocked and skidded, crossed the river like one streak, skirted the Louvre in death-defying fashion, and swept along the streaming avenue, just as the clock there at the Boulevard des Italiens pointed to 7.45. "Thank God," he wheezed as they piled out, "we are in time for the overture."

I don't know how much Williams paid him. Enough, I hope, to add appreciably to the sum he is surely saving to buy up a certain morsel of land in his own *pays*, where he will grow his own *haricots verts*, eat them, and live to be a hundred and two.

It is comparatively easy to negotiate for a brief trip along the boulevards. It requires no art to engage a taxi from the Madeleine, say, to the showy office of the *Matin*. But my precepts become valuable when you aspire to some distant goal. You need all your wiles and a good



"My God, sir! . . . it's 'Samson' to-night. . . . Don't you know you'll be late?"

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So we sat in silence . . . while he drained a glass to his bitter-sweet memories.—Page 650.

deal of currency, for instance, to be taken to the Butte de Montmartre, the peak of that solitary hill whose strangely Byzantine cathedral, opalescent at sundown, greets from afar the eyes of all pilgrims whose feet are turned toward Paris. In the crazy old houses clustered like beggars around its gates some of the best cooks in France practise their art. Soufflées of singular delicacy and unforgetable ragouts reward the wise men who make the ascent. But it IS a fearful ascent and the taxis avoid it, even when insulted with extraordinary bribes. Usually a *pourboire* of exceptional and specified proportions is not enough to take you past the foot of the asthmatic *funiculaire* which, for a small consideration, will attend to the rest.

That is why I was surprised once when I appealed to a sad-eyed, bewhiskered driver to take me to the Butte—all the way to the Butte, to the very edge of Turtle Square, I explained—and he neither fainted nor roared with laughter as all others had done. He merely looked at me with a curiously troubled and wistful expression in his eyes.

"Turtle Square?" he repeated nervously.

"It's not so very far," I lied urgently.

"Oh," he replied at once, "it's not that. Jump in."

So away we rattled, the engine protesting raucously every foot of the way.

Once arrived at the Café of the Happy Mill (the soiled one opposite the entrance to old St. Pierre), and I had paid him, he

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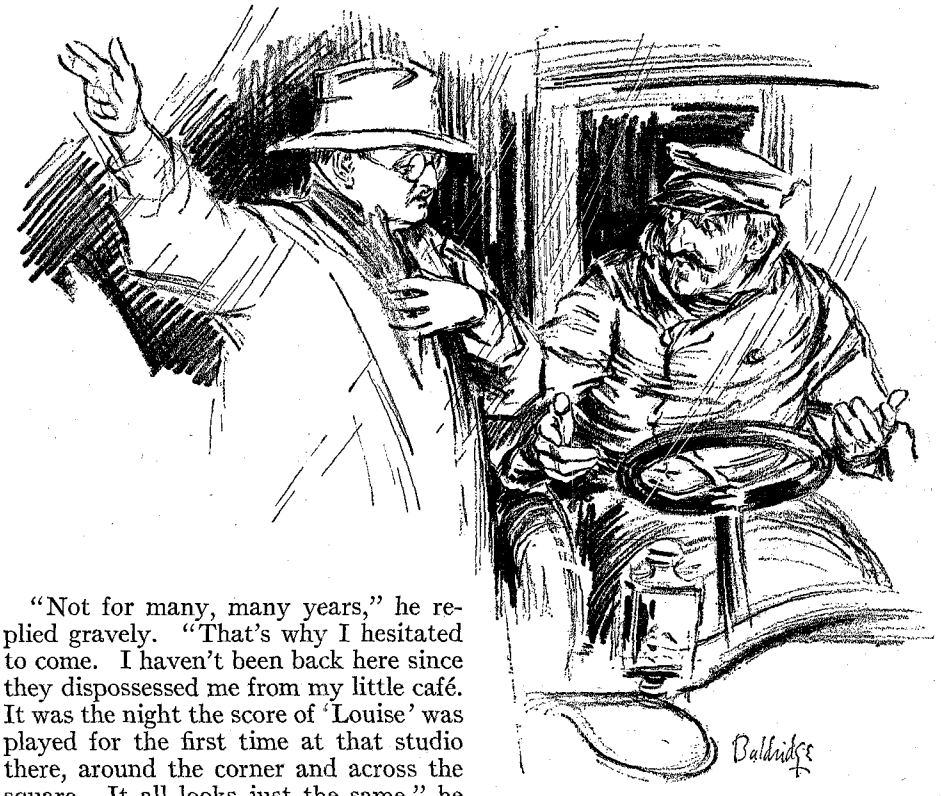
made no move to go but just sat and stared and stared. I felt guiltily that he thought of me as having tricked him into a difficult and unprofitable journey.

"Haven't you ever been here before?" I asked loftily in what I fondly imagined were the accents of a born Parisian.



"What, . . . would take you to such a place at such an hour?"—Page 651

"Not for many, many years," he replied gravely. "That's why I hesitated to come. I haven't been back here since they dispossessed me from my little café. It was the night the score of 'Louise' was played for the first time at that studio there, around the corner and across the square. It all looks just the same," he concluded, and eyed me appealingly as if he hoped that in some way I could show him it had all changed for the worse.

"Will you have an *apéritif*, my friend?" I ventured, and so we sat in silence at the nearest table while he drained a glass to his bitter-sweet memories. Then he wiped his eyes of two unabashed tears, cranked up his dilapidated car, waved to me in mute farewell, and drove off down toward the boulevards, without once turning his head.

But the driver who taught me most was the one from whom I first learned the trick (since practised with unvarying success) of being transported at the legal rates to my hotel on the Isle de Cité. That hotel is called the City Hotel, and for various reasons, not all of them financial, I like to stop there. LeRoy Baldridge, the artist, discovered it first. I think he just dropped in to ask the *patronne* why she had not called it the Commercial House, and installed a sample room while she was about it, but during the ensuing banter he became sufficiently interested in the place to move in. It is several hundred years old and has only one bathtub, but, as I never knew this to be used by any other guest, the illusion of a private bath was almost perfect. I liked my old room there because, from its balcony, I could throw my cigarette-butts into the Seine, a thrilling privilege, I should think, for any one with an atom of historical sense.

The hotel stands at the tip of that island which was the beginning of Paris, just where it bisects the Pont Neuf, so

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that its windows look down on the bridge, and give a heartening view of Henri Quatre as he sits astride his bronze horse across the roadway.

Among its other advantages it may be said of this hotel that no one under any circumstances knows where it is. Its obscure street-number means nothing in the lives of Parisian chauffeurs. Thus it happened that one stormy night—it was really one stormy morning—when I approached a taxi by the Étoile in an effort to be carried home, I merely said to the driver: "Will you take me to the middle of the Pont Neuf?" I suppose my inner conviction that he would do nothing of the kind tinged my voice with melancholy. He looked at me with sudden and vivid interest.

"What," he asked in a sort of stage-whisper, "would take you to such a place at such an hour? The middle of the Pont Neuf at two in the morning! My God!"

Instantly I realized that he had forgotten all about the island which the Pont Neuf crosses, forgotten entirely the few buildings which abut upon its footway. I could see that he pictured me as poised, sad but resolute, in the middle of the bridge on a night of storm. The prospect excited him enormously. He repeated his question in tones even more sombre. "What errand takes you there?"

I choked back my rising laughter, and in accents as tragic as his own replied: "That, my old one, is my business. Drive on."

And, still under the spell of this drama, he lifted his hands to high heaven, forgot all about any stipulation as to fare, waved for me to get in, and drove off at a speed which seemed nicely to compromise between the urgency of his curiosity and his instinct for an appropriately funereal pace. I shall carry to my grave, which I trust will be no watery one after all, the memory of his startled face as I hopped cheerfully out in the middle of the bridge and bent under the light of his wet lamp to count out his three francs. His glance, as it took in the dim outline of the hotel on the forgotten island, was one of mingled incredulity and indignation. He was both chuckling and cursing as he drove off hurriedly toward the right bank—a bloodthirsty fellow, a bit of a brigand, I suppose, but for all that a fellow liberal, an individualist, and an artist.

LONG WOLF

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

MY interest in Mr. Cunninghame Graham's writings was first aroused through reading the dedication in Mr. W. H. Hudson's delightful collection of short stories, gathered under the title "El Ombu." It runs as follows:

TO MY FRIEND

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

("*Singularisimo Escritor Ingles*")

Who has lived with and knows (even to the marrow as they would themselves say) the horsemen of the Pampas, and who alone of European writers has rendered something of the vanishing color of that remote life.

My father had been for many years an eager reader of all that Mr. Cunninghame Graham wrote, and I well remember his appreciation of the following letter which he received from him shortly after Buffalo Bill's death:

"March 27th, 1917.

"Cartagena de Indias,
Colombia.

"The Honorable,
Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

"*Dear Colonel Roosevelt:*

"I saw by chance today in *Harper's Magazine* that a national monument is to be raised to my old friend Colonel Cody; that is to take the form of a statue of himself on horseback (I hope the horse

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will be old Buckskin Joe) that he is to be looking out over the North Platte, and that you have kindly consented to receive subscriptions for it.

"When Cody and I were both young I met him at the Horsehead Crossing, in or about the year 1880, and subsequently saw him next year with the first germs of his great show in San Antonio de Bejar, Texas (God bless Western Texas, as we used to say in those days—it is a thirsty land.)

"Cody was a picturesque character, a good fellow, (I hope the story of his game of poker on his death bed is not apocryphal,) and a delightful figure on horseback. How well I can see him on his beautiful grey horse in the show.

"Every American child should learn at school the history of the conquest of the West.

"The names of Kit Carson, of General Custer and of Colonel Cody, should be as household words to them. These men as truly helped to form an empire as did the Spanish Conquistadores.

"Nor should Sitting Bull, the Short Wolf, Crazy Horses and Rain-in-the-Face be forgotten.

"They too, were Americans, and showed the same heroic qualities as did their conquerors.

"I would not have Captain Jim of the Modocs fall into oblivion either.

"All of these men, and they were men of the clearest grit, as no one knows better than yourself, were actors in a tremendous drama, set in such surroundings as the world never saw before, or will see again.

"*Anch' io son pittore*, that is to say, I too knew the buffalo, the Apaches, and the other tribes of the Rio Grande.

"May I then trouble you with my obolus, a cheque for £20. towards the national monument to Buffalo Bill.

"I envy him his burial place.

"May the statue long stand looking out over the North Platte.

"If in another world there is any riding, and God forbid that I should go to any Heaven in which there are no horses, I can not but think that there will be a soft swishing as of the foot steps of some invisible horse heard occasionally on the familiar trails over which the equestrian statue is to look.

"Believe me, dear Colonel Roosevelt
Yours most sincerely,
R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

"P. S. I congratulate you most heartily on the force which you are raising. It is like you, and if I had been blindfolded and asked who was raising such a force, I should have answered unanimously, Teddy Roosevelt.

"After eleven months in the Argentine, buying horses for the British Government, I am at present at Colombia on a mission connected with cattle on the same account.

R. B. C. G."

I thought at the time that here was the writer that could make Buffalo Bill and his era live and speak and act for our children and our children's children. After the Armistice I made the suggestion, and it was at first favorably received, but upon thinking it over Mr. Cunninghame Graham decided that, since his roaming in North America and participation in our frontier life had been largely confined to our Southwest and to Mexico, he did not feel inclined to take up a work which would necessarily deal largely with the bleak frozen winters of the Northwest, to which he was a stranger.

Accompanying his final decision, as a graceful earnest of his interest, and appreciation of the West, he sent the following sketch, which, instead of reconciling us to the decision, can only serve to make us regret it the more.

Kermit Roosevelt.

LONG WOLF

In a lone corner of a crowded London cemetery, just at the end of a smoke-stained, Greco-Roman colonnade, under a poplar-tree, nestles a neglected grave.

The English climate has done its worst upon it. Smoke, rain, and then more smoke, and still more rain, the fetid breath of millions, the fumes of factories, the reek of petrol rising from little Stygian pools on the wood pavements, the frost, the sun, the decimating winds of spring, have honeycombed the head-

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stone, leaving it pitted as if with smallpox, or an old piece of parchment that has long moulded in a chest.

Upon the stone is cut the name of Long Wolf and an inscription setting forth he died in 1892 in Colonel Cody's Show. Years he had numbered fifty-nine. The legend says he was chief—I think a chief of the Ogallala, Sioux, if memory does not play me false.

In high relief upon the cross, our emblem of salvation, a wolf is sculptured, the emblem of the tutelary beast he probably chose for himself in youth, during his medicine fast. It may have been that the name grew from some exploit or some incident in early life. Most probably the long wolf meant more to him than did the cross that Colonel Cody has erected over his dead friend and comrade in the wild life they understood so well. If the Long Wolf resents it, they can discuss the matter where they now ride, for that they ride, perhaps some Bronco Pegasus, I feel certain, as Heaven would be no Heaven to them if they were doomed to walk.

From whence the Long Wolf came so far, to lay his bones in the quiet corner of the Brompton Cemetery where now he sleeps, that is to me unknown, as absolutely as the fair field where the fledged bird had flown, was to the poet. All that I know is that the bird was fledged, flew for some nine and fifty years, and now rests quietly in his forgotten grave.

The tombstones stand up, white in marble, gray in granite, and smoke-defiled when cut in common stone. They stand like soldiers, all in serried rows. The occupiers of the graves beneath them sleep on undisturbed by railway whistle or motor horn, by blasts of steam, by factory sirens, or the continuous rumble of our Babylon. These were familiar sounds to them in life. If they could wake and should not hear them, their ears would pine for what had filled them all their lives. Upon each stone is set the name and age and virtues of its occupant. A pious text informs the world that a devoted wife and mother died in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. All charitable folk will hope her faith has been rewarded in the Empyrean that she now inhabits, just as her virtue was rewarded here on earth, for to be forty years a devoted wife and mother is its own reward.

A little farther off, a general, his battles over, reposes in his warrior's cloak. He needs it, for the white marble makes a chilly couch in our high latitude. A champion sculler, with his marble boat and broken sculls, has gained his prize. A pugilist is cut in stone in fighting attitude, and farther off there sleeps a publican.

Men, women, children, gentle and simple, poets and statesmen, soldiers, sailors, and solid merchants, once held in honor upon Change, young girls, wives, husbands, mothers, fathers, and representatives of every age and class of man, take their repose under the dingy grass. Their very multitude surely must give them some protection, and a sense of fellowship . . . for they all died in the same faith, with common speech and aspiration, in their own fatherland.

Under the poplar-tree, its leaves just falling, golden in the autumn frost, there lies a wilding. No one is near with whom in the long nights of rain and winter he can exchange a word.

The prosperous citizens, in their well-cared-for tombs, with their trim beds above them often gay with flowers, even in death appear to look askance at the new Christian, with his wolf above the cross. No one to place even a bunch of violets on his grave, although the pious hand that buried him, perhaps in foresight of the loneliness certain to overtake the Long Wolf, lost in the thick ranks of palefaces, has placed in two glass cases (one of them is cracked) some artificial pansies—perhaps for thought, perhaps for recollection—all is one, for thought and recollection fade into one another almost insensibly.

On what forgotten creek, in what lost corner of the Dakotas, where once his race lorded it over buffalo and mustang, the Long Wolf first saw light, I have as little knowledge as of the composition of the mysterious thing that gave him life, accompanied him throughout his days, and then departed into the nothingness from whence it came.

I see the teepees set by the river's side, with the thin smoke that rises from the

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Indians' parsimonious fire curling out through the poles. The wolfish-looking dogs lie sleeping at the lee side of them; children play in the sun the strange and quiet games that Indian children play. Out on the prairie feed the horses under guard. Amongst these quiet children Long Wolf must have played, lassoed the dogs, or shot his little arrows at the birds. From his youth upward he must have been a rider patient and painstaking as the Indians are with horses, without the dash and fire that characterizes the Western men and Mexicans.

At seventeen or eighteen, when he had assumed the name that now so strangely differentiates him from all those with whom he lies, he must have taken part in many a war-party. Upon the trail, strung out in a long line, he must have ridden with the other braves, silent and watchful, holding the horsehair bridle with the high, light touch that every Indian has by nature and so few Europeans can acquire. He must have suffered hunger, thirst, fatigue, and all the dangers incidental to the life of those days on the plains long ere the railroad crossed them and when the buffalo migrated annually, in countless thousands, followed by the attendant packs of wolves. What his adventures were, how many scalps he took, and what atrocities he saw committed, only he himself could tell, and Indians keep no diaries except in memory.

Little by little, as the West was day by day invaded by the whites, the buffalo grew scarcer and the game was difficult to kill, he and the tribe would find their means of livelihood filched from them and their position insecure. Whether the chief took part in the great fight upon the Little Big Horn, or later joined the Ghost Dancers in their pathetic struggle, is a sealed book to all but him who brought the Long Wolf over in his company, and he has joined the chief on the last trail.

It is best perhaps we should know nothing, for, after all, what most concerns those who pass by his grave, rendered more lonely than if it had been dug out on the prairie, by the crowd of monuments of alien folk who crowd about it, is that he lies there, waiting for the last war-whoop, uncared for and alone.

Whether his children, if he had any, talk of his death in the strange city, buried in fog and gloom, so vast and noisy, with its life so circumscribed by customs and by laws, remains a problem never to be solved. How and of what disease he died is long forgotten by the men who pass his tombstone so unheedingly. His spirit may have returned to the region of the Red Pipestone Quarry, or ride in some wild heaven, where buffalo are ever plentiful, grass green, and water ever running, that the Creator of the Indians must have prepared for them, as he is all-wise and merciful.

It may be that it still haunts hovering above the grave under the poplar-tree. I like to think when all is hushed in the fine summer nights, and even London sleeps, that the wolf carved on the tomb takes life upon itself, and in the air resounds the melancholy wild cry from which the sleeper took his name.

'Twould be mere justice; but as justice is so scarce on earth, that it may well be rare even in heaven, 'twere better ears attuned to the light footfall of the unshod cayuse and the soft swishing of the lodge-poles through the grass behind the travois-pony should never open.

The long-drawn cry would only break the sleeper's rest, and wake him to a world unknown and unfamiliar, where he would find no friends except the sculptured wolf.

Let him sleep on.

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PSYCHOLOGY GOLDBRICKS

MEMORY SYSTEMS—TRAINING THE WILL

BY HENRY FOSTER ADAMS
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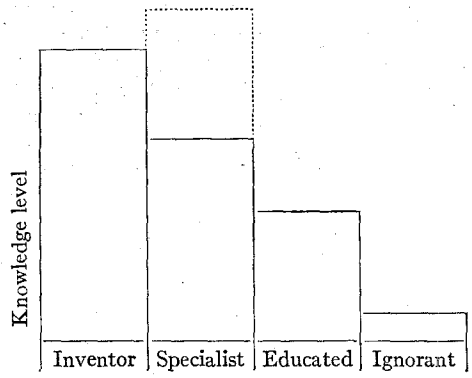
[FIRST PAPER]

ODDLY enough, the goldbricking profession is a direct by-product of progress. When we study the history of civilization we notice that to each advancement is attached the name of some one man. Stephenson and the steam-engine, Ericsson and the *Monitor*, Marconi and the wireless, Curie and radium, Peary and the North Pole are examples. Such a man as any of these knows more about his own specialty than does any one else. Other specialists arise in the same line. They soon approximate or even surpass him. The educated get a knowledge of the basic principles involved, the illiterate realize that such a thing exists but know little of its principles. This condition may be represented graphically as follows:



Thanks to newspapers and magazines the new wisdom, which is a part of this progress, is in part gradually absorbed. Much of it, however, on account of professional ethics, never appears in such widely circulated mediums but remains hidden from public view in technical journals.

To illustrate: Quite recently we have been educated about pyorrhœa, its symptoms and its effects upon our bodies. Twenty years ago we knew nothing about it. Even its name was different. But gradually dentists and physicians taught us how harmful it is to health, and our minds were soon saturated with the name of the disease and its dread consequences. We now recognize it as a condition to be remedied, though the exact corrective method is a mystery to be solved only by the dental specialist. And we "just naturally hate dentists." This ignorance and this attitude combine to make us fit victims for the pyorrhœa goldbricker.

From this one typical example it is obvious that the scientifically unenlightened are never aware of their own lack of knowledge until their attention is called to it. Ignorance is the big gap in their defense; the only sure protection is knowledge. Since psychology goldbricks have been rampant for ages and are now showing the abnormal development of the parasite which fattens unhindered at the expense of healthy and useful life, this article is written to tell the truth about psychology, what it can do, what it cannot do, and to point out the objectionable features in certain popular "movements" of the present day.

Psychology is not alone in possessing this parasitical offspring. Many professions have had to deal with a similar situation, sometimes being forced even to change their names to escape the odium. Thus, the ancient astrologers have become astronomers, the alchemists have transmuted themselves into chemists. Occasionally the goldbrickers have been forced out of the profession, as is the case with various "quacks" and "shysters," but too many professions are still un-

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healthily burdened with them for society's general good.

The psychology goldbrick comprises rather a large number of elements, which, due to a general lack of popular taste for the scientific text-books where they are truthfully portrayed, have to date succeeded in misinterpreting the term "psychology," in netting the dollars of thousands of gullible men and, in general, returning to their victims dross for perfectly good coin.

The particular movements here criticised will include systems for training memory and the will; systems of analyzing character from the features, the head, and other physical structures, and rampant systems of so-called "applied psychology," which profess to teach everything from curing gall-stones to the secret of perpetual happiness, fame, and prosperity.

I

MEMORY SYSTEMS

THE date of the first "memory system" is undoubtedly prehistoric. At any rate it is lost in the mists of antiquity. There is evidence that in the Rome of the Cæsars such systems had attained a high development. The probable activities of some ambitious disciple of Cicero who sought political and social fame by a victory in the verbal arena would be somewhat as follows. Calling his tutor, the young patrician would explain the situation to him in detail. The tutor would then seek out a well-educated Greek slave. This Greek slave, with several satellites, would read through the books of the master's library, looking for facts which had bearing on the points at issue. Other slaves would saunter on the concourses of the city or through the byways, chatting with their friends, and bring back with them the collected gossip. From the material thus obtained the tutor would write the speech. Since convention at this time forbade the use of manuscripts and notes, the difficult part of oratory lay in learning the speech by heart.

The following method was frequently adopted. The speech was outlined, divided up into heads and subheads, and literally cut to pieces. Each bit, upon which was written one point or paragraph, was attached to an ornament or article of furniture. The introduction, for instance, would be placed upon a statue opposite the front door. The subheads would be attached to various other articles of furniture, and throughout there would be a noticeable relation between the idea contained in that part of the oration and the character of the object to which it was attached.

Another popular method was to divide each of the four walls of the room into the form of the letter M. The first point in the speech would keep the position of the object at the upper extremity of the left-hand side of the letter, the next the lower left-hand corner, the third the apex or middle, the fourth the upper right-hand corner, and the fifth the lower right-hand corner. Since the orator was familiar with the appearance of his own house, it was an easy task for him to make a mental trip through his dwelling and, as he recalled the familiar pictures, statues, chairs, and couches, the point which had been associated with each would come automatically to his mind.

That the moderns have broken no records is proved by the story of one Roman who habitually attended auctions and was able at the end of the day to recount from memory each article sold, the price paid for it, the person who bought it, and where it was delivered—an average total of some three thousand different facts.

It is said that Mark Twain used a similar method. Before giving an after-dinner speech, he would suddenly fall silent, look vacantly into space, fingering the different spoons, cups, and glasses which were near him. He really was outlining his speech point by point and forming associations between each topic and some article of table furniture.

Some memory systems have been handed down to us. Sometimes they have been popular; sometimes they have gained but little attention. The most striking fact is the slight amount of improvement which has been made in them through two thousand five hundred years. They have, to meet popular demand, been made easier and more interesting, thus following the conventional tendencies of modern education.

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The question is, to say nothing about their worth as salable merchandise, are they worth while?

Ordinarily, a "system" means that you must first undergo laborious work in memorizing the system itself, and then must apply it to every detail which presents itself for learning. The enormous waste of time and energy is apparent, to say nothing of the tragedy should one of these artificial integers fail on some important occasion.

Psychologically speaking, the best possible way to cultivate a good memory is to get an understanding of the fundamentals of memory, such as attention, association, retention, etc., and then to cultivate a few simple good habits. The contrast between the two is obvious—the "goldbrick" method is artificial; the psychological method is natural.

This does not necessarily insinuate that these memory-training systems are wholly bad. Their advertisers emphasize, and rightly, the very great importance of good memory for business and social success. The trouble is, they advertise the hardest and most expensive method for cultivating it.

Some of their arguments are as follows:

(*a*) There is not so much difference in the speed of the express and the local train *when they are running;* the local takes more time to cover the same distance because of the delay during the stops. Thus, saving the time formerly lost in looking up forgotten details enables one to do more in the course of a day; more ground can be covered because there are fewer halts.

(*b*) They correctly emphasize memory as essential for soundness of judgment. Judgment means the weighing and evaluating of facts in relation to each other. Memory furnishes these data, and when essentials are forgotten wrong decisions result.

(*c*) Foresight is another direct result of good memory in that it is only anticipating what is to come, in terms of what has happened in the past. This knowledge of the past is again supplied by memory.

(*d*) Good memory, likewise, enables one to dominate and control those with poor memories, for the one who has facts and figures on his tongue's end advances more valuable opinions and wastes less time ruminating.

(*e*) The greater monetary reward which comes from increased efficiency, improved judgment, augmented foresight, and greater power of handling others is by no means the least of their advertising appeals. And justly so.

(*f*) The advertisements do not stop here, however, for they assert that good memory is a social as well as a business asset. Increased popularity follows improved memory, for good memories are comparatively rare at the present time. The one who is skilled in memorizing may make a performing parlor poodle of himself and be in great social demand. Likewise, remembering names, faces, tastes, preferences, habits, and the number of children in the family and their birthdays will certainly be an asset to any social climber and to any politician. Instances are given of men who, before taking the courses advertised, were hesitating in speech, and remembered hours afterward what they should have said in response to some sally. After studying that particular system, however, anecdotes, facts, jokes, stories, and opinions tripped lightly from their facile tongues.

Now, according to the advertisements, there is always some "secret" involved in such phenomena, the knowledge of which results in a decided improvement in memory. Incidentally, it is probably the very use of the term "secret" which stimulates the public thirst into pouring out its dollars to be quenched. On the other hand, reliable psychologists claim no "secret" or mystical analysis of the memory problem, and consequently are passed by in the rush for the transforming "knowledge" of the popular advertisement.

Any act of memory can be analyzed into four parts—impression or learning, retention, recall, and recognition. Each of these four is essential for good memory. Learning is, technically speaking, forming associations; retention is keeping the association pathways which have been formed in the brain; recall is using again the associations which have been formed, thereby awakening old ideas; recognition is locating recalled events or putting them into their proper setting in our past experience.

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Learning new material easily, retaining it adequately, recalling it promptly and accurately at the time needed, and recognizing it instantly, these are the fundamentals of a good memory.

Let us consider the psychological aspect. Man is a conglomerate of skin, bone, muscles, sense-organs, nerves, and brain. Whenever he has experiences it is because the physical energy coming from the outside world affects one or more of his sense-organs, viz., sight, taste, touch. In the sense-organ the physical energy is changed to physiological energy and is then propagated from place to place in the nervous system. When the nerve current leaves the sense-organ and goes through the sensory nerves it produces a conscious result only when it reaches the cerebrum, or the big brain, where it is attended by the arousal of an idea which represents the external object. But even after the idea is aroused, the nerve current keeps on going until it is forced to its final dissipation in a muscle, where its energy is transformed into a muscular contraction. In addition to arousing ideas the nerve current, however, produces—as is true of any form of physical energy flowing through a physical medium—changes or modifications in the nerve substance through which it passes. These changes or modifications are usually referred to as pathways. These pathways in the nervous system are by all odds its most important features. Their complexities and intercommunications determine the extent and trend of our memories, our characters; in fact, our entire mental contours. All our habits, good or bad, are nothing more than an initial response to some stimulus, and consequently the establishing of some nervous pathways plus a sufficient number of similar responses to make the pathway automatically traversed.

Without the nervous system in which these pathways can be formed, without these pathways, without the nerve current, without the sense-organ, memory is impossible.

Learning, therefore, is the physical work necessary to make such pathways. Retention, also a physical process, is the ability of the nerves to maintain these pathways, and is analogous to the ability of cloth or paper to hold a crease. If the nerve substance is too soft, the pathways are about as permanent as writing in water; or if the substance is too hard, learning becomes as difficult as inscribing a word on engraver's steel. The most essential factors in learning are: first, good attention; second, sufficient repetitions to stamp in the pathway.

There is a natural tendency for these neural channels to become choked in the process of time. One way to keep them open and clear—to have serviceable memories—is by the process of constant reviewing.

In one of the Sherlock Holmes stories Conan Doyle puts into the mouth of his hero a statement concerning memories. Holmes says that he learns only those things which are of practical value to him because the mind is like an attic. It can hold only so much, and when it is full, crowding something in means, lamentably enough, crowding something else out. While we are in no danger of running out of brain room, this theory, nevertheless, emphasizes the fact that we should limit our memories to those things which are important professionally, socially, politically, and religiously; to those things, namely, which we have occasion and time frequently to review.

Memorizing, then, is doing physical, though usually unconscious, work, making modifications in a physical brain. The amount of work one unit of energy will do depends upon the plasticity of the substance in which it works. Similarly, the duration of the modification, that is, the length of time that we can remember anything, is a function of the brain's plasticity. And in no way can we affect the plasticity of our own brains or those of others except by attempting to form and strengthen good mental habits of close attention and careful analysis whenever possible.

Any memory system must depend upon one or more of these following methods, which have been called scientific or mechanical, and judicious or ingenious.

In the mechanical or rote memory things are learned by heart by the aid of numerous repetitions of the material. In logical or judicious memory one learns ideas instead of words. This latter type

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depends upon having already a certain amount of information about the topic, and then by the operation of classification, comparison, systemization, linking a new idea into the scheme which has been made up from a number of old ones. It follows logically, therefore, that all first learning is rote learning.

The schemes used in ingenious memory systems are many and varied. A method frequently employed is to list the words in the order in which they are to be learned, then find other words beginning with the same letters which, in their proper order, make a bit of doggerel which one remembers easily. It is probable that every American child who knows anything about music will recognize "Every good boy does finely" as the key given him for identifying the notes on the lines in the musical staff. And the majority of medical students have learned "On old Olympus' towering top, a Finn and German picked some hops," to aid their recall of the names of the cranial nerves in the proper order. Another instance is the familiar stanza,

> "Thirty days hath September,
> April, June, and November."

On the scientific side it is sometimes possible to make one unit of energy do more work than it does at other times. This is accomplished by taking advantage of the physical principle of inertia which may be supposed to manifest itself in the brain, as in other physical structures. Similarly it is possible to use the work which has previously been done in forming associations and employ it in learning something new.

Practically all of the memory systems in vogue to-day are based upon the ingenious associative method, a scheme in use long before the beginning of the Christian era. If you wish to connect two ideas in memory so that one will call up the other inevitably, all you have to do is to work out a chain of associations between then, AND THEN REMEMBER THE CHAIN!

A few years ago I had occasion to connect the two nonsense syllables Jes and Tau. Perfectly easy! I knew a man whose last name was James, who for obvious reasons was called Jess. The first step in the association was from Jess to James. The next was from James to his height, six feet and six inches. The next step was to another man of the same Gothic design who lived in Philadelphia, a city which is also the seat of the Tau chapter of my fraternity. Perfectly easy, IF I remember all the steps between.

By a variation of the same system the student is asked to work out in his mind's eye a cinema sketch in which the words to be remembered are featured in the acting. If you wish to learn the words tree, velocipede, brick, robin, potato—picture to yourself a boy standing under a *tree*, who left his *velocipede* to throw a *brick* at a *robin* and hit a *potato* instead. Here it is certainly apparent that a few simple repetitions clearly attended to would form a much more normal and probably more durable association chain. And yet how many people are there who prefer to spend their money for the first scheme?

Another memory aid, as taught by some systems, is a method of remembering numbers such as addresses, telephone numbers, and prices. Here it is necessary to learn by heart a table like the following one, then translate the numbers into a word containing the consonants in the corresponding columns!

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
t	n	m	r	l	sh	g	f	b	s
d					j	k	v	p	c
					ch	c			z
					g	qu			

The velocity of sound, 1,142 feet per second, can be remembered by the two words "tight run," for the significant letters, t, t, r, n, have the corresponding values of 1, 1, 4, 2. Similarly, 1,054 might be represented by the words "does leer." The price of a chair, $14.98, might become "tree puf." If this method seems easy, try a few examples!

In passing should be emphasized that there is no one memory, but just as many different kinds of memory as there are different classes of objects or events that we try to recall. Furthermore, there is a memory for each sense. Good memory through one sense for a certain kind of material is often conjoined with a poor

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memory for facts obtained through some other sense. For example, it has been shown experimentally in the psychological laboratories that facility in remembering prose selections which are read is an extremely good symptom of a poor visual memory for numbers, whereas a good memory for nonsense syllables presented audibly will indicate a good memory for words presented visually.

The training of memory is quite comparable to training a good all-round athlete so that he will excel in all branches of sport at the same time. It is undoubtedly possible to train one form of memory so that it will be much better than it was before. After this training one may take some other form of memory and train that until it is much better than it was before. However, it must be understood finally and decisively that there exists a fixed upper limit of memory beyond which improvement is impossible.

If we were to take one thousand people and test their memory for faces, the result, when plotted, would show a certain form of curve. If we train these people for three months to remember faces and put them through the entire test, we would find in the plotted curve that the points were higher but that the original curve ran parallel to it. There is, then, absolute gain but no relative gain, a condition which leaves each individual in the same respective position which he held before he trained his memory. The advertisement, therefore, which heralds forth indiscriminately to the public that any one who takes a certain course can develop a better or even supernormal memory fails to reckon honestly with innate individual capacity, and as a rule substitutes only a time-consuming artifice instead of honest fundamentals.

II

TRAINING THE WILL

OTHER popular systems which deserve inclusion among the goldbricks are those for training THE WILL. Their advertisements suggest that, because exercise makes the arms grow stronger, mental exercise has a similar effect on THE WILL. They maintain that after a brief "course" we shall no longer vacillate; our knowledge will always control our actions; we shall always do that which is right—in short, the millennium will be here.

In addition to the points brought out by advertisements of memory training, these "will" advertisements emphasize a further truth, namely, that without doing, correct remembering and thinking are, from the practical standpoint, useless.

Similarly, in these advertisements, some "secret" is usually referred to, the knowledge of which will enable the man who has been a failure for fifty-seven years to possess a successful business in fifty-seven days. By the end of the third year his net profit will be anywhere from $10,000 to $50,000 a year. He is represented as suddenly abandoning the balky attitude of years, to become not only a self-starter but a self-runner as well. It is to be feared that such testimonials are carefully selected cases; that returns from the entire 100 per cent of enrolments in such courses would show lamentable cases of quitting and of failure.

The search for this "secret" of will-power will lead us again through some of the main highways of psychological sciences.

Many years ago the idea of a separate entity, a discrete mental structure known as THE WILL, was abandoned by psychologists. There exists no little manikin that sits up in our brain with his hand on the tiller steering our thoughts and actions, for the manikin in turn would necessitate another of similar kind but of greatly reduced size to control the thoughts in the head of the first; the second would demand a third; the third a fourth; and so forth, *ad infinitum*.

Such a hierarchy suggests the logic of the ancients about the support of the flat world. It was supposedly upheld at the four corners by elephants, who, in turn, stood on the backs of turtles, who, in their turn, were upheld by eagles flying in the air. The air needed no support, for it was so light that it floated in space.

It is obvious that any such theory, instead of explaining the unknown in terms of the known, leaves the mystery still unexplained and introduces many additional elements even more difficult of understanding than the original one.

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At the present time of psychological development emphasis is placed on the function, *i. e.*, on the doing rather than on the structure which works. The structure underlying volition is the brain. But the brain is not split up into rooms, one given over to memory, another to emotion, another to will. Whenever we are conscious at all, the greater part of the whole brain is active. Every single idea has a manifold of associates, or a "context" formed by different networks of neural pathways in the cortex.

Will or willing is simply that activity of mind in its entirety which makes for deliberate and purposeful *control* of ideas and movements. In fact, "will" is simply a control element exercised when two opposing sets of ideas are present in the neural manifold.

There are, then, two distinct phases to consider under will: first, controlling thoughts; second, controlling actions. It will be seen that these two are exactly the same, for in the last analysis, control of action depends upon control of ideas. The fundamental question is, how are ideas controlled? In explaining control we again appeal to a series of pathways in the nervous system similar to those already described under memory, but differing in this respect, that they connect the thinking region of the brain with the motor area, which, in turn, controls action.

The conditions of this control are heredity and training. That one inherits not only physical structures but, to an approximately equal extent, his feeling, emotional and volitional tendencies, has been very clearly demonstrated. The experiences of each person equip him with an assortment of ideas which are different, both in kind and in vividness, from those of other individuals. These ideas, originated by physical objects in the outside world, are received and modified to be in accord with our experiences and our desires.

In a group of persons, it is possible to tell with reasonable accuracy what interests each by the objects he observes or the things he talks about in any given situation.

An incident quoted by James will make this point clear. "In a compartment of a railway carriage six persons unknown to each other sit in lively conversation. It becomes a matter of regret that one of the company must alight at the next station. One of the others says that he of all things prefers such a meeting with entirely unknown persons, and that on such occasions he is accustomed neither to ask who or what he is. Another thereupon says that he will undertake to decide this question, if they each and all will answer him an entirely disconnected question. They began. He drew five leaves from his note-book, wrote a question on each, and gave one to each of his companions with the request that he write the answer below. When the leaves were returned to him, he turned, after reading them, without hesitation to the others and said to the first, 'You are a man of science'; to the second, 'You are a soldier'; to the third, 'You are a philologist'; to the fourth, 'You are a journalist'; to the fifth, 'You are a farmer.' All admitted that he was right, whereupon he got out and left the five behind. Each wished to know what question the others had received; and behold he had given the same question to each. It ran thus:

"'What being destroys what it has itself brought forth?'

"To this the naturalist had answered, 'vital force'; the soldier, 'war'; the philologist, 'Kronos'; the publicist, 'revolution'; the farmer, 'boar.' Each one answers the first thing that occurs to him and that is whatever is most nearly related to his experience, *i. e.*, to his pursuit of life. Every question is a hole-drilling experiment, and the answer is an opening through which one sees our interiors."

This incident illustrates very clearly two facts: first, that all our ideas are derived fundamentally from the physical environment which surrounds us; second, different individuals, exposed to the same environment, will, as a result of heredity and training, notice different things in it. The combined result is the easy ingress to certain individuals of certain kinds of information. Naturally, the ideas which enter with the least difficulty are the ones which are the most cordially received, and which stay long-

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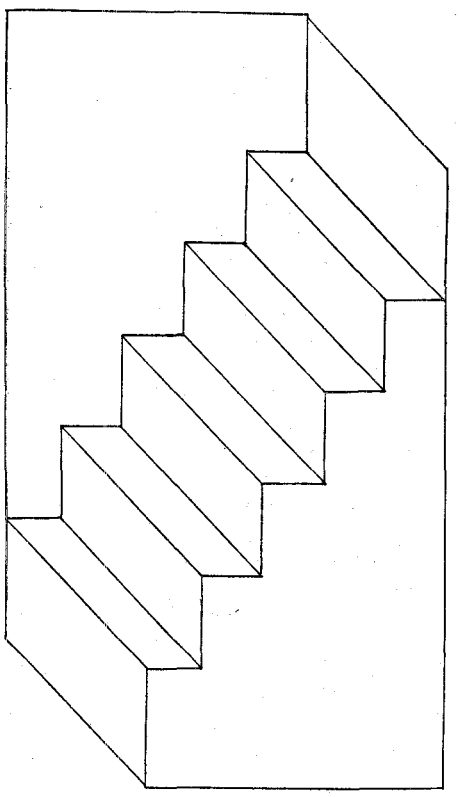
est, for they are in accord with the already developed interests, and settle into the most natural and permanent context.

Even our power to change the direction of our attention by voluntary effort and to keep it up for any length of time is very questionable. Of course we have a certain power to control the ideas which we shall accept as they come in from the external world. By closing our eyes we can refuse to witness an automobile accident. By stopping up our ears we can refuse to hear the cries of the victims. But as far as any real control over the acceptance of ideas is concerned, once they have really occurred, there is little, if any. The same is true of the ideas which are revived from memory.

In the discussion of memory, recall was found to be a direct result of association. Are we able, then, to control the course of thoughts or ideas which occur in mind, or is their order of appearance accidental? It is a fundamental psychological principle that all recall depends upon the pathways in the nervous system which have been already described. These pathways, in turn, depend upon hereditary tendencies, and the recency, frequency, intensity, and primacy of our experiences. In other words, association pathways are entirely physical. Little structures called synapses, whose physical action corresponds roughly to the mechanical action of switches in a railroad system, control the connections of these pathways and hence the open track. The question in "will" is whether the engine of thought is capable of setting these switches before it arrives at them.

If mind can control the direction of thought as ideas appear, there could be voluntary control of ideas. In so far as the source of ideas is external, or supplied by heredity and environment, we have no control. As to what ideas shall occur at any time, there is a possible loophole through which control may enter, for may we not by voluntary effort retain or reject ideas sooner than we would otherwise? Evidence on this point is not entirely conclusive, but this experiment is suggestive. If you will look at the figure given you can see it either as a stairway or as a cornice. While you gaze steadily at it, it will change, now appearing to be one thing, now the other. In the course of a few minutes you will find that it fluctuates every one or two seconds. When you have reached this stage, ask some one to time you for a minute. Dur-



ing that minute count every fluctuation. After a few minutes count again, trying this time to make the shifts come as rapidly as you can. Try it again, now to retard the number of fluctuations. You will find, to your surprise, that there is little, if any, difference in the number of fluctuations in one minute as a result of this most stirring effort of the mighty will.

It is plausible, therefore, to believe that we do not control the duration of our thoughts in consciousness. If we do not control our ideas in either way, how are they controlled? There is certainly no mystic force, no secret, back of it. We find that there are purely mechanical laws in terms of which ideas succeed one another in mind. These are the laws of

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association, which have already been discussed under the heading of memory. As was seen, association exists not between ideas but between brain areas. This fact brings up again the question of whether the engine of thought can set the switches before it has arrived at them. It is true that the laws of association are mechanical, and that they give no chance for real freedom. But by using those laws of association, one may develop what is to all intents and purposes a practical freedom. In so far as the individual has experiences which depend upon heredity and environment, his associations are self-controlled. He is, then, a self-steerer. Concerning the control of ideas, then, there is a limited possibility. One can, within certain limits, think of what he wishes at the time he desires to do so, not because some dominating "will-power" commands but because the laws of association favor this possibility. Effort on his part simply makes this control more adequate and more prompt.

Movements are controlled by ideas. One of the fundamental laws of psychology states that ideas produce, or tend to produce, movement. Scrutinized more carefully, this means that every idea tends to express itself in some form of behavior. Our habits, our instincts, our reflexes are examples of this, and when there is but one idea present in a person's consciousness, such expression will inevitably follow.

Promptness and vigor of response depend upon what we term the motive power of the idea. This motive power varies in accordance with the objective and subjective conditions. Increased intensity of stimulus causes greater motive power of the resulting idea. On the subjective side, desire, interest, emotion also add greatly to the motive power. An idea which is clear, vivid, and distinct has greater motive power than one which is more vague. One which lasts for four seconds has greater motive power than one which lasts for two seconds. But in any case it is necessary that the movement be a familiar one, one which we are capable of executing.

One thing which can prevent an idea from expressing itself, provided it is in our repertoire, is a contrary or antagonistic idea. When two such ideas are present in consciousness together, one acts as a check upon the other. We then are said to deliberate or to choose one action in preference to the other. This situation is the real crux of volition. In making up our minds there is really a battle between the two opposed possibilities, each of which is supported by the group of associated ideas which our past experience has clustered around it. Each one of these ideas, in turn, has a motive power of its own, and the resulting action is the sum total of the motive powers of all belonging to that system. The stronger group of ideas always wins, and when it wins is expressed. It is perfectly true that under different conditions one group of ideas may win out and the others may not. It all depends upon the value we give to each of the component ideas, and the value, necessarily, depends upon a large number of factors. The question of how busy we are, the question of our bodily welfare, the question of our immediate or future happiness—these are always conditions which are taken into account. If we can add to the associated ideas a competing group of greater value because of more information, because of a change of mood, because of decisions which we have arrived at, it may be able to overwhelm the former victor.

It is in this situation that whatever real control we possess appears. It is possible for us to render an idea clearer and more vivid as a result of our social knowledge, our business experience, or a new fact picked up in our reading, and these make it more powerful than ever before.

The one who can execute accurately the greatest number of different movements, the one who is at home in any situation and knows how to handle himself skilfully, has, from the motor standpoint, the best volition. Similarly, the one who has the greatest number of ideas, in so far as they are organized, systematized, classified, has, from the mental standpoint, the best volition.

But there is still another difficulty, already mentioned — namely, that of keeping the ideas in mind for a longer or a shorter time. The reason why we do

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not do certain things is because our ideas lack definiteness and clearness, do not stay attended to, but disappear from consciousness before we have made any effort to execute them.

In popular parlance, the one who has the strongest will is the one who can give his ideas most driving force, or can compel himself to do the things which he thinks he should. It is undoubtedly true that some individuals, because of heredity or training, are capable of giving their ideas more motive power than others. In so far as it depends upon heredity, strength of will is no more under control than is the color of one's skin or the size of one's foot. As far as training is concerned, the entire "secret" of strong will is in making one's ideas clear and distinct by careful, thorough learning and organization.

Most of the practical rules which have been worked out to apply on this problem are of a negative nature. A few which will serve as illustrations are as follows: Our likelihood of action varies directly with the ease of that action. As a corollary, it follows that habitual actions are more likely to occur than those which are unfamiliar. Second, our likelihood of action varies inversely with the duration of that action. Third, our likelihood of action varies with the amount of satisfaction which we receive, either directly or indirectly, for the performance. Fourth, the likelihood of our action depends upon the promptness with which that satisfaction is to be realized. Promptness of action as opposed to vacillation and persistence as opposed to "quitting" are two of the very important factors which make for strength rather than weakness. These can be developed by acquiring habits of quick decision and stick-to-it-iveness. If we practise making decisions quickly and then carrying them through to the uttermost, good volitional habits will be formed before we know it. These rules are no "secrets." They are simply the facts of practical experience, accessible in any text-book on psychology, and they contain no mystical method for conquering vacillation, procrastination, and kindred mental diseases.

(To be concluded.)

CLOUDS

(BY A PILOT)

By C. Gouverneur Hoffman

DOMED like a hollow gem the sunlit vault
  Hangs sapphire mists about me as I climb
Its pathless winds, aspiring to assault
  Those drifting shapes that dream and mock at time:

Clouds like the beating pinions of a host
  Of white-robed angels moving on white wings;
Ghosts of man's brooding thought and lofty boast,
  Philosophies of flux and changing things.

Below, earth's crazy patchwork counterpane;
  Above, the sapphire floor of heaven's choir;
And midway, silence . . . and my silver plane
  Soaring through hills of iridescent fire;

Huge opals, glowing, fading in the sky;
So do we dream and burn, and pale and die.

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART II—*Continued*

IX

THE FAT IN THE FIRE

ON reaching home Fleur found an atmosphere so peculiar that it penetrated even the perplexed aura of her own private life. Her mother was in blue stockingette and a brown study; her father in a white felt hat and the vinery. Neither of them had a word to throw to a dog. "Is it because of me?" thought Fleur. "Or because of Profond?" To her mother she said:

"What's the matter with Father?"

Her mother answered with a shrug of her shoulders.

To her father:

"What's the matter with Mother?"

Her father answered:

"Matter? What should be the matter?" and gave her a sharp look.

"By the way," murmured Fleur, "Monsieur Profond is going a 'small' voyage on his yacht, to the South Seas."

Soames examined a branch on which no grapes were growing.

"This vine's a failure," he said. "I've had young Mont here. He asked me something about you."

"Oh! How do you like him, Father?"

"He—he's a product—like all these young people."

"What were you at his age, dear?"

Soames smiled grimly.

"We went to work, and didn't play about—flying and motoring, and making love."

"Didn't you ever make love?"

She avoided looking at him while she said that, but she saw him well enough. His pale face had reddened, his eyebrows, where darkness was still mingled with the grey, had come close together.

"I had no time or inclination to philander."

"Perhaps you had a grand passion."

Soames looked at her intently.

"Yes—if you want to know—and much good it did me." He moved away, along by the hot-water pipes. Fleur tiptoed silently after him.

"Tell me about it, Father!"

Soames became very still.

"What should you want to know about such things, at your age?"

"Is she alive?"

He nodded.

"And married?"

"Yes."

"It's Jon Forsyte's mother, isn't it? And she was your wife first."

It was said in a flash of intuition. Surely his opposition came from his anxiety that she should not know of that old wound to his pride. But she was startled. To see some one so old and calm wince as if struck, to hear so sharp a note of pain in his voice!

"Who told you that? If your aunt—! I can't bear the affair talked of."

"But, darling," said Fleur, softly, "it's so long ago."

"Long ago or not, I——"

Fleur stood stroking his arm.

"I've tried to forget," he said suddenly; "I don't wish to be reminded." And then, as if venting some long and secret irritation, he added: "In these days people don't understand. Grand passion, indeed! No one knows what it is."

"I do," said Fleur, almost in a whisper.

Soames, who had turned his back on her, spun round.

"What are you talking of—a child like you!"

"Perhaps I've inherited it, Father."

"What?"

"For her son, you see."

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He was pale as a sheet, and she knew that she was as bad. They stood staring at each other in the steamy heat, redolent of the mushy scent of earth, of potted geranium, and of vines coming along fast.

"This is crazy," said Soames at last, between dry lips.

Scarcely moving her own, she murmured:

"Don't be angry, Father. I can't help it."

But she could see he wasn't angry; only scared, deeply scared.

"I thought that foolishness," he stammered, "was all forgotten."

"Oh, no! It's ten times what it was."

Soames kicked at the hot-water pipe. The hapless movement touched her, who had no fear of her father—none.

"Dearest!" she said: "What must be, must, you know."

"Must!" repeated Soames. "You don't know what you're talking of. Has that boy been told?"

The blood rushed into her cheeks.

"Not yet."

He had turned from her again, and, with one shoulder a little raised, stood staring fixedly at a joint in the pipes.

"It's most distasteful to me," he said suddenly; "nothing could be more so. Son of that fellow! It's—it's—perverse!"

She had noted, almost unconsciously, that he did not say "son of that woman," and again her intuition began working.

Did the ghost of that grand passion linger in some corner of his heart?

She slipped her hand under his arm.

"Jon's father is quite ill and old; I saw him."

"You——?"

"Yes, I went there with Jon; I saw them both."

"Well, and what did they say to you?"

"Nothing. They were very polite."

"They would be." He resumed his contemplation of the pipe-joint, and then said suddenly:

"I must think this over—I'll speak to you again to-night."

She knew this was final for the moment, and stole away, leaving him still looking at the pipe-joint. She wandered in the fruit-garden, among the raspberry and currant bushes, without impetus to pick and eat. Two months ago—she was light-hearted! Even two days ago—light-hearted, before Prosper Profond told her. Now she felt tangled in a web—of passions, vested rights, oppressions and revolts, the ties of love and hate. At this dark moment of discouragement there seemed, even to her hold-fast nature, no way out. How deal with it—how sway and bend things to her will, and get her heart's desire? And, suddenly, round the corner of the high box hedge, she came plump on her mother, walking swiftly, with an open letter in her hand. Her bosom was heaving, her eyes dilated, her cheeks flushed. Instantly Fleur thought: 'The yacht! Poor Mother!'

Annette gave her a wide startled look, and said:

"*J'ai la migraine.*"

"I'm awfully sorry, Mother."

"Oh; yes! you and your father—sorry!"

"But, Mother—I am. I know what it feels like."

Annette's startled eyes grew wide, till the whites showed above them. "You innocent!" she said.

Her mother—so self-possessed, and commonsensical—to look and speak like this! It was all frightening! Her father, her mother, herself! And only two months back they had seemed to have everything they wanted in this world.

Annette crumpled the letter in her hand. Fleur knew that she must ignore the sight.

"Can't I do anything for your head, Mother?"

Annette shook that head and walked on, swaying her hips.

"It's cruel," thought Fleur, "and I was glad! That man! What do men come prowling for, disturbing everything! I suppose he's tired of her. What business has he to be tired of my mother? What business!" And at that thought, so natural and so peculiar, she uttered a little choked laugh.

She ought, of course, to be delighted, but what was there to be delighted at? Her father didn't really care! Her mother did, perhaps? She entered the orchard, and sat down under a cherry-tree. A breeze sighed in the higher boughs; the sky seen through their green was very blue and very white in cloud—

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those heavy white clouds almost always present in river landscape. Bees, sheltering out of the wind, hummed softly, and over the lush grass fell the thick shade from those fruit-trees planted by her father five-and-twenty years ago. Birds were almost silent, the cuckoos had ceased to sing, but wood-pigeons were cooing. The breath and drone and cooing of high summer were not for long a sedative to her excited nerves. Crouched over her knees she began to scheme. Her father must be made to back her up. Why should he mind so long as she was happy? She had not lived for nearly ninteeen years without knowing that her future was all he really cared about. She had, then, only to convince him that her future could not be happy without Jon. He thought it a mad fancy. How foolish the old were, thinking they could tell what the young felt! Had not he confessed that he—when young—had loved with a grand passion! He ought to understand. "He piles up his money for me," she thought; "but what's the use, if I'm not going to be happy?" Money, and all it bought, did not bring happiness. Love only brought that. The ox-eyed daisies in this orchard, which gave it such a moony look sometimes, grew wild and happy, and had their hour. 'They oughtn't to have called me Fleur,' she mused, 'if they didn't mean me to have my hour, and be happy while it lasts.' Nothing real stood in the way, like poverty, or disease—sentiment only, a ghost from the unhappy past! Jon was right. They wouldn't let you live, these old people! They made mistakes, committed crimes, and wanted their children to go on paying! The breeze died away; midges began to bite. She got up, plucked a piece of honeysuckle, and went in.

It was hot that night. Both she and her mother had put on thin, pale low frocks. The dinner flowers were pale. Fleur was struck with the pale look of everything: her father's face, her mother's shoulders; the pale panelled walls, the pale-grey velvety carpet, the lamp-shade, even the soup was pale. There was not one spot of color in the room, not even wine in the pale glasses, for no one drank it. What was not pale was black—her father's clothes, the butler's clothes, her retriever stretched out exhausted in the window, the curtains black with a cream pattern. A moth came in, and that was pale. And silent was that half-mourning dinner in the heat.

Her father called her back as she was following her mother out.

She sat down beside him at the table, and, unpinning the pale honeysuckle, put it to her nose.

"I've been thinking," he said.

"Yes, dear?"

"It's extremely painful for me to talk, but there's no help for it. I don't know if you understand how much you are to me—I've never spoken of it, I didn't think it necessary; but—but you're everything. Your mother—" he paused, staring at his finger-bowl of Venetian glass.

"Yes?"

"I've only you to look to. I've never had—never wanted anything else, since you were born."

"I know," Fleur murmured.

Soames moistened his lips.

"You may think this a matter I can smooth over and arrange for you. You're mistaken. I—I'm helpless."

Fleur did not speak.

"Quite apart from my own feelings," went on Soames with more resolution, "those two are not amenable to anything I can say. They—they hate me, as people always hate those whom they have injured."

"But he—Jon——"

"He's their flesh and blood, her only child. Probably he means to her what you mean to me. It's a deadlock."

"No," cried Fleur, "no, Father!"

Soames leaned back, the image of pale patience, as if resolved on the betrayal of no emotion.

"Listen!" he said. "You're putting the feelings of two months—two months—against the feelings of thirty-five years! What chance do you think you have? Two months—your very first love affair, a matter of half a dozen meetings, a few walks and talks, a few kisses—against, against what you can't imagine, what no one could who hasn't been through it. Come, be reasonable, Fleur! It's midsummer madness!"

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Fleur tore the honeysuckle into little, slow bits.

"The madness is in letting the past spoil it all. What do we care about the past? It's our lives, not yours."

Soames raised his hand to his forehead, where suddenly she saw moisture shining.

"Whose child are you?" he said. "Whose child is he? The present is linked with the past, the future with both. There's no getting away from that."

She had never heard philosophy pass those lips before. Impressed even in her agitation, she leaned her elbows on the table, her chin on her hands.

"But, Father, consider it practically. We want each other. There's ever so much money, and nothing whatever in the way but sentiment. Let's bury the past, Father."

His answer was a sigh.

"Besides," said Fleur gently, "you can't prevent us."

"I don't suppose," said Soames, "that if left to myself I should try to prevent you; I must put up with things, I know, to keep your affection. But it's not I who control this matter. That's what I want you to realize before it's too late. If you go on thinking you can get your way, and encourage this feeling, the blow will be much heavier when you find you can't."

"Oh!" cried Fleur, "help me, Father; you *can* help me, you know."

Soames made a startled movement of negation.

"I?" he said bitterly. "Help? I am the impediment—the just cause and impediment—isn't that the jargon? You have my blood in your veins."

He rose.

"Well, the fat's in the fire. If you persist in your wilfulness you'll have yourself to blame. Come! Don't be foolish, my child—my only child!"

Fleur laid her forehead against his shoulder.

All was in such turmoil within her. But no good to show it! No good at all! She broke away from him, and went out into the twilight, distraught, but unconvinced. All was indeterminate and vague within her, like the shapes and shadows in the garden, except—her will to have. A poplar pierced up into the dark-blue sky and touched a white star there. The dew wetted her shoes, and chilled her bare shoulders. She went down to the river bank, and stood gazing at a moonstreak on the darkening water. Suddenly she smelled tobacco smoke, and a white figure emerged as if created by the moon. It was young Mont in flannels, standing in his boat. She heard the tiny hiss of his cigarette extinguished in the water.

"Fleur," came his voice, "don't be hard on a poor devil! I've been waiting hours."

"For what?"

"Come in my boat!"

"Not I."

"Why not?"

"I'm not a water-nymph."

"Haven't you *any* romance in you? Don't be modern, Fleur!"

He appeared on the path within a yard of her.

"Go away!"

"Fleur, I love you. Fleur!"

Fleur uttered a short laugh.

"Come again," she said, "when I haven't got my wish."

"What is your wish?"

"Ask another."

"Fleur," said Mont, and his voice sounded strange, "don't mock me! Even vivisected dogs are worth decent treatment before they're cut up for good."

Fleur shook her head; but her lips were trembling.

"Well, you shouldn't make me jump. Give me a cigarette."

Mont gave her one, lighted it, and another for himself.

"I don't want to talk rot," he said, "but please imagine all the rot that all the lovers that ever were have talked, and all my special rot thrown in."

"Thank you, I have imagined it. Good night!"

They stood for a moment facing each other in the shadow of an acacia-tree with very moonlit blossoms, and the smoke from their cigarettes mingled in the air between them.

"Also ran: 'Michael Mont'?" he said.

Fleur turned abruptly toward the house. On the lawn she stopped to look back. Michael Mont was whirling his arms above him; she could see them dashing at his head, then waving at the moonlit

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blossoms of the acacia. His voice just reached her. "This *is* jolly!" Fleur shook herself. She couldn't help him, she had too much trouble of her own! On the verandah she stopped very suddenly again. Her mother was sitting in the drawing-room at her writing bureau, quite alone. There was nothing remarkable in the expression of her face except its utter immobility. But she looked desolate! Fleur went up-stairs. At the door of her room she paused. She could hear her father walking up and down, up and down the picture-gallery.

"Yes," she thought, "this *is* jolly! Oh, Jon!"

X

DECISION

When Fleur left him Jon stared at the Austrian. She was a thin woman with a dark face and the concerned expression of one who has watched every little good that life once had slip from her, one by one.

"No tea?" she said.

Susceptible to the disappointment in her voice, Jon murmured:

"No, really; thanks."

"A lil cup—it ready. A lil cup and cigarette."

Fleur was gone! Hours of remorse and indecision lay before him! And with a heavy sense of disproportion he smiled, and said:

"Well—thank you!"

She brought in a little pot of tea with two little cups, and a silver box of cigarettes on a little tray.

"Sugar? Miss Forsyte has much sugar—she buy my sugar, my friend's sugar also. Miss Forsyte is a veree kind lady. I am happy to serve her. You her brother?"

"Yes," said Jon, beginning to puff the second cigarette of his life.

"Very young brother," said the Austrian, with a little anxious smile, which reminded him of the wag of a dog's tail.

"May I give you some?" he said. "And won't you sit down, please?"

The Austrian shook her head.

"Your father a very nice old man—the most nice old man I ever see. Miss Forsyte tell me all about him. Is he better?"

Her words fell on Jon like a reproach. "Oh! Yes, I think he's all right."

"I like to see him again," said the Austrian, putting a hand on her heart; "he have veree kind heart."

"Yes," said Jon. And again her words seemed to him a reproach.

"He never give no trouble to no one, and smile so gentle."

"Yes, doesn't he?"

"He look at Miss Forsyte so funny sometimes. I tell him all my story; he so sympátisch. Your mother—she nice and well?"

"Yes, very."

"He have her photograph on his dressing-table. Veree beautiful."

Jon gulped down his tea. This woman, with her concerned face and her reminding words, was like the first and second murderers.

"Thank you," he said; "I must go now. May—may I leave this with you?"

He put a ten-shilling note on the tray with a doubting hand and gained the door. He heard the Austrian gasp, and hurried out. He had just time to catch his train, and all the way to Victoria looked at every face that passed, as lovers will, hoping against hope. On reaching Worthing he put his luggage into the local train, and set out across the Downs for Wansdon, trying to walk off his aching irresolution. So long as he went full bat, he could enjoy the beauty of those green slopes, stopping now and again to sprawl on the grass, admire the perfection of a wild rose, or listen to a lark's song. But the war of motives within him was but postponed—the longing for Fleur, and the hatred of deception. He came to the old chalk-pit above Wansdon with his mind no more made up than when he started. To see both sides of a question vigorously was at once Jon's strength and weakness. He tramped in, just as the first dinner-bell rang. His things had already been brought up. He had a hurried bath and came down to find Holly alone—Val had gone to Town and would not be back till the last train.

Since Val's advice to him to ask his sister what was the matter between the two families, so much had happened—Fleur's disclosure in the Green Park, her visit to Robin Hill, to-day's meeting—that there seemed nothing to ask. He talked of Spain, his sunstroke, Val's

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horses, their father's health. Holly startled him by saying that she thought their father not at all well. She had been twice to Robin Hill for the week-end. He had seemed fearfully languid, sometimes even in pain, but had always refused to talk about himself.

"He's awfully dear and unselfish—don't you think, Jon?"

Feeling far from dear and unselfish himself, Jon answered: "Rather!"

"I think, he's been a simply perfect father, so long as I can remember."

"Yes," answered Jon, very subdued.

"He's never interfered, and he's always seemed to understand. I shall never forget his letting me go to South Africa in the Boer War when I was in love with Val."

"That was before he married Mother, wasn't it?" said Jon suddenly.

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh! nothing. Only, wasn't she engaged to Fleur's father first?"

Holly put down the spoon she was using, and raised her eyes. Her stare was circumspect. What did the boy know? Enough to make it better to tell him? She could not decide. He looked strained and worried, altogether older, but that might be the sunstroke.

"There *was* something," she said. "Of course we were out there, and got no news of anything." She could not take the risk. It was not her secret. Besides, she was in the dark about his feelings now. Before Spain she had made sure he was in love; but boys were boys; that was seven weeks ago, and all Spain between.

She saw that he knew she was putting him off, and added:

"Have you heard anything of Fleur?"

"Yes."

His face told her, then, more than the most elaborate explanations. So he had not forgotten!

She said very quietly: "Fleur is awfully attractive, Jon, but you know—Val and I don't really like her very much."

"Why?"

"We think she's got rather a 'having' nature."

"'Having'? I don't know what you mean. She—she—" he pushed his dessert plate away, got up, and went to the window.

Holly, too, got up, and put her arm round his waist.

"Don't be angry, Jon dear. We can't all see people in the same light, can we? You know, I believe each of us only has about one or two people who can see the best that's in us, and bring it out. For you I think it's your mother. I once saw her looking at a letter of yours; it was wonderful to see her face. I think she's the most beautiful woman I ever saw—Age doesn't seem to touch her."

Jon's face softened, then again became tense. Everybody — everybody was against him and Fleur! It all strengthened the appeal of her words: "Make sure of me—marry me, Jon!"

Here, where he had passed that wonderful week with her—the tug of her enchantment, the ache in his heart increased with every minute that she was not there to make the room, the garden, the very air magical. Would he ever be able to live down here, not seeing her? And he closed up utterly, going early to bed. It would not make him healthy, wealthy, and wise, but it closeted him with memory of Fleur in her fancy frock. He heard Val's arrival—the Ford discharging cargo, then the stillness of the summer night stole back—with only the bleating of very distant sheep, and a night-jar's harsh purring. He leaned far out. Cold moon—warm air—the Downs like silver! Small wings, a stream bubbling, the rambler roses! God—how empty all of it without her! In the Bible it was written: Thou shalt leave father and mother and cleave to—Fleur!

Let him have pluck, and go and tell them! They couldn't stop him marrying her—they wouldn't want to stop him when they knew how he felt. Yes! He would go! Bold and open—Fleur was wrong!

The night-jar ceased, the sheep were silent; the only sound in the darkness was the bubbling of the stream. And Jon in his bed slept, freed from the worst of life's evils—indecision.

XI

TIMOTHY PROPHESIES

On the day of the cancelled meeting at the National Gallery, began the second anniversary of the resurrection of Eng-

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land's pride and glory—or, more shortly, the top hat. "Lord's"—that festival which the war had driven from the field—raised its light and dark blue flags for the second time, displaying almost every feature of a glorious past. Here, in the luncheon interval, were all species of female and one species of male hat, protecting the multiple types of face associated with "the classes." The observing Forsyte might discern in the free or unconsidered seats a certain number of the squash-hatted, but they hardly ventured on the grass; the old school—or schools—could still rejoice that the proletariat was not yet paying the necessary half-crown. Here was still a close borough, the only one left on a large scale—for the papers were about to estimate the attendance at ten thousand. And the ten thousand, all animated by one hope, were asking each other one question: "Where are you lunching?" Something wonderfully uplifting and reassuring in that query and the sight of so many people like themselves voicing it! What reserve power in the British realm—enough pigeons, lobsters, lamb, salmon mayonnaise, strawberries, and bottles of champagne, to feed the lot! No miracle in prospect—no case of seven loaves and a few fishes—faith rested on surer foundations. Six thousand top hats, four thousand parasols would be doffed and furled, ten thousand mouths all speaking the same English would be filled. There was life in the old dog yet! Tradition! And again Tradition! How strong and how elastic! Wars might rage, taxation prey, Trades Unions take toll, and Europe perish of starvation; but the ten thousand would be fed; and, within their ring fence, stroll upon green turf, wear their top hats, and meet—themselves. The heart was sound, the pulse still regular. E-ton! E-ton! Har-r-o-o-o-w!

Among the many Forsytes, on a hunting-ground theirs, by personal prescriptive right, or proxy—Soames, was present with his wife and daughter. He had not been at either school, he took no interest in cricket, but he wanted Fleur to show her frock, and he wanted to wear his top hat—parade it again in peace and plenty among his peers. He walked sedately with Fleur between him and Annette. No women equalled them, so far as he could see. They could walk, and hold themselves up; there was substance in their good looks; the modern woman had no build, no chest, no anything! He remembered suddenly with what intoxication of pride he had walked round with Irene in the first years of his first marriage. And how they used to lunch on the drag which his mother *would* make his father have, because it was so "chic"—all drags and carriages in those days, not these lumbering great Stands! And how consistently Montague Dartie had drunk too much. He supposed that people drank too much still, but there was not the scope for it there used to be. He remembered George Forsyte—whose brothers Roger and Eustace had been at Harrow and Eton—towering up on the top of the drag waving a light-blue flag with one hand and a dark-blue flag with the other, and shouting: "Etroow—Harrton!" just when everybody was silent, like the buffoon he had always been; and Eustace got up to the nines below, too dandified to wear any color or take any notice. H'm! Old days, and Irene in grey silk shot with palest green. He looked, sideways, at Fleur's face. Rather colorless—no light, no eagerness! That love affair was preying on her—a bad business! He looked beyond, at his wife's face, rather more touched up than usual, a little disdainful—not that she had any business to disdain, so far as he could see. She was taking Profond's defection with curious quietude; or was his "small" voyage just a blind? If so, he should refuse to see it! Having promenaded round the pitch and in front of the pavilion, they sought Winifred's table in the Bedouin Club tent. The Club—a new "cock and hen"—had been founded in the interests of travel, and of a gentleman with an old Scottish name, whose father had somewhat strangely been called Levi. Winifred had joined, not because she had travelled, but because instinct told her that a Club with such a name and such a founder was bound to go far; if one didn't join at once one might never have the chance. Its tent, with a text from the Koran on an orange ground, and a small green camel embroidered over the entrance, was the most striking on the

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ground. Outside it they found Jack Cardigan in a dark-blue tie (he had once played for Harrow), batting with a Malacca cane to show how that fellow ought to have hit that ball. He piloted them in. Assembled in Winifred's corner were Imogen, Benedict with his young wife, Val Dartie without Holly, Maud and her husband, and, after Soames and his two were seated, one empty place.

"I'm expecting Prosper," said Winifred, "but he's so busy with his yacht."

Soames stole a glance. No movement in his wife's face! Whether that fellow were coming or not, she evidently knew all about it. It did not escape him that Fleur, too, looked at her mother. If Annette didn't respect his feelings, she might think of Fleur! The conversation, very desultory, was syncopated by Jack Cardigan talking about "mid-off." He cited all the "great mid-offs" from the beginning of time, as if they had been a definite racial entity in the composition of the British people. Soames had finished his lobster, and was beginning on pigeon-pie, when he heard the words: "I'm a small bit late, Mrs. Dartie," and saw that there was no longer any empty place. *That fellow* was sitting between Annette and Imogen. Soames ate steadily on, with an occasional word to Maud and Winifred. Conversation buzzed around him. He heard the voice of Profond say:

"I think you're mistaken, Mrs. Forsyde I'll—I'll bet Miss Forsyde agrees with me"

"In what!" came Fleur's clear voice across the table.

"I was sayin', young gurls are much the same as they always were—there's very small difference."

"Do you know so much about them?"

That sharp reply caught the ears of all, and Soames moved uneasily on his thin green chair.

"Well, I don't know, I think they want their own small way, and I think they always did."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, but—Prosper," Winifred interjected comfortably, "the girls in the streets—the girls who've been in munitions, the little flappers in the shops; their manners now really quite hit you in the eye."

At the word "hit" Jack Cardigan stopped his disquisition; and in the silence Monsieur Profond said:

"It was inside before, now it's outside; that's all."

"But their morals!" cried Imogen.

"Just as moral as they ever were, Mrs. Cardigan, but they've got more oppordunity."

The saying, so cryptically cynical, received a little laugh from Imogen, a slight opening of Jack Cardigan's mouth, and a creak from Soames' chair.

Winifred said: "That's too bad, Prosper."

"What do you say, Mrs. Forsyde; don't you think human nature's always the same?"

Soames subdued a sudden longing to get up and kick the fellow. He heard his wife reply:

"Human nature is not the same in England as anywhere else." That was her confounded mockery!

"Well, I don't know much about this small country"— "No, thank God!" thought Soames—"but I should say the pot was boilin' under the lid everywhere. We all want pleasure, and we always did."

Damn the fellow! His cynicism was —was outrageous!

When lunch was over they broke up into couples for the digestive promenade. Too proud to notice, Soames knew perfectly that Annette and that fellow had gone prowling round together. Fleur was with Val; she had chosen him, no doubt, because he knew that boy. He himself had Winifred for partner. They walked in the bright, circling stream, a little flushed and sated, for some minutes, till Winifred sighed:

"I wish we were back forty years, old boy!"

Before the eyes of her spirit an interminable procession of her own "Lord's" frocks was passing, paid for with the money of her father, to save a recurrent crisis. "It's been very amusing, after all. Sometimes I even wish Monty was back. What do you think of people nowadays, Soames?"

"Precious little style. The thing began to go to pieces with bicycles and motor-cars; the war has finished it."

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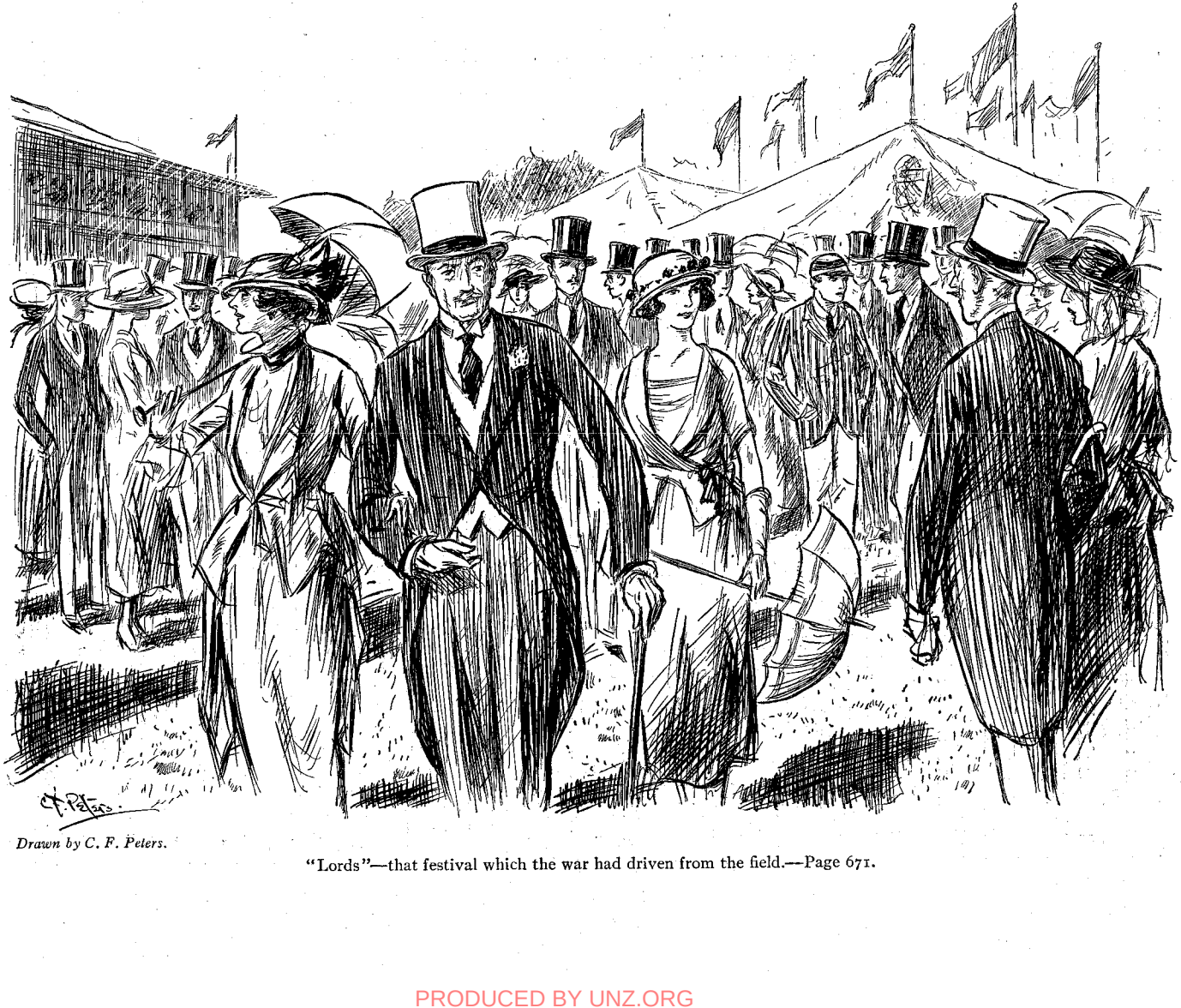

Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"Lords"—that festival which the war had driven from the field.—Page 671.

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"I wonder what's coming?" said Winifred in a voice dreamy from pigeon-pie. "I'm not at all sure we shan't go back to crinolines and pegtops. Look at that dress!"

Soames shook his head.

"There's money, but no faith in things. We don't lay by for the future. These youngsters—it's all a short life and a merry one with them. There's no sense of continuity."

"There's a hat!" said Winifred. "I don't know—when you come to think of the people killed and all that in the war, it's rather wonderful, I think. There's no other country—Prosper says the rest are all bankrupt, except America; and of course her men always took their style in dress from us."

"Is that chap," said Soames, "really going to the South Seas?"

"Oh! one never knows where Prosper's going!"

"*He's* a sign of the times," muttered Soames, "if you like."

Winifred's hand gripped his arm.

"Don't turn your head," she said in a low voice, "but look to your right in the front row of the stand."

Soames looked as best he could under that limitation. A man in a grey top hat, grey-bearded, with thin brown, folded cheeks, and a certain elegance of posture, sat there with a woman in a lawn-colored frock, whose dark eyes were fixed on himself. Soames looked quickly at his feet. How funnily feet moved, one after the other like that! Winifred's voice said in his ear:

"Jolyon looks very ill, but he always had style. *She* doesn't change—except her hair."

"Why did you tell Fleur about that business?"

"I didn't; she picked it up. I always knew she would."

"Well, it's a mess. She's set her heart upon their boy."

"The little wretch," murmured Winifred. "She tried to take me in about that. What shall you do, Soames?"

"Be guided by events."

They moved on silent in the almost solid crowd.

"Really," said Winifred suddenly; "it almost seems like Fate. Only that's so old-fashioned. Look! There are George and Eustace!"

George Forsyte's lofty bulk had halted before them.

"Hallo, Soames!" he said. "Just met Profond and your wife. You'll catch 'em if you put on pace. Did you ever go to see old Timothy?"

Soames nodded, and the streams forced them apart.

"I always liked old George," said Winifred. "He's so droll."

"I never did," said Soames. "Where's your seat? I shall go to mine. Fleur may be back there."

Having seen Winifred to her seat, he regained his own, conscious of small, white, distant figures running, the click of the bat, the cheers and counter-cheers. No Fleur, and no Annette! You could expect nothing of women nowadays! They had the vote. They were "emancipated," and much good it was doing them. So Winifred would go back, would she, and put up with Dartie all over again? To have the past once more—to be sitting here as he had sat in '85 and '6, before he was certain that his marriage with Irene had gone all wrong, before her antagonism had become so glaring that with the best will in the world he could not overlook it. The sight of her with that fellow had brought all memory back. Even now he could not understand why she had been so impracticable. She could love other men; she had it in her! To himself, the one person she ought to have loved, she had chosen to refuse her heart. It seemed to him, fantastically, as he looked back, that all this modern relaxation of marriage—though its forms and laws were the same as when he married her—that all this modern looseness had come out of her revolt; it seemed to him, fantastically, that she had started it, till all decent ownership of anything had gone, or was on the point of going. All came from her! And now—a pretty state of things! Homes! How could you have them without mutual ownership? Not that he had ever had a real home! But had that been his fault? He had done his best. And his reward—those two sitting in that Stand! And this affair of Fleur's!

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And overcome by loneliness he thought: 'Shan't wait any longer! They must find their own way back to the hotel—if they mean to come!' Hailing a cab outside the ground, he said:

"Drive me to the Bayswater Road." His old aunts had never failed him. To them he had meant an ever-welcome visitor. Though they were gone, there, still, was Timothy!

Smither was standing in the open doorway.

"Mr. Soames! I was just taking the air. Cook will be *so* pleased."

"How is Mr. Timothy?"

"Not himself at all these last few days, Sir; he's been talking a great deal. Only this morning he was saying: 'My brother James, he's getting old.' His mind wanders, Mr. Soames, and then he will talk of them. He troubles about their investments. The other day he said: 'There's my brother Jolyon won't look at Consols' —he seemed quite down about it. Come in, Mr. Soames, come in! It's such a pleasant change!"

"Well," said Soames, "just for a few minutes."

"No," murmured Smither in the hall, where the air had the singular freshness of the outside day, "we haven't been very satisfied with him, not all this week. He's always been one to leave a titbit to the end; but ever since Monday he's been eating it first. If you notice a dog, Mr. Soames, at its dinner, it eats the meat first. We've always thought it such a good sign of Mr. Timothy at his age to leave it to the last, but now he seems to have lost all his self-control; and, of course, it makes him leave the rest. The doctor doesn't make anything of it, but"—Smither shook her head—"he seems to think he's got to eat it first, in case he shouldn't get to it. That and his talking makes us anxious."

"Has he said anything important?"

"I shouldn't like to say that, Mr. Soames; but he's turned against his Will. He gets quite pettish—and after having had it out every morning for years, it does seem funny. He said the other day: 'They want my money.' It gave me such a turn, because, as I said to him, nobody wants his money, I'm sure. And it does seem a pity he should be thinking about money at his time of life. I took my courage in my 'ands. 'You know, Mr. Timothy,' I said, 'my dear mistress' —that's Miss Forsyte, Mr. Soames, Miss Ann that trained me—'*She* never thought about money,' I said, 'it was all *character* with her.' He looked at me, I can't tell you how funny, and he said quite dry: 'Nobody wants my character.' Think of his saying a thing like that! But sometimes he'll say something as sharp and sensible as anything."

Soames, who had been staring at an old print by the hat-rack, thinking: 'That's got value!' murmured: "I'll go up and see him, Smither."

"Cook's with him," answered Smither above her corsets; "she will be pleased to see you."

He mounted slowly, with the thought: 'Shan't care to live to be that age.'

On the second floor, he paused, and tapped. The door was opened, and he saw the round homely face of a woman about sixty.

"Mr. Soames!" she said: "Why! Mr. Soames!"

Soames nodded. "All right, Cook!" and entered.

Timothy was propped up in bed, with his hands joined before his chest, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling, where a fly was sitting. Soames stood at the foot of the bed, facing him.

"Uncle Timothy," he said, raising his voice; "Uncle Timothy!"

Timothy's eyes left the fly, and levelled themselves on his visitor. Soames could see his pale tongue passing over his darkish lips.

"Uncle Timothy," he said again, "is there anything I can do for you? Is there anything you'd like to say?"

"Ha!" said Timothy.

"I've come to look you up and see that everything's all right."

Timothy nodded. He seemed trying to get used to the apparition before him.

"Have you got everything you want?"

"No," said Timothy.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No," said Timothy.

"I'm Soames, you know; your nephew, Soames Forsyte. Your brother James' son."

Timothy nodded.

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"I shall be delighted to do anything I can for you."

Timothy beckoned. Soames went close to him.

"You—" said Timothy in a voice which seemed to have outlived tone, "you tell them all from me—you tell them all—" and his finger tapped on Soames' arm, "to hold on—hold on—Consols are goin' up," and he nodded thrice.

"All right!" said Soames; "I will."

"Yes," said Timothy, and, fixing his eyes again on the ceiling, he added: "That fly!"

Strangely moved, Soames looked at the Cook's pleasant fattish face, all little puckers from staring at fires.

"That'll do him a world of good, Sir," she said.

A mutter came from Timothy, but he was clearly speaking to himself, and Soames went out with the cook.

"I wish I could make you a pink cream, Mr. Soames, like in old days; you did so relish them. Good-bye, Sir; it *has* been a pleasure."

"Take care of him, Cook, he *is* old."

And, shaking her crumpled hand, he went down-stairs. Smither was still taking the air in the doorway.

"What do you think of him, Mr. Soames?"

"H'm!" Soames murmured: "He's lost touch."

"Yes," said Smither, "I was afraid you'd think that, coming fresh out of the world to see him like."

"Smither," said Soames, "we're all indebted to you."

"Oh, no, Mr. Soames, don't say that! It's a pleasure—he's such a wonderful man."

"Well, good-bye!" said Soames, and got into his taxi.

'Going up!' he thought; 'going up!'

Reaching the hotel at Knightsbridge he went to their sitting-room, and rang for tea. Neither of them were in. And again that sense of loneliness came over him. These hotels! What monstrous great places they were now! He could remember when there was nothing bigger than Long's or Brown's, Morley's or the Tavistock, and the heads that were shaken over the Langham and the Grand. Hotels and Clubs—Clubs and Hotels; no end to them now! And Soames, who had just been watching at Lord's a miracle of tradition and continuity, fell into reverie over the changes in that London where he had been born five-and-sixty years before. Whether Consols were going up or not, London had become a terrific property. No such property in the world, unless it were New York! There was a lot of hysteria in the papers nowadays; but any one who, like himself, could remember London sixty years ago, and see it now, realized the fecundity and elasticity of wealth. They had only to keep their heads, and go at it steadily. Why! he remembered cobblestones, and stinking straw on the floor of your cab. And old Timothy—what could *he* not tell them, if he had kept his memory! Things were unsettled, people in a funk or in a hurry, but here were London and the Thames, and out there the British Empire, and the ends of the earth. "Consols are goin' up!" He shouldn't be a bit surprised. It was the breed that counted. And all that was bull-dogged in Soames stared for a moment out of his grey eyes, till diverted by the print of a Victorian picture on the walls. The hotel had bought three dozen of that little lot! The old hunting or "Rake's Progress" prints in the old inns were worth looking at—but this sentimental stuff—well, Victorianism had gone! "Tell them to hold on!" old Timothy had said. But to what were they to hold on in this modern welter of the "democratic principle"? Why, even privacy was threatened! And at the thought that privacy might perish, Soames pushed back his teacup and went to the window. Fancy owning no more of Nature than the crowd out there owned of the flowers and trees and waters of Hyde Park! No, no! Private possession underlay everything worth having. The world had slipped its sanity a bit, as dogs now and again at full moon slipped theirs and went off for a night's rabbiting; but the world, like the dog, knew where its bread was buttered and its bed warm, and would come back sure enough to the only home worth having—to private ownership. The world was in its second childhood for the moment, like old Timothy—eating its titbit first!

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He heard a sound behind him, and saw that his wife and daughter had come in.

"So you're back!" he said.

Fleur did not answer; she stood for a moment looking at him and her mother, then passed into her bedroom. Annette poured herself out a cup of tea.

"I am going to Paris, to my mother, Soames."

"Oh! To your mother?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"I do not know."

"And when are you going?"

"On Monday."

Was she really going to her mother? Odd, how indifferent he felt! Odd, how clearly she had perceived the indifference he would feel so long as there was no scandal. And suddenly between her and himself he saw distinctly the face he had seen that afternoon—Irene's.

"Will you want money?"

"Thank you; I have enough."

"Very well. Let us know when you are coming back."

Annette put down the cake she was fingering, and, looking up through darkened lashes, said:

"Shall I give *Maman* any message?"

"My regards."

Annette stretched herself, her hands on her waist, and said in French:

"What luck that you have never loved me, Soames!" Then rising, she too left the room. Soames was glad she had spoken it in French—it seemed to require no dealing with. Again that other face—pale, dark-eyed, beautiful still! And there stirred far down within him the ghost of warmth, as from sparks lingering beneath a mound of flaky ash. And Fleur infatuated with her boy! Queer chance! Yet, was there such a thing as chance? A man went down a street, a brick fell on his head. Ah! that was chance, no doubt. But this! "Inherited," his girl had said. She—she was "holding on!"

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY

EPISODES OF A CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson

Author of "Bluestone," "New Voices," etc.

NEVER did I know what beauty could be to me until I stood one day in a field of blowing thistledown. I had been beating about in the brush by the side of a river, looking for berries, when I came upon a clearing, a circular patch like a fairy's ring. Upon the earth stood many thistle plants, thorny Puritans, stiff in prickly rectitude. Above them in a mild sky floated millions of the lovely souls of them, light and exquisitely white where purple blooms had died, millions of Ariels climbing up shafts of sunlight into heaven and then gently sliding down again. They rested on my eyelids, they caught in my hair, they glistened silverly on the gray wool of my sweater. I did not touch one of them myself, and yet I have kept them all. If I could have prayed then, I should have besought Apollo to make me like the seed of the thistle. For, although I had known them all my life, it was as if I had never seen thistles before.

The reason for this new joy in old beauty was not far to seek. For several weeks I had been camping with my husband in the maple woods by the side of a stream. By night we had slept under the maples, protected only by our blankets, a strip of canvas, and the broad leaves above us. By day we had floated downstream in a boat which we built ourselves out of pine flooring cut to dimension. We had called her *The Dingbat of Arcady*. We had acquired some small measure of

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the hardness of body and clarity of mind that are a part of such a life. We had cut ourselves loose from the multifarious cares of our ordinary lives and had given ourselves up to learning the ways of sun and wind and rain. Our senses had been quickened and made keen. Only a few things seemed important—food and rest and beauty. And so, for the first time in my life since my childhood, I was able to receive the gift of the world's loveliness in the spirit in which it is given, to let beauty be a growth and a discipline.

It is something merely to perceive beauty. It is enough to balk vulgar irrelevance. Once upon a time I went for a drive with a woman who could not see it as it actually existed before her eyes because her mind was full of stereotyped images of it as she had read of it in books. We were driving around the top of a high hill, looking across a valley to mountains that were a perfectly honest rosy pink in the distance.

"Pink mountains!" I exclaimed.

"Mountains are purple and hills are blue," she said solemnly, without even looking at them carefully. "Who ever heard of pink mountains, you funny woman?"

For her the lights and shadows had fallen in vain. The sunset had wasted time in being original. It might as well have copied yesterday's. She was like the woman who "quacked" beside Rupert Brooke in the wood. Looking up at the Aurora Borealis from a chilly New England valley, looking down on the apocalypse of the Grand Canyon, she would have thought the conventional thing, and she would have *said* it. Only true lovers keep silence. For devout worship she could substitute only a counterfeit politeness—the cant, the affectation, the lush nonsense men bring to the discussion of sacred themes.

Yet it might have been otherwise if she could have lived out-of-doors for a few months alone, or

> "With one wise friend, or one
> Better than wise, being fair,"

sharing the overflowing sun, the cool rigor of rain, the invigorating roughness of wind. She might have learned to pray for a soul as beautiful as a far hill under rosy light. For the love of beauty, normally, begins out-of-doors. The race has been born into this beauty, and out of it, whereas the beauty of cities, of man's intellect, of spiritual prowess, changes from generation to generation; they are still new things in our ancient world.

Living in the open world, moreover, makes us gloriously jealous, after a while, of the lovely individualities of all things, makes us eager for communion with them, makes us long to wear upon our own souls the images of such things as we have loved. To the people of the town all rivers are very much alike. The camper knows that no two rivers are alike. I have seen the gray sage-green of the little Lewis River in Washington flow into the dark, rough, menacing grandeur of the great Columbia. I have seen the utter blueness of the St. Lawrence under a sunny sky. I have seen the Brule rushing through Wisconsin yellow-brown in the spring. I have seen the placid "Isis" near "Folly Bridge" in Oxford, and the mad St. John below the great falls in New Brunswick, coursing in three miles of the Rapidy-Fan rapids between high cliffs. Yet it is the lovely Willamette River in Oregon that means most to me. Anybody can find it on the map, a short river flowing through southern Oregon into the Columbia. But for me it is a mystic stream, in spite of geographers, flowing into San Diego Bay and through Lake Champlain, across the Hudson, under the ocean, into and through Devon, joining the Esk in Scotland! If I live to travel on another river I shall expect to find it flowing with the new current. For it has cut a channel through the deep places of my spirit.

A townsman gets little joy from the scent of wood smoke, for he does not know how many varieties of smoke there are. But woodsmen know that there are many fragrances in the burning of wood. Dead wood is not like green, and pine is not like maple to our noses. Smoke in frosty air smells sweeter than smoke in summer. But whether it be the spicy perfume of chapparal, crackling sage and mesquite twigs from a southern mesa, the sweet odor of burning pine, or the milder fragrance of oak logs, it is a symbol of honorable things to the camper. Watching

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it, as the thin strands of it unwind themselves upward, is like watching the whole history of the race. In the fading tissue of color I have seen altars and forges and hearths and pyres for the dead. I have seen Prometheus, dearest of Titans, and his children of this later age, still busy stealing for us holier flames than any that can be wedded with wood.

Yet sometimes, even as a camper, I have hated smoke because I have loved trees. Into what may small boys climb when there are no trees? Into what may small souls climb? Progress is with trees. Who will say what China might have been if she had not cut down the trees beside the Yangtse as Americans are now cutting down too many of the trees of America? Beauty is with trees. It was not an ugly superstition that permitted the poets of Greece to make lovely maidens into branching arbors. The camper who builds his fire where it can hurt a single tree is a glutton of life and a murderer of beauty. May the long, strong, white roots of my friends trouble his carcass when it is buried, and may he wait long for a beacon on the banks of the Styx! I think that man has little culture who has no intimate among the trees.

My own best friend is the eucalyptus. I have loved live-oaks with their mystic garlands of moss and their stubborn, stocky bodies, a veiled soldiery; I have loved the maples when I have slept at their feet. I have loved pines for their power, birches for their refinement, and apple-trees because they have received me into their arms. I have listened mute with wonder to the grim and ghastly rustling of palms in a sea breeze at night, and I have watched their dark, pointed fans outspread against the sapphire sky. These, for my imagination, are all beautiful. The eucalyptus is supremely beautiful. How good to strip off old moods like old bark; to stand before the world a spirit in white, uncovered truth like that; to lift one's self far away from the crowd and near to the sky, waving the newest buds of self to and fro worshipfully in wide, open spaces; to keep the green leaves of life alive through all the days of the year; to have dignity that is not forbidding and austerity that is not ungracious; to be remembered fragrantly. If I were a eucalyptus-tree I should ask for no companions. I should ask the high gods to let me stand alone and lift my hands toward them with untrammelled gestures. Let me have much space to move in when I am near enough to know the many thoughts of the sky!

The most wonderful sky that I remember, I saw when Jim and I drove from Greta Bridge to Brough over a moor in northern England. We were in a motorcycle combination, a funny little one-cylinder car that had been through the war. We called it Rover Chug-chug. Under me, in the side-car, our tent was folded. At night we camped by the way. For several days it had rained, and we were very wet most of the time.

It was still raining on this particular red-letter day, or let us say euphemistically that there was a Scotch mist. We had eaten luncheon at The Morritt Arms in Greta Bridge. It was good, but cold, and came to an end with some Wensleydale cheese as deliciously flavorous as one of Edwin Arlington Robinson's lyrics. Then we had driven on to Bowes, where the road began to wind up-hill all the way for six miles. From Bowes there was a down grade six miles long to Brough.

As we moved upward with all the slow speed our heavily laden Rover Chug-chug would make we looked at the sky. It was full of brooding life. Valhalla might have been just behind it. Around us was the moor, rolling and dipping in long, undulating lines away to the right, covered with scrub and weeds of kinds new to us. Across the road and on the edge of the moor the sheep, omnipresent in England, were grazing, their creamy wool heavy with moisture. Strange crested moor birds stood near the road, hunched up meditatively on one leg. As we passed they rose into the air crying plaintively. In the valley to the left grim stone walls, not unlike those in New England, but with more finished masonry, cut the green land into sections. Here and there great wisps of mist had fallen upon them and blotted them out. Cool air everywhere, moist air everywhere, disturbed air blowing this way and that all around us! Over all this the sky!

The sky was purple as heather and gray as age, and streaked with amber and rose

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like an apple, and troubled with wildness like the light in the eyes of a cat. It changed from moment to moment, hue sliding into hue, tone falling upon tone, form melting into form. Great columns of white cloud fell down and broke upon the floor of the earth, or were hidden by rising walls of amethyst, built up by invisible fingers. Dusky castles with blue battlements reared themselves before our eyes and stood but a moment in evanescent grandeur, then disappearing in long, vertical lines of swiftly falling silver, upon which the sun, from some secret place, tried in vain to look out. Movement upon movement, glory upon glory challenged our attention.

I have said that we were wet and cold and tired. That may have been one reason why we kept silence at first as we drove up the winding road. But he is no lover of beauty who cannot forget his body momentarily when his soul is feasting. We had also another reason for silence. We were watching all this silently because it was too thrilling for speech. We drove on to the top of the grade. Then, when the road tipped down again, a miracle happened.

We had forgotten cold and wetness and weariness. We had forgotten the rain that beat upon our faces and ran down our necks. We had forgotten words. We had forgotten thought. Without words or thought or any tune that I can remember we began to sing. And as we drove swiftly down into the valley we were singing exultantly, with none to hear but the creamy sheep and the varicolored moor birds and that wild sky and the unknown gods who travelled those hills invisibly.

This experience is one of many that make me feel sure enough of the truth to dogmatize about weather. There is no such thing as bad weather. Who are we that we should fasten that malevolent little adjective "bad" upon weather that merely fails to serve our utilitarian purposes and our self-indulgent ideas of comfort? Indeed, if beauty is to be judged by its rarity, a great storm may be the greatest weather and the most beautiful. By paraphrase the devout and daring person may well say: "Though it slay me, yet will I love it!" To like only weather that is blue and white and golden and placid is to be limited in the love of beauty.

This may be the secret of the scorn, usually veiled, that men who have known nature in all weathers, suffered her and dominated her, feel for the pale-eyed and pale-skinned creature of comfort. However that may be, this I know, that those who can outface a storm and exult in it have a clew to the meaning of life which can help them to triumph also in the vicissitudes of the intellectual and spiritual experience.

Considered quite apart from the damage it can do, a storm is supremely beautiful. Some one told me this when I was a little girl, and the thought came to me with a thrill of surprise and delight, for it was a new gospel. Most of the people in my small world disliked storms. That one person made life richer for me by telling me the truth. I have two memories of storms that have remained with me always.

One was a great wind-storm on the prairie. It came after a long, still, sultry summer day, in the late afternoon. I felt the stillness deepen and strengthen around me like the self-restraint that hushes anger. Then huge clouds bunched themselves together in the west. I stood and watched. I saw a line of trees, a windbreak, far away, so far that I could not tell their kind. One moment they were perfectly still. The next made them toss their branches madly as if they were wild with grief or pain. In front of them a field of corn yielded to shadows and swayed as if some terrible hand had stroked each corn-stalk, bending it, crushing it to the very earth. The great wind was coming toward me, nearer and nearer. But I did not stir. I told myself that when it came I would lie down. It caught the near fields of grass and rang over them, and sang over them while the air around me was still and sultry. I was fascinated. A group of willows quite near me jerked their tops forward suddenly with the impact of that rushing gust upon them. Then they tumbled and tossed their branches about uproariously in the rushing air that took and tore them. The wind crossed the short stretch of grass between those trees and me, and then beat against my face, my throat, my

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breast, my limbs, with cold and savage fury. My breath was blown back into my nostrils. My hair was ripped loose from around my forehead. My throat and body felt sudden cold like the water of the trout brook in April. The invisible legions of the air pushed me back, back, back, step by step. I gave way before the pressure of their chilly, unseen, powerful hands. I fell upon my face and waited. Sticks and leaves from far away were blown down upon me. Even upon the earth, flat and humble, I could not evade that magnificent rage. It went bellowing over my head into the east. And then, as suddenly as it had come, it stopped. Rain fell quietly on a cool world and tears came into my eyes.

The other storm that I remember was a thunder-storm at night by a northern riverside. Jim and I were lying in our tent, unable, for one reason or another, to get much sleep. Perhaps it was because Nature herself could not rest. The air was disturbed and yet stagnant. Then there came a heavy groaning and sudden shocks of distant sound like the heavy breathing of Vulcan and the falling of hammers on his anvil. We saw far lightning like the flying of sparks. The noise increased. Mars and Thor had been awakened over Scandinavia and Hellas, and were hurling loud words at each other. They were throwing the lances of heaven about, and the lightning was frequent and livid. As each spear of light fell and broke into pieces upon the floor of heaven we saw the jagged lines of its fall. The earth under us seemed solid, but the floor of heaven, on which those terrible figures trod, shook under them and, when they came to grips and wrestled, rocked with their power. Perhaps that is why we on earth saw a glory of dark trees suddenly illumined by lightning, with leaves that had been like black masses in the darkness suddenly etched sharply upon a clear background, then blackened into vagueness again. Such a glory of splashing rain upon the vexed black surface of the river! Such a smell of sweetness in air that has been as stale as fever! And then one great bolt flying, one barbaric splendid burst of crashing sound, as if the floor of heaven had given way under terrible feet, as if one great god had hurled the other through the gap! After that silence. Then later we heard the booming of the forge of Vulcan, and saw the sparks flying from it again. At last even that noise faded into silence, and we slept.

Storms, even in modern times, are tests of our mettle. But they do not come very often in the temperate lands in the times of the year when camping is pleasant. Nearly always the beauty in which we may rejoice is to be found in something minute and perfect, something that can belong to rest and quietness, a small gem split from the perfect jewel of unnumbered facets which may be called the Absolute Beauty.

This Absolute Beauty will never disappoint us, for we shall never find it, although it is the highest of all dreams, and the deepest of all certainties, and that for which our best selves hunger and thirst. It is that which we may approach but never reach. What is given to us is the privilege of looking on small particles of beauty, parts of the Absolute Beauty, of cherishing them in our lives and of telling others about them. To do this faithfully is a fulfilment of destiny. It is all that great artists, great poets, great seers and saints have ever done. It is all that little poets, little lovers, little helpers of mankind can ever hope to do. But it is enough.

For us the beauty that we find when we go out adventuring together is protean. To-day we may see it in the storm. To-morrow it may be found in the wings of a bird. It is trite to tell of the charm of birds. I shall not generalize about their delightfulness, although I have seen the kingfisher swoop to his kill and the blue heron in flight, although I have dreamed the dreams of swallows flying faster than thought. But I must speak of gulls that keep the beaches clean.

They are so common that it is easy to forget the thrilling passion of their flight, the rapturous poise, the circling power, the whirl and sudden dip, beak first, into blue water. It is easy to forget the wild and watchful eyes they have, the sleek whiteness of their pointed heads, the strange pathos of their call.

Once on a California beach Jim and I sat and ate our luncheon in hot sunshine while overhead one or two gulls halted in

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the sky, tirelessly vigilant. One of them, seeing our food, swooped low and flew over us, crying. Jim threw a small bit of bread on the beach about twenty feet away. The gull saw it, swooped, caught it, and ascended again. Jim threw another piece a little nearer. Again the sharp eyes saw, the white body plunged toward the earth. Another piece we threw, still nearer. This time two gulls saw it and flew low to get our gift. We threw several crumbs. Several gulls appeared from nowhere in particular to accept our offering. More and more crumbs we threw, sitting quietly there in the sun. More and more gulls came flying across the blue fields of heaven to see what was happening. In fine loops and circles they moved around us, swift and sudden and strong, five or six, a dozen, two dozen, then forty by actual count, then perhaps more. Their lusty wings beat the air about our ears. White and gray and cream color, markings of straw and tan and slate color, the sharper shades of feet and beaks, the preening and fluttering delighted us. Even as we had been hungry they were hungry. Even as we who were poor had to dare much to get our bread, they had to be daring too. The flap and clatter of their passing was the epic noise of their struggle for existence. The whirring rise of them was their victory. Their outcry was their poetic and social sharing of the feast. All this we could feel with them. All this we could understand. Evolutionists tell us that there may have been a time when bird life was close to our own.

The gulls dared to come very near to us, yet with all their gallantry they would not suffer us to touch them, they would not even suffer themselves to touch us, although they flew so near that once a long wing-feather brushed my throat. I knew a child's longing to fold my two hands around one of those small, swift white bodies, and hold it and look into those wild, cold, courageous eyes. And on another day this experience came to me, but then I was sorry and not glad of it.

We had been trolling in San Diego Bay with a shiny tin minnow for bait. It flashed cannily in the translucent water. But the tide was going out and the fishing was poor. I caught nothing. So, while Jim pulled our boat, the *Royal Dingbat*, slowly out of the harbor and toward the open sea, I tried the trolling line and leaned back in my seat negligently, occupying myself with my own profuse meditations. Jim saw a big gull swoop and cried "Look out!" to me, but it was too late. He had dipped for the tin minnow and our hook held him fast.

It was a moment of agony for me. This lovely white creature of the sky had to be pulled across the water that we might loose him. His pride of flight was hurt and humbled as his body was wounded. We got the line in as fast as possible, and when he fluttered and struggled and beat his wings against the edge of the boat I caught him and held him firmly, but as gently as I could, with my two hands around his throbbing heart.

We looked at the hook and found that, fortunately, he had not swallowed it. It had caught firmly in the side of his neck when the minnow sank and bobbed under his unerring stroke. For a moment we did not know what to do. Jim got his knife and tried to get the hook loose, but it could not be done without tearing the bird's throat. It was a small hook. We severed it from the minnow and from our line and let the bird go, thinking that the wound might heal and leave him little the worse off. I unclosed my hands and he went free again.

Another beautiful experience with birds came to us in a pine wood one summer, in New Hampshire. Jim and I were sitting under a pine in the silence that belongs to good comrades. We had tramped far that day, and at sundown we were resting under the trees and dreaming dreams together. When two people can dream dreams together, they do not need to talk. Perhaps because we were silent we heard from behind one of the tall trees a most purely silver song. Jim, who knows birds better than I do, laid a hand on mine and a finger on his mouth to command silence, but the gesture was superfluous. This song was to me also the punctuation of our dreaming, for as commas and periods set intervals between words a bird's song sets intervals between dreams.

In a minute or two more we heard a

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similar song from another tree, a small flute of Paradise. The first singer answered. A third called from in front of us. And then the first singer appeared where oblique rays of the sun falling on him showed a speckled breast and rufous tail. It was the hermit-thrush, himself and no other. Singing he walked among the pine-needles, his comrades answering him. The other two joined him, and perhaps a fourth, but of that we could not be certain. They hopped about and made their music without a thought of us, the loveliest and most limpid singing. They chanted, they carolled, they fluted. We hardly dared to breathe for fear of interrupting their recital. For ten or fifteen minutes we sat and listened with white awe upon us, and then their wings rustled and they were gone. The place where the rays of the sun had fallen on them was empty and dark. The song was sung. Our dreams were dreamed, too.

One other small memoir of an adventure with a bird I must share. It happened in this manner. We were living at the time in the city of Superior in northern Wisconsin. It was a town very near to Gopher Prairie in "Main Street." It was cold there in winter. The snow sometimes lay four or five feet deep upon the wild land near the town for weeks and weeks at a time. The thermometer would fall low, and chilly days like diamonds would follow one another, clear and still. Sometimes, to get a good look at the lavender and rose shadows on white fields of snow, we would borrow snow-shoes from some good friends and go out into the country. We would take a coffee-pot and coffee, a pound of bacon for lunch, a loaf of bread, and a pot and a pan to cook with. Then in weather dry and powdery white we would strike out for the open.

One day, when we had run or walked on snow-shoes all morning until we were ruddy with health and hot under our heavy clothing, we found a place to rest on a crust of hard snow in a hollow, where winds did not bother us, and surrounded by the protruding tops of bushes that must have seemed quite tall when the ground was bare. They bore tufts of snow upon them like white blossoms, the fair, false flowering of the winter. We broke some of these twigs and made a small fire with them. Finally Jim broke a dead branch from a tree and it gave us enough wood for cooking. I filled the coffee-pot with snow—as clean as air or water could be there in the wild out-of-doors—and when enough was melted I put in the coffee. We cut large slices of bread and put slices of fried bacon, with dripping, between them. Never did food taste more delicious than this crude banquet. Then, warmed by exercise and fire and food, we sat still for a while, resting. The fire burned itself into the drift which the heat had melted and sank away out of sight. And then——

"Chickadee-dee-dee!"

Small brother chickadee, perched on one of the snowy bushes, wanted dinner. We fed him crumbs of our bread. A small and impudent beggar he was, hungry and jolly. His energetic throat said many a quaint grace.

"Chickadee—dee—dee—chick-a-dee-dee!"

Such a dark, fluttering little fellow seemed out of place and out of proportion in the wild, white, motionless winter world. But there he was, very busy, very much alive. I cannot look at the blanched beauty of snow in such a stretch of country without remembering him and his queer, dear, merry little song when he first cocked his head and looked at us.

Flowers, like the birds, like the abstract idea of beauty, are much abused in custom and conversation. Our affection for them is lasting and sincere, but rather vulgar. No doubt I seem crude when I handle bloodroot or trillium or cream-cups if there be gods or fairies watching, or finer mortals with a gentler touch. Our way of touching flowers is a revelation or a betrayal.

Nor can we know them by possessing them, by having them in our houses. We might as well try to understand normal humanity by seeing it in prisons and hospitals. If we would know flowers, wild-flowers at any rate, we must live near them. The flowers that do most for us are those that we never pick. We never see them fade.

To walk in golden mustard eight feet tall by a California roadside while petals and pollen shower bright gold on our

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heads and shoulders is good. To kneel on the mesa beside the tiny pink gilia that covers the earth with pink patches after the rains, lifting its plucky blossoms, the size of a nickel, on tiny threadlike stems only two inches long—that also is good. Better still it is to wander into a remote canyon and find the deep, oracular phacelia that has pinkish, hirsute stems and leaves and a solemn, purple face about the size of a violet. But best of all it is to sleep in a patch of dog-tooth violets, to be awakened by bluebells and tiger-lilies. People who have broken their bread in the sight of the flowers, and taken their rest beside them are less likely to pick them. They have exchanged the lust of possession for the desire of beauty.

So I have seen and passed a mariposa lily, a gentian, a rare red trillium, an orchid stranger, simply crying out to Apollo to give them my blessing as a salutation to their loveliness, since I myself cannot speak their language. It makes me regretful to think that the poems made in their honor have never been translated for them. Yet if I had to choose, poems would still be understood by people rather than by flowers, for flowers are beauty in their own persons, but people, who are rarely beautiful, must have beauty given to them.

It is difficult to tell of any single adventure with flowers, though I have lived so near to them that my mind is full of colored gardens. My memory does not need the fields of mythological asphodel, beautiful as they may be, but reaches to quiet, earthy places where, in tufts of spore-bearing moss, I see shy, thin-stemmed bluets with petals pointing to the four winds and golden hearts like suns in the midst of skies.

In the spring, while I am still working at my desk in the city, my spirit wanders at will through the uplands of New York, where the cool arbutus creeps from under moist leaves, or through the fallows of New Jersey, where the wild azaleas bloom. In summer, no matter where I may be, I can call to mind the heavy odor of the milkweed's queer reddish blossoms near some level, dusty roadway, one of many on which I have travelled, or the ecstatic perfume of the wild grape-vines clambering over rocks. The sleepy look of red poppies in Devon is with me, the pungent whiff of the little button chrysanthemum, blossoming its best in forsaken gardens.

It is not only that I remember these colors and fragrances, but that I remember them as they were in the morning, at noon, at night, redolent of joy in the new sight of the world, strong with the pride of lusty life, or faint and strangely mingled with the scent of the dark, moist earth.

So it has been for me. So may it be for others! For it is an inexpensive blessedness that I have found to save my soul alive in me when I have taken to a highway that leads to an older shrine than Canterbury, the first shrine of the first faith, where trees stand guard over boulders that are altars, and where flowers are sacramental censers, and where birds and winds and waters make the hymns I need to hear. And at this shrine I have found bravery for my fear, and wisdom for my doubt, and life to do battle with life again.

Never do I return from these adventures in the open with Jim without longing to go out on another. I shall dream of going again and again until the last time—then, at last, to remain. As my flesh grows frail with the growing strength of my spirit, I should like to rise slowly in the long, blue brilliance of night, and seize the two horns of the crescent moon and jump over it, between them, as a child jumps over a rope. Once over it, and in the Milky Way, I should like to fling all my sins and sorrows into the Great Dipper, and listen until I hear them clink upon the bottom of it. Then I should like to find all the time that I have lost. I should like to float out among the stars, seeking a new beauty.

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JAVA A FOCUS OF WORLD TRADE

By John W. Prins

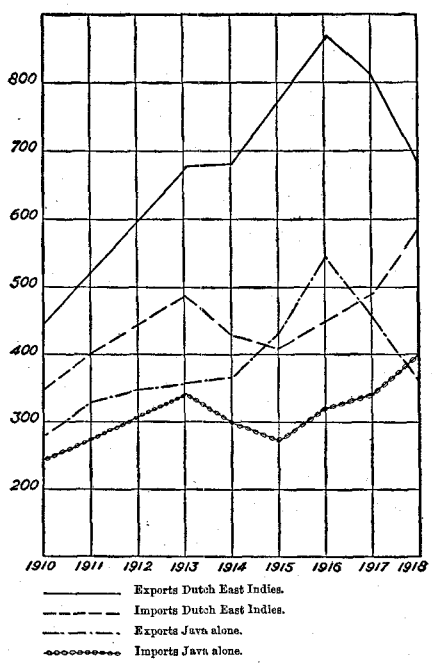
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

ON the dividing line between the northern and southern hemispheres, where the Indian and the Pacific Oceans meet, Holland's India stretches out as a gigantic bridge of islands from Asia to Australia. Connecting two continents and separating two oceans, this Dutch East Indies Archipelago will in the decades to come be a focus of trade, not only for the Asian and the Australian, but also the market where the European sailing eastward and the American sailing westward will meet and compete.

Because of this great island empire, then, Holland is more than the Little Kingdom in Europe. To her six million inhabitants are added fifty million more who, separated as they may be by continents and oceans, are yet part of the country and contributing to her wealth.

How unknown is this Australasian part of the Netherlands which Multatuli called a string of emeralds swung around the equator! That coffee comes from Java and the wild man from Borneo was, until recently, the only popular knowledge the average American had of it. And truly little is the coffee which comes from Java and few the wild men who live in Borneo.

When, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, the Hollanders set out to discover for themselves the way to the Indies and thus eliminate the Portuguese as middlemen, it was not Java which was their main object, but the great island sea east of Java, the Moluccas. For the sake of the pepper, the nutmeg, and the mace of these islands the Hollanders fought and killed the Portuguese and established their own trading-posts over there. And through many little wars with native princes, but more still through many cunningly devised treaties with these princes and by gaining monopolies, they extended their power over them till, about 1900, three centuries later, a colonial empire was founded which stretches from northern Sumatra to the heart of New Guinea, a distance considerably longer than from San Francisco to New York. The Dutch officials, the Dutch soldiers, the Dutch planters penetrated slowly and surely into the heart of every island. The native rulers of Dutch New Guinea, a country as large as Japan; of Sumatra, in shape and size much the same as California; of Dutch Borneo, in size equal to France; of Celebes, with as many square miles as New Zealand and Ceylon—all recognize the Queen of the Netherlands as their



Value of imports and exports of the Dutch East Indies and Java during the years 1910–1918 in millions of guilders.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

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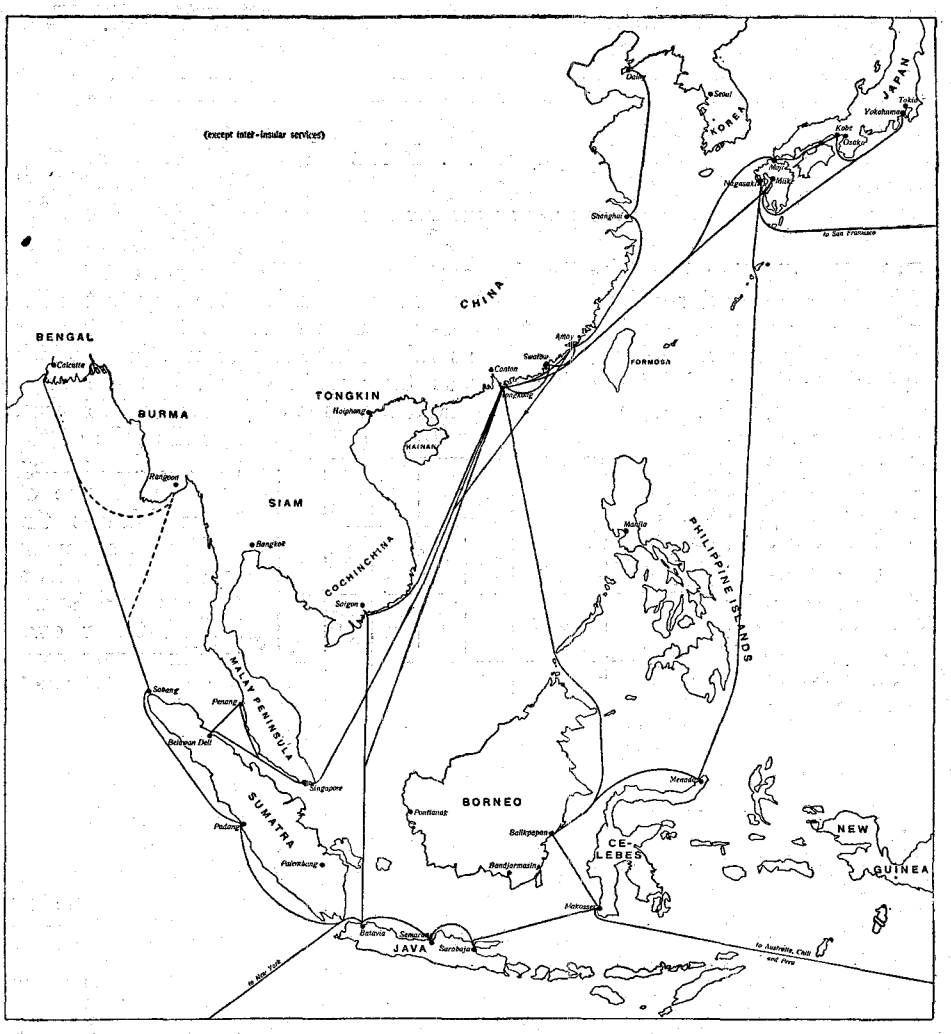

The Dutch East Indies Archipelago in its relation to the Malay Peninsula and the Philippines.

All of Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and the thousand-and-odd smaller islands belong to Holland. Also four-fifths of Borneo and half of New Guinea.

(From the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

supreme ruler. But more important than these four large Sunda Islands, and far more thickly populated, is Java, Holland's prize possession. In size only equal to the State of New York, this fertile island offers subsistence to over thirty-five million people—that is more than six hundred per square mile.

For three hundred years the stream of products of Java first went to Dutch, later to European, markets, until 1870 around Cape Good Hope, from then on through the Suez Canal. The war also changed Java's destiny. In 1917 communication between Europe and these colonies became practically impossible. The products of Java were heaping up in the warehouses. New channels of trade had to be found. Then it was that Java knocked at America's door and America opened it and discovered Java. The sugar which so long had been going the old route, the rubber, the tea, the kapok, and many other products, now entered the harbors of New York and San Francisco. And from there the ships of the

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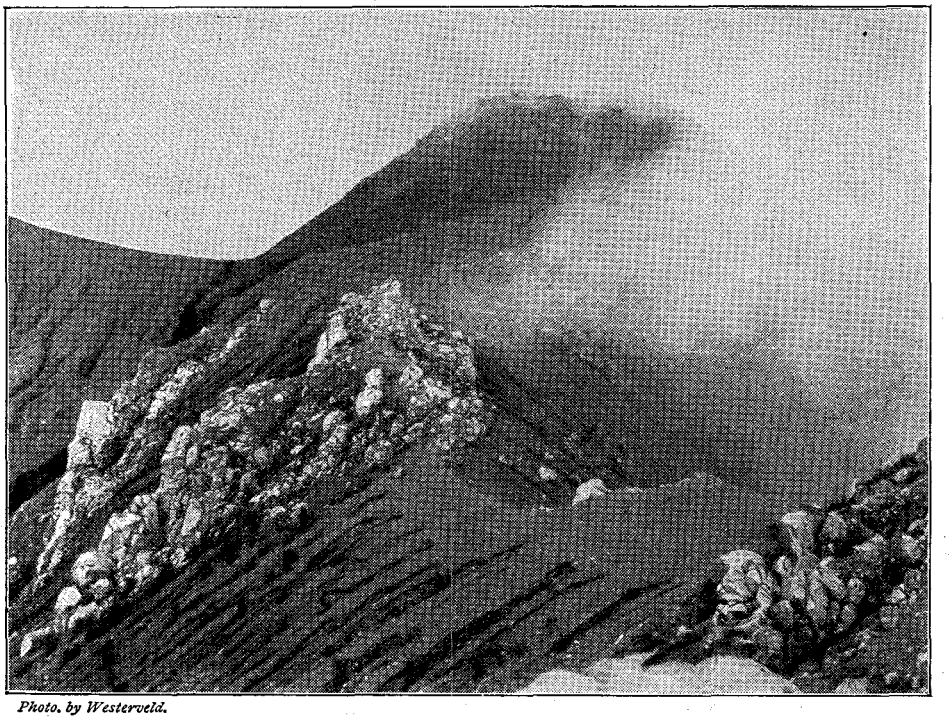

Photo. by Westerveld.

The crater of the Merapi, one of the many in the string of Java volcanoes.

newly established American-Java lines took American-finished articles back to Java. For Java is not an industrial country, and is in need of all the finished products which modern society requires. Infant industries are now being nursed, but practically all that the Hollanders and also the natives need comfortably to house and dress themselves, to till the fields and build the roads, comes from abroad. Naturally not only the United States but even more so Australia and Japan drew closer to Java. Their situation was even more advantageous than America's, and the Japanese and the colonial Hollanders were no strangers. Already in the seventeenth century the Holland colonial had ventured north, captured Formosa, and traded with Japan on the little island of Decima two hundred years before Perry was admitted.

Java is perfectly willing to extend its relations. It has sent besides its ships, its bankers and business men to America, Japan, and Australia, and has organized expositions and congresses, and invited the Americans, the Japanese, and the Australians to its shores.

But when this love-feast was going on the war in Europe came to an end, and the old trade route beckoned again. Amsterdam and London, which had been the main markets for Javanese products, were again bidding for the favors of the Javanese planters and merchants, and sent their ships to haul the Oriental harvests. All European countries again sent their travellers to recapture their former export trade.

England and Holland, which had supplied Java with cotton goods, found that Japan had gotten a foothold; Germany and France, which had shipped motor-cars, found the American automobile outnumbering their own ten to one; the tea which had found its way to Russia and England was going to Australia and the United States; the sugar, which during the ten years preceding the war Europe and British India used to buy, had found new markets in China, Japan, and lately America.

So it happened that Java, which for three hundred years had commercially belonged to Europe, was for a few years

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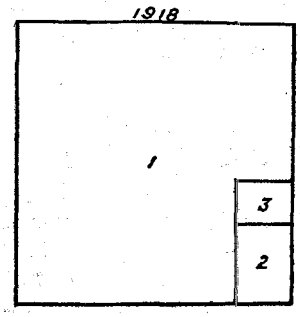
thrown into the arms of the countries around the Pacific, to enter then upon a new period in which it belongs to the world.

It is still too early to say how the battle



World's production of cinchona bark.

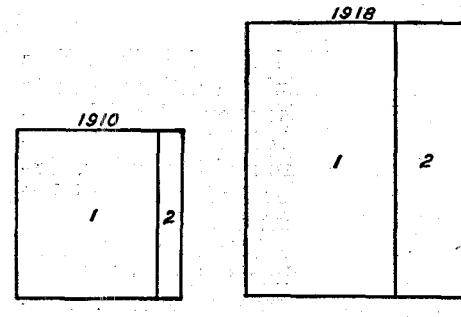
1. Dutch East Indies.
2. British India.
3. Other countries.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

for the products and markets between the Europeans on the one side and the Americans and Japanese on the other is going to end. Perhaps all will stay and find enough business. Yet the extremely high rate of the dollar, which during the latter part of the last year has been up to ninety Dutch cents above par, is also threatening to throw back into the hands of the European manufacturers that which the Americans were so fortunate to capture during the last years of the war. With the low value of the mark and the franc, the Germans and French are coming back with the Hollanders, English, and Scandinavians, and even when their prices are much higher than before, they are yet lower than the American.

The Japanese again are suffering from another handicap. They do not always find the Chinese shopkeepers in a responsive mood to buy from them, and last year were boycotted for several months as a protest against the Shantung affair. Yet Japan, which is occupying a fairly isolated position in the world, and is in need of a friend in the Pacific, is doing everything to draw closer to the Dutch East Indies. Japanese engineers, bankers, and business men have visited Java, official committees of both countries are making trips vice versa, in which the old relations between the two peoples are much dwelt upon and which seem to be the beginning of a more healthy relation than is now existing between Japan and any other Pacific country. The number of Japanese ships which entered Dutch East Indian harbors increased from fifteen in 1911 to two hundred and ninety-nine in 1918.

Java with its extremely fertile volcanic soil is chiefly an agricultural country. Seventy per cent of the population occupy themselves with tilling the soil. The native is, in the first place, busy with his rice-fields, on which he often still has his own rather primitive irrigation system. The government is systematically replacing this by a more modern system, which has even drawn the attention of the Japanese, who recently sent out a commission to study it. Every native village is hidden in a grove of cocoanut-trees. This tree and its fruit is used by him for as many purposes as there are days in the year. The milk he drinks, the meat he eats or dries and sells to the Chinese for



World's acreage of estate rubber.

1. Other countries.
2. Dutch East Indies.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

oil-pressing, the shell he uses as cup, the leaves to cover his roof, the branches to make his brooms.

But far more scientifically and thoroughly is the white man tilling the soil. In this, of course, he is benefited by the cheap labor he is able to obtain. Sugar is the most important product. There are almost two hundred sugar factories in middle and eastern Java which, in 1918, produced more than one and one-half

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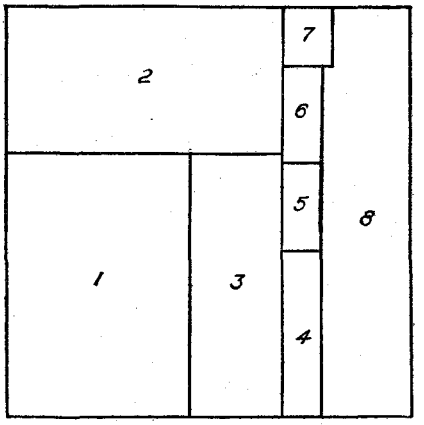
million tons of sugar. Mainly through the increased demand of this article, the last few years have been a golden time for Java. The price rose from ten to sixty guilders per picol, and the white employees on the plantations, who are all working on salary plus bonus, have during the last few years cashed bonuses of thirty thousand guilders on a salary of six hundred to seven hundred guilders per month. The managers of the estates who get ten per cent of the profit have made fortunes; most of them have realized several hundred thousand guilders each year.

Less important than the sugar, but yet producing big harvests for export, are the tobacco, tea, rubber, tapioca, cocoanut, and kapok plantations. The cultivation of the cinchona, which tree was under the greatest difficulty imported into Java from South America during the middle of the last century, has been a great success. At present Java is practically the only producer of quinine, which is derived from the bark of that tree.

As a producer of raw materials (and not being an industrial centre) Java and the other Dutch islands have a favorable balance of trade. But as a result of increasing development through the whole archipelago the import figures are growing rapidly. Like Holland, Java and the other islands practically are a free-trade country with no favors or discriminating duties against any country, the mother country included.

Dotting the coasts of the thousand and odd islands, which together have a circumference corresponding to that of the whole earth, are five hundred harbors, in which arrived during the year 1918 more than one hundred thousand ships. Of the seven large harbors, Java possesses four, three of which, Sourabaya, Batavia, and Semarang, are on the north and one, Chilachap, on the south coast. On these harbors the government and private corporations have spent billions of guilders, so that the visitor is surprised to find them equipped with the most modern docks, warehouses, cranes, and railroads.

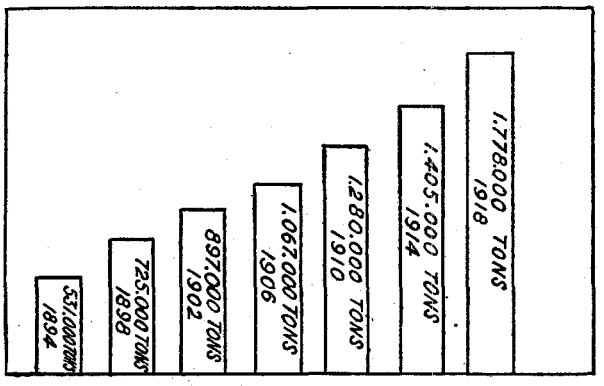
The cities themselves still have many old-fashioned offices, in which the business man works long hours, notwithstanding the oppressive heat. His wife may take her siesta at home in the afternoon; he mostly does not even come home for lunch, eating at his desk, spending eight or nine hours down-town, where even the crossing of the shadeless road in the white burning sun is a task in itself. Some of the banks and older trading companies have built modern homes, which compare favorably with any of the bigger European struc-



Java's place in the production of cane-sugar in 1918.

1. Cuba.
2. British India.
3. Java.
4. Japan and Formosa.
5. Philippines.
6. Australia.
7. Mauritius.
8. Other countries.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)



Increase in the sugar production of Java.

(According to the Year-book of the Netherlands East Indies, 1920.)

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tures. In the upper towns, where the residences are situated, one finds beautiful shaded roads and modern houses, each standing in its lawn; shops also, which sometimes can be compared with the best America has in her largest cities. The natives, the Chinese, and the Arabs all have their own quarters; those of the natives, especially, are still extremely primitive.

In many respects, too, the Hollander is still backward; the rational systematic energy which characterizes the American is strange to him. In the bigger cities the sewers are still open, and in the three hundred years of Dutch rule they have not succeeded in successfully fighting the mosquitoes, a problem which the Americans solved in less than thirty years in the Philippines.

The many millions of people engaged in producing and exporting on this comparatively small area are of the most different races and characters. In the first place, of course, there are the natives, thirty-four millions of them, all of whom are of the Malay race but considerably different in character and language in the different parts of Java. The Sundanese of the west, the Javanese of the centre, and the Madurese of the east all speak entirely different languages, but all occupy themselves with farming. The Malay living on the coasts are fishermen and dock-workers. In every town, however small it may be, are a number of Chinese. They are the shopkeepers, the middlemen, the backbone of Java. More than three hundred thousand are spread all over the island, each of them a trader in some way or other. Many walk with heavy packs on their backs along the good roads of Java to sell the natives their sarongs and household utensils; others have their little foodstalls, many their prosperous shops in smaller and larger towns. With great tenacity and will-power they pursue their business, and because of their commercial superiority over the natives they have wrested from them the entire retail trade of the island. No European or American exporter can succeed without catering to the Chinese. It is to them that they sell their imported articles. Far less numerous, but as successful as the Chinese, are the Arabs and British Indians. More and more these three very different peoples are accumulating much of the wealth in the cities. They own many hotels and houses, and sometimes make the Hollander feel as if he had become a foreigner in his own colonial empire. This is not only the result of the thrift of these people, but rather due to the fact that they and their children remain in Java while the Hollander eventually returns to the mother country. The Japanese are coming more and more, and live mostly in the big cities. The Hollanders and other Europeans are only a handful, a little over one hundred thousand. They are the business men, the government officials and officers, the planters of the island. They are responsible for the great economic development of Java. Conservative and skilled in their profession, they have built often under unfavorable circumstances, for the climate of the island—except in the mountain regions—is trying, very trying for the white man. Few escape without some permanent illness.

In India the Hollander has developed his own peculiar character, different from the folks at home. He is more cynical, more materialistic, more imbued with the spirit to make money and go home; for Java seldom becomes a second fatherland for the white man. It is the country where he works for a future—a comfortable later existence in Holland. Sharply aside from him stands the Indo. With a white father and a brown mother, he is alone in Java; he is neither Dutch nor native. The colonial Hollander cannot tolerate him; when he visits the mother country, however, he is treated as an equal. Some of them have become leaders of the natives; most of them try to be as much Hollander as possible, often thereby, in their accent and dress, becoming ridiculous. The greater number are clerks in offices and shops, but for the one with energy and skill nothing is in his way to reaching the highest position. Many have been educated in Holland and are officers in the army or government officials.

The general use of the Malay language prevents this island from becoming a second Babylon. The Hollander, the

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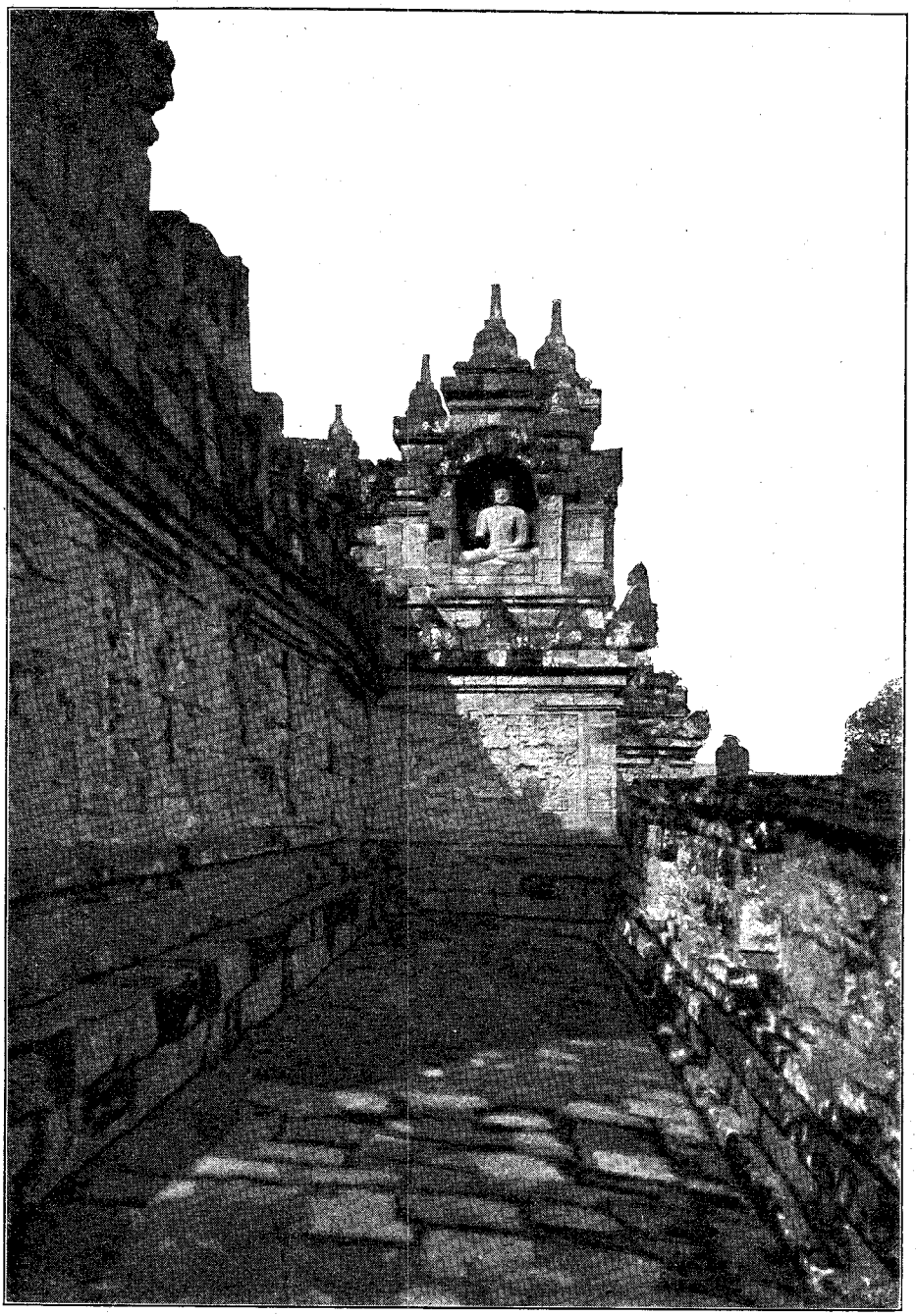

One of the gangways around the Borobudur, Java's most beautiful Hindu temple, built in the fourteenth century.

Chinese, the Arab, the native all mutually make use of this extremely easy language, the fundamentals of which all foreigners soon master. Many native farmers, however, only know their own language, and in the sugar trade men are mostly wanted who speak Javanese, a language as difficult to master as Malay is easy.

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The extremes touch each other!
The Javanese women primitively working their rice-fields and the modern American car, now very popular in Java.

The relationship between the Hollander and the native is not as good as it has been. There was a time when the native ruler spoke about his Dutch superior official as his older brother. That time has passed; not only because the Hollander has neglected his duties toward the native, but also because the native has become more self-conscious. Far more has the Hollander done for Java than for the Javanese. It is true the native, no matter whether he is Javanese, Madurese, Sundanese, or Malay, is generally lazy and untrustworthy. Yet this is no reason to hold him responsible for everything bad that happens in life. When the electric bulb is burned out, when the Ford does not start, when the harvest is not as big as expected, the native is at fault. Every Hollander coming to the Indies soon learns to adopt this all-condemning attitude. Surely, the native must be treated sternly but not unjustly. It goes without saying that, however docile the brown man may take his scoldings, this attitude will revenge itself. In the native burns the holy Mohammedan fire, a hatred for the white ruler, a fire which is poked at by many religious-political workers, whose superior education (one trip to the Holy City of Mecca) gives them an unusual prestige. Sooner or later the outbreaks against the white man will not be limited to individual cases of poisoning or murder, but will extend over greater regions. The present governor of the islands is much criticised because he is adopting a new ethical policy toward the natives which all old colonials condemn.

The voice of Lenine is also heard in Java. Many times already have

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strikes in the plantations been threatened and broken out, and the natives—real children as they are—have even asked for a voice in the management of the plantations. Their wages are much higher than they used to be. A house-servant, however, does not earn more than twenty guilders (normally eight dollars) a month, and unskilled labor gets sixty guilder cents for twelve hours. It would almost seem that their services are overpaid. It costs a native only twenty cents a day to live, and his capacity as a worker is not high. Twenty boxes of samples which a lone truck-driver transported out of an office in San Francisco to the steamer, required in Java one foreman, ten coolies, and one boy to take them from the boat to the office.

There was a time when an American in Java was as rare as a German freighter on the high seas in 1917; but in the past few years more and more have come. Most of them are travelling agents, but several came to stay and open offices—Sourabaya, for instance, counts an American colony of about seventy-five people. The Hollanders are somewhat jealous of them and their country. They usually pick an argument with reproaches, in which the words materialism, dollar, and lack of art are the high notes; as if they had a right to criticise, with sugar sold to America at sixty dollars the picol and American motor-cars to drive about in! Really, as far as materialism is concerned, the Hollander in Java has few reproaches to make, and it makes little difference whether the guilder or the dollar is the ultimate aim. However, the American may be sure of a hearty welcome even when he finds the Dutch business men far more conservative than those at home. A Hollander does not walk over thin ice. American products have found a ready market in Java, American system is appreciated there.

All American automobiles are as well known in Java as in the States; there is no Javanese village, however small, without the agency of a well-known American sewing-machine. Iron and steel have been exported in great quantities to Java, California canned goods can be had in the smallest Chinese store, and Milwaukee beer is even more popular in Java than in Milwaukee. American banks have already branch offices in several Javanese cities. Here, then, is a country open for the American merchant; with many raw materials to offer and in need of many finished articles. America, however, must act quickly; Europe is coming back.

A SUMMER WITH A HUMMER

By A. A. Allen
Assistant Professor of Ornithology, Cornell University

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

YEARS have passed since my sojourn in the tropical Andes, and some of my experiences are becoming dim as they lie unrefreshed in the background of my thoughts. As often, however, as the honeysuckle and the flowering quince announce the full tide of spring, there rolls into my consciousness the presence of those tremendous forest-covered slopes, the giant trees with their flaming blossoms, the innumerable flowering oleanders, the phantom-like orchids, and the thousands of twisted vines with their clusters of gorgeous trumpet-flowers. The picture flashes before my eyes on the wings of the first humming-bird, bringing as it does a glint from the tropics. For it is on the slopes of the Andes, amid the flowering trees and vines, that the humming-birds occur in countless variety. Our one little ruby-throated hummingbird of the eastern United States would

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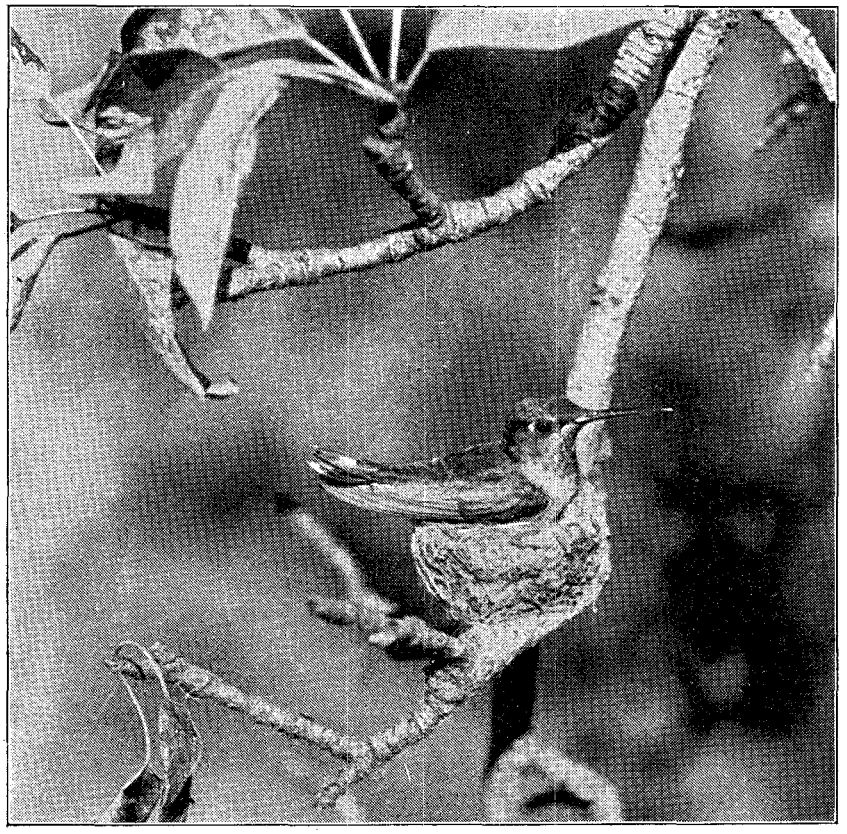
be lost in the vast concourse that inhabit the varied ridges and valleys of the Andes Mountains, for nearly two hundred different kinds have been described from Colombia alone; Ecuador adds one hundred more, and the rest of South and



For fifteen days she nestled the eggs close to her breast.—Page 697.

Central America brings the number considerably over five hundred. Those of us who live in the eastern United States and are accustomed to calling every humming-bird that we see by the same name would be bewildered by the dozens of different kinds that might buzz through our gardens were we living in certain parts of Colombia or Ecuador. Those of us who are from the West and are familiar with several species would still be amazed by their variety of form and plumage, for there are some inhabiting the high mountains that are nearly as large as chimney-swifts, while others have bodies smaller than thimbles. Some have straight bills and others have curved bills, and some have the tail-feathers greatly elongated. One curious little hummer with a long, racket-like tail wears fluffy little pantalets of white feathers, and others are adorned with elongated crests or throat-feathers, and almost all of them have that startling iridescence when they flash in the sunlight. When the first little ruby-throat buzzes through my garden and hovers for a moment before the flowering quince, I jump on the magic carpet and once more thread my way through the great moss forest in search of orchids or flowering vines that attract these feathered jewels. I station myself beside a showy oleander or I ascend above tree growth and scan the great mullein-like "frailejohns" that dot the paramo. One by one, in all their variety of form

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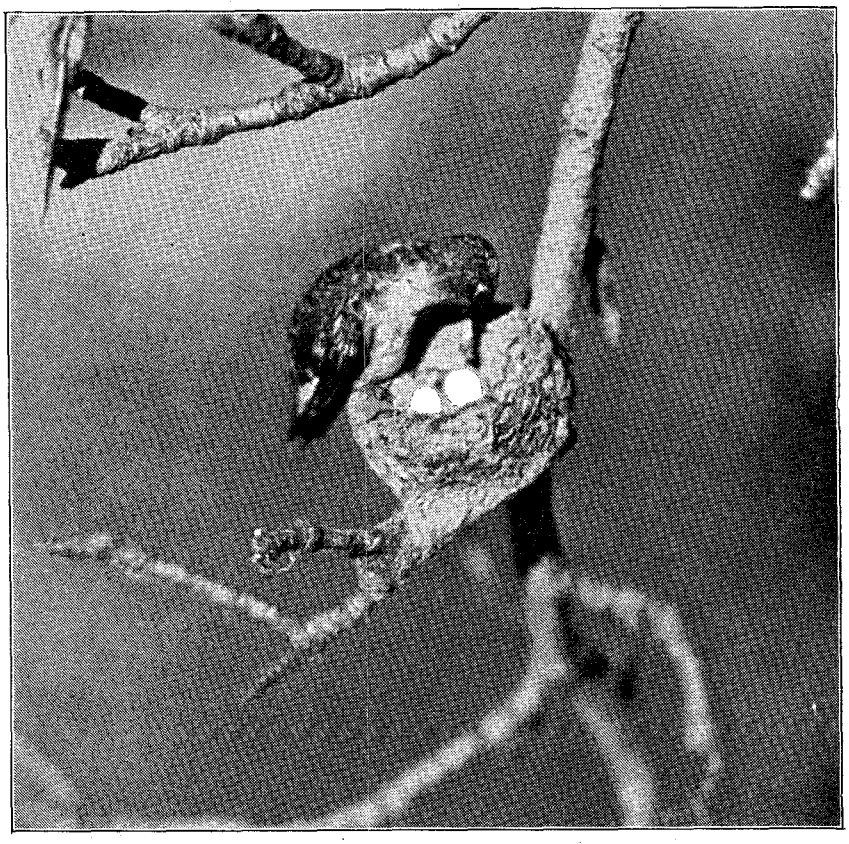
and color, they flit through my consciousness, and the little ruby-throat has brought them.

But the experience which I wish to relate did not occur in the rarefied air of the high Andes; it can claim none of the glamour of the tropics for its setting, for it happened in a very ordinary back yard in the city of Ithaca. Why this dainty bit of bird life should have chosen for its home the half-dead lower branch of a Bartlett pear-tree that scarcely had room to spread its branches between a house and a shop, no one will ever know. But choose it it did, and the whole neighborhood immediately assumed an air of romance that I am sure was never there before. The little ball of cotton daintily balanced on the twig and fastened with cobwebs soon became the cynosure of the city, and many a prosaic eye that had never before responded to the call of nature, softened as it examined the fairy-like structure. Even when completed the nest was no larger than a walnut, and when the bird first began to build, it seemed almost microscopic.



Ever and anon she inspected them closely, turned them, or caressed them with her probe-like bill.—Page 697.

Only two days were required to construct the complete home, shape it well within and without, and finally to decorate the outside with bits of bark and gray lichens so that it would resemble a knot and thus escape detection. The female hummer was the carpenter, builder, and architect combined, for the male never put in an appearance from the first day. Possibly a nineteenth amendment is necessary in the humming-bird constitution, for at present the *male* bird has no rights whatsoever and is little better than an ornament. During the days of courtship he is quite in evidence, rocketing

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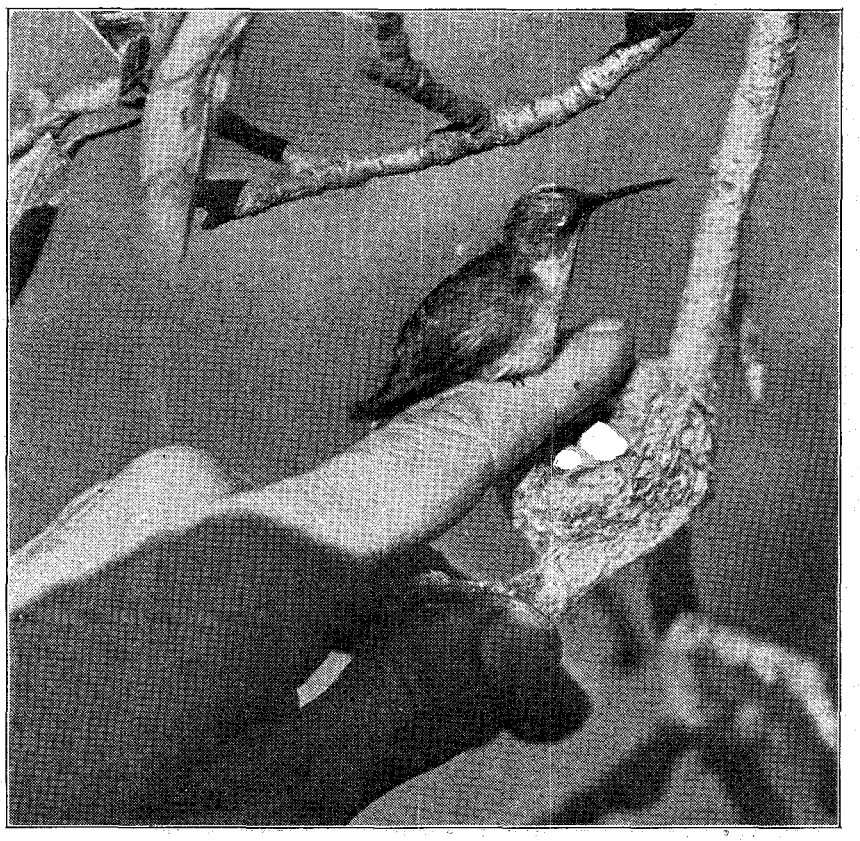
back and forth before the object of his affections, with throat ablaze and wings humming, while she perches demurely on some dead twig. From his throat come excited chipperings that are doubtless intended for song and a declaration of his soured his disposition, and no bird is allowed to pass without immediately being attacked. Crow and chickadee are treated with an equal lack of cordiality, and even his own kind are granted no amnesty. He has apparently staked out



She settled lightly upon my finger, her little claws making about as much impression as a thistledown.—Page 698.

undying devotion, but it all never lasts long. Acceptance and banishment come almost simultaneously, and after the eggs are laid he is a nonentity. Doubtless he is never informed even as to the location of the new home, and certainly he is never consulted when it comes to the selection of materials, the building, or the decorating. Some high dead twig or telegraph wire in a distant part of the woods or in another garden seems to be his St. Helena, from which he makes occasional excursions to the flowers of the neighborhood. He seems morose most of the time, as though his banishment had his claims and brooks no trespassing. It is true that the males of most birds are thus tyrannical in the defense of their homes, and that kingfishers and herons seem to have their chosen fishing-grounds, from which they drive off others of their kind. There is an obvious reason in each case, however, in the protection of their mates or their food supply. With the male humming-bird, on the other hand, it is different. He is not interested in defending his mate, and certainly the unoffending crow or chickadee does not compete with him for food. He is a regular Tartar. With this we dismiss him,

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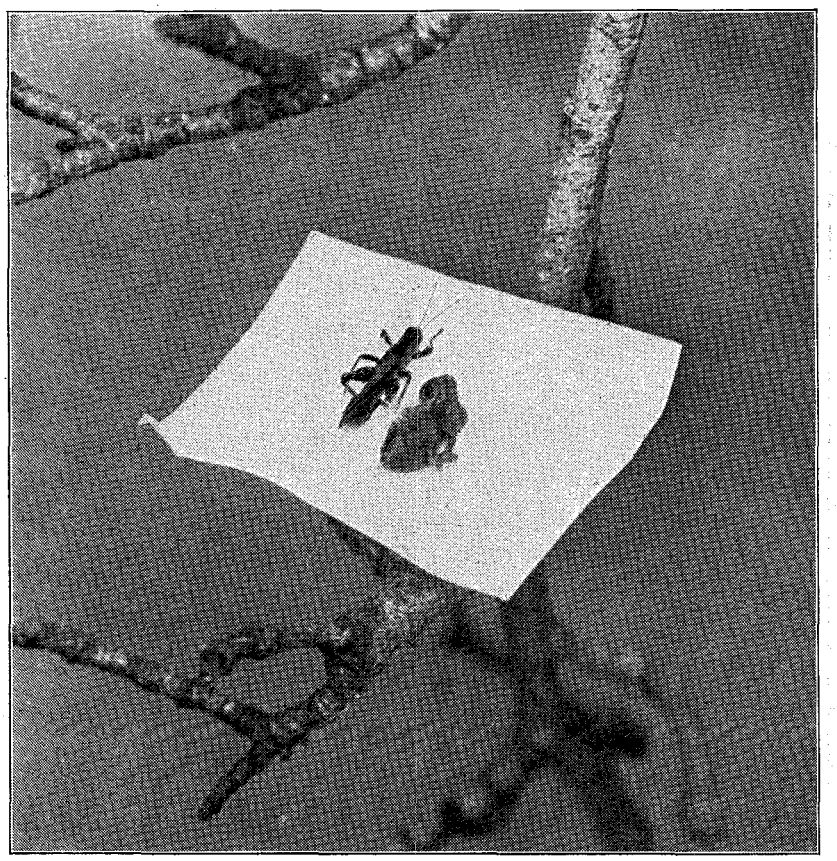
for he no longer enters the story, and we return to the ball of cotton on the branch of the Bartlett pear.

The day after it was completed a tiny white egg appeared in it, and the following day another. They were about the size of navy-beans and not so very different in shape, though their potential energy was of a far superior sort. Certainly they received more attention than was ever bestowed upon any of the Boston product, for the little housekeeper was very solicitous about them, nestling them close to her breast and ever and anon inspecting them carefully, turning them, or caressing them with her probe-like bill. For fifteen days she was thus attentive, leaving them just long enough to buzz out a meal from the trumpet-creepers or to pick a few tiny insects from the underside of leaves or twigs. During this time we got pretty well acquainted. At least I developed quite a friendship, and was not loath to show it, though she treated me much like a clod or the branch upon which her nest was fastened. I have watched quite a number of humming-birds at their nests, but never have I known one that was so absolutely devoid of fear as was this little bird. At first I thought that I had developed some magic charm which permitted me to walk beneath the nest, and even to reach up and touch it, without frightening her away. When I actually stroked her on the nest and lifted her with my finger, I was positive that I had been chosen by the gods to bring birds and man to a mutual understanding and



When first hatched the youngsters were about the size of honey-bees and not much more bird-like. Here is one by the side of a grasshopper. The swelling on the side of the neck is the crop.—Page 699.

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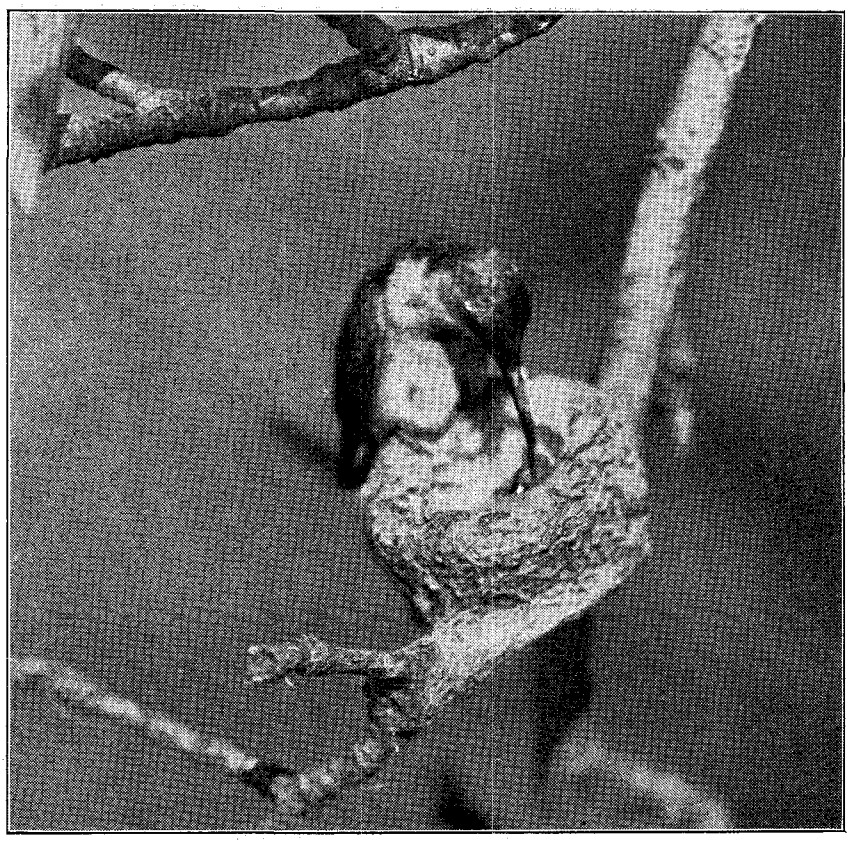
friendship. Alas! for my pride. When I rushed back with a friend to secure photographic proof of my newly acquired power, the tiny bird showed just as little fear of him. In fact, it soon became the privilege of all visitors to stroke her on the nest, and the old saying that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" gained a new meaning. If one edged her gently from the nest with his finger, she would buzz up into the tree for a few minutes, hovering beneath leaves as though searching for insects, but soon she would drop back to the nest. If one held his finger over the edge, she would settle lightly upon it, her tiny claws making about as much impression as a thistle-down. Never have I felt my own brute strength and awkwardness more than when that mite of a bird first perched upon my finger, its weight just barely perceptible to my excited nerves.

The first time the little bird alighted on my finger and I got a real good look at her, I thought I had discovered a new species of humming-bird, or at least an unusual plumage, for lo! instead of being bright emerald green, the whole top of her head was a rich golden yellow. I soon discovered, however, that the yellow color was due to the pollen from the flowers which the bird had been visiting and that I was witnessing one of the phenomena of nature by which the virility of species is maintained. Many flowers are cross-fertilized by having the wind blow the pollen from the stamens of one flower to the pistils of another; other flowers are cross-fertilized by the bees, and a few are dependent upon the humming-birds for



At first she inserted only her tubular tongue into their throats, but as they grew larger she sank her whole bill from sight and injected them with a throbbing movement as though each drop had to be pounded into place.—Page 700.

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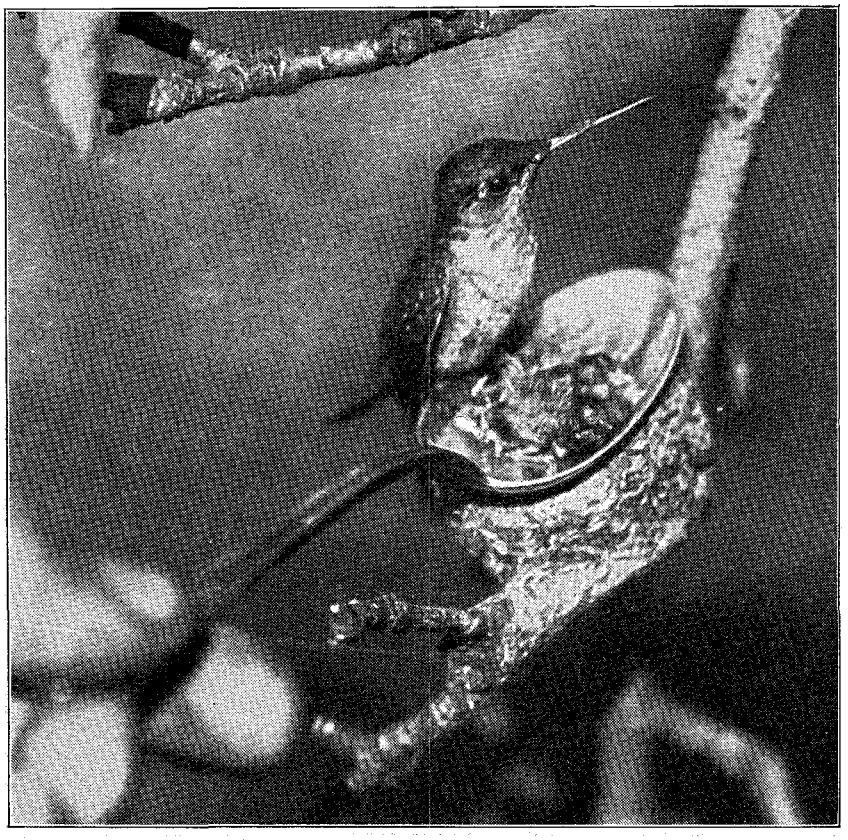
transferring the pollen. Here was the hummer at work, unconsciously and inadvertently performing a great service to the flowers, and incidentally to herself by maintaining the virility of her food supply.



A teaspoonful of humming-birds. The little ones scarcely half-fill the bowl of the spoon.—Page 700.

For fifteen days our strange friendship endured, and then the great event happened: first one egg, and, a day later, the second egg broke open and two tiny hummers emerged. They were no larger than honey-bees, and their bills, instead of being long and slender like their mother's, were as short and stubby as other birds'. Tiny atoms of bird life that they were, as homely and helpless as new-born babies, they lay in the bottom of their cottony cradle, scarcely able to open their mouths. When taken from the nest and placed on a card by the side of a grasshopper, they appeared smaller, though fatter, and absolutely devoid of any resemblance to a bird. "Looks as though the beans had finally baked," some one remarked, and with their dark skins, slightly yellowish beneath, their utter lack of elemental grace or beauty, they surely did look as though they might have been scooped from a pot of beans that were a trifle overdone. But mother-love is a strange instinct. It has the virtues of faith, hope, and charity, and these shapeless, uncouth babies, that gave so little promise of how they would develop, could not have been given greater attention had they been princes. Perhaps, for once, in her domestic affairs she wished for that ruby-throated spouse of hers to bring food while she brooded her featherless babes; but if she did she never let on, but skipped from flower to flower and back to the nest again, wasting no time en route. It usu-

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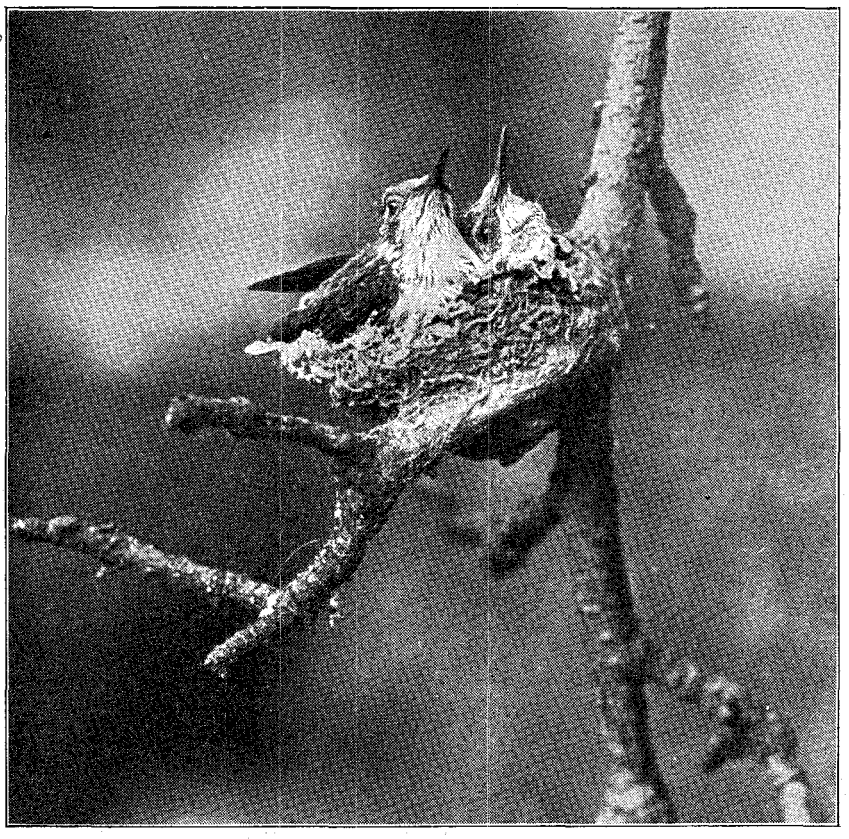
ally took some time to fill her crop with nectar, but when she returned she had plenty to distend the crops of both her youngsters. At first she inserted only her tubular tongue into their throats, but as they grew larger she sank her whole bill

camera gave no idea of their actual size. The idea occurred to me of posing them in a teaspoon, the bowl of which they about half-filled. I thought the mother bird might feed them in this exposed place and show the feeding-process to better ad-



Before the end of the third week they were overflowing the nest and had flattened it out of shape.—Page 701.

from sight and injected them with a throbbing movement of her head, as though each drop had to be pounded into place. When the crops of the newly hatched youngsters were fully distended they appeared nearly as large as their heads, and the skin of the neck was so stretched as to be transparent. Indeed, one could see the small insects and minute spiders floating around inside, some of them still alive and kicking.

When it came to securing a family portrait, the tiny youngsters were almost invisible in the bottom of the nest, and the

vantage. Unfortunately, however, when she returned she was apparently so astonished by the change in their abode that she thought her children more in need of protection than food and she settled down upon them to brood. She had doubtless never encountered a nest with a silver lining before, but she was equal to the occasion, like most mothers, and even tried to snatch a moment of sleep, the camera catching her with her inner eyelid drawn across her eye.

That her faith and hope were to be rewarded was evidenced in less than a

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week when the bills of the young birds began to lengthen and green feathers began to appear on their backs. The second week found them well feathered, and before the end of the third they were overflowing the nest and had flattened it out of shape. Twenty-one days after the first shell cracked, the larger of the two youngsters, that had been trying his wings for several days, felt himself rise from the soft cotton that had been supporting him. As his tiny wings buzzed, he mounted up and up, nearly to the top of the tree, when, without the slightest effort, he settled upon a dead twig as though he had been doing it all his life. His mother was not even around to see him do it or to encourage him. He rose as easily as the butterfly from the chrysalis or the cicada from the cracked shell of the nymph. There was none of the fussing and fluttering that so often marks the "coming-out party" of larger birds. Nor did the mother seem surprised when she returned and found that one of her children had broken the home tie. After feeding the younger one, she uttered a few squeaks, that were immediately answered by the fledgling, and without the slightest waver, she flew directly to him, alighted on the branch beside him, inserted her long bill into his throat, and injected him with his dinner as she had been doing in the nest for three weeks. The next day the other young one tried his wings, but he was not quite so strong and he started in the wrong direction, where there were no twigs on which to settle. He crossed the yard, rising at first, and then settling until he came to a wisp of timothy, where, ever so daintily, his minute claws encircled the stem and he came to rest. Later in the day, as strength came to him, he rose from his lowly station and joined his brother in the top of the pear-tree.

Here we must leave them. Doubtless before long they were able to follow their mother from flower-bed to flower-bed and from field to woods. Soon they were undoubtedly in business for themselves, building up strength to take them on their long trip to Central America in September. We can imagine them bidding farewell to the lobelias and touch-me-nots of New York, crossing the mountains of Pennsylvania, to linger for a few days about the fields of Maryland. Perhaps the Botanical Garden about the Capitol holds them for a few days longer, but the instinct to move is within them, and on they go through Virginia and the Carolinas. They stop with others of their kind where flowers are plentiful, but hasten on where the prospects for food are scarce until they come to Georgia and Florida. Southern Florida, with its tropical weather, may hold them for the entire winter, but more likely they start undismayed across the Gulf of Mexico to the land of perpetual flowers, where short trips up or down the mountains, or from one valley to another, bring them to new feeding-grounds and a continuous round of pleasure. Eventually they are lost among the dozens of other species of hummingbirds that make this distant land their home, and not before March is well spent do they begin to think once more of the good old U. S. A. When they leave the lobelias and touch-me-nots in September, they have ahead of them a four-thousand-mile trip, with naught but their tiny wings to convey them, before May finds them once more at the honeysuckle and the flowering quince. It is a long trip, fraught with hardship and danger, yet no one hears of their going, for it is but one of a million phenomena with which nature has covered this sphere to make life a little more interesting.

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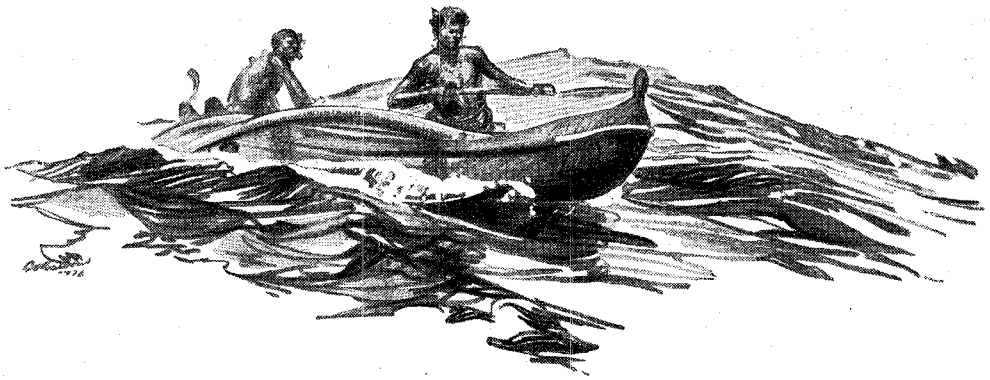

LANINII

A STORY OF YAP OF THE CAROLINES

By Harriet Welles

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY O. F. HOWARD

JEREMIAH HEATHCOTE, president of the Oceanic Trading Company, is an old man now; day after day he sits in his mahogany-panelled office and sees—by special appointment only—such men as have attained an eminence which entitles them to have direct dealings with him.

His home and his wife do him credit; his three daughters—"the handsome Heathcotes"—have made notable and dignified marriages. In fact, to some of his friends whose lives have not been arranged along such correct and suitable lines, he seems an especial favorite of fortune: without fear, regret, or reproach.

And this is true—except in one youthful instance which other men, not afflicted with imagination and a retentive memory, would have pushed aside, buried deep, and forgotten. Ordinarily Jeremiah Heathcote does forget—but with this difference: his offices are near the river; their windows overlook the harbor. At intervals, to the roadstead near the Oceanic Trading Company's docks and warehouses, come streaked and rusty ships—wayfarers, sauntering home from remote and far-flung archipelagos. Tiredly they make their way—escorted and harassed by fussy tugs—and are guided to their berths; there is a confusion of overlapping orders, the patter of hurrying feet, the vagrant smell of copra, bananas, coffee, tar, and old ships, the rattle of a rusty anchor chain—Jeremiah Heathcote, looking down from his office window, is plainly visible to the sailors below—yet, as a matter of fact, he is far away; the complaint of the rusty chain falls on deaf ears.

Beyond the remote horizon line, through fog and spindrift, across the welter of flying spray from mighty breakers—crashing over the stones of ancient fishing-weirs, he sees the vague loom of distant islands, violet and blue in the level light. Above them is the tropical outline of spindling palm-trees, the wavering smoke of wood-fires from thatched huts; nearer, he hears the roar of the surf and pictures, with the intensity of memory, the clumsy circles of stone money: huge pieces of white sandstone, piled against the front of the long, bachelors' house. . . . And one face—a woman's; always, she murmurs: "Laninii," and smiles the pitiful smile of effort. Jeremiah Heathcote stifles a sigh as he turns away from the window.

Donald Heathcote, founder of the Oceanic Trading Company, was middle-

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aged when he met Janet Allen, and, during the year before their marriage, he sometimes actually forgot his life's work: the rapidly increasing, and already successful business of which he was president.

Janet Allen was twenty; a girl of happy moods and quick laughter. After their marriage, during the months before Jeremiah's small soul, arriving, passed his mother's, outward bound, Janet made as many plans for her son's future as she put infinitesimal stitches into tiny garments. The favorite plan—the one in which Donald Heathcote joined, was, that Jerry was to build up for the Oceanic Trading Company an enlarged and prosperous business by means which should be, for every one concerned—from the humblest, unskilled, native laborer up—definitely fair.

"We'll send him to Polynesia to learn about copra—there is a great future for copra. He can learn how to deal with the natives at the same time," planned Donald Heathcote.

Janet clapped her hands. "'Polynesia!' It sounds lovely and sandalwood-y, and myrrh-y, and aloes-y! I'll go with Jerry!" said Janet Heathcote.

Her husband smiled at her; then sobered. "I can't imagine myself with a son who was a waster or an idler—like Clayton's boy," he mused.

"Jerry won't be like that!" she asserted with convincing finality. "If he is, we'll put him on a desert island and leave him there until he promises to behave."

During the first weeks after her death Donald Heathcote, wandering blindly through a mist of suffering, hardly noticed the tiny, frail baby that wailed out its unhappiness in his house. Later, the habits of years reasserted themselves; Donald Heathcote returned with desperate concentration to the engulfing interest of his business. Small Jerry, under the care of a strict, capable, elderly Scotch nurse, grew up in the quiet house where, since the days of his mother's tenancy, no changes were tolerated.

He was, all things considered, a normal small boy. Janet Heathcote would have found him endlessly amusing, affectionate and lovable, and, during the years before he went to college, would have made, altered, amended, and discarded a thousand plans for his future. Also, she would have recognized that she had endowed her son with her own gift of a lively imagination, and to this had been added his father's sensitive quality of pitiful and unwavering remembrance. This, as she was not there to check it, repictured in Donald Heathcote's mind—with all the definiteness of a promise—all of his wife's sprightly plans for Jerry—the same Jerry who, yearning in turn to be an ashman, a horse-car conductor, a tin-peddler, and a pirate, was inalienably consecrated to the future of the Oceanic Trading Company.

After the repressions of his boyhood, Jerry made the mistakes, which might have been expected of him, at college. He expanded—in fact, his breaking forth was almost in the nature of an explosion—being of the finished and complete order about which, while there was nothing vicious, there was no shadow of indefiniteness. His father, observing, felt that a changeling had somehow been foisted upon him as he lifted startled and incredulous eyes from the ledgers of the Oriental Trading Company to observe the meteoric career of his sprightly and riotous offspring.

Donald Heathcote waited a whole day after Jerry's graduation to send for him. "I want to talk over my plans for you," he commenced.

Jerry sat down. "I rather think I'll take a shot at law," he volunteered cheerfully.

His father looked at him. "You will sail, the day after to-morrow, on that cargo steamer now loading—for Yap," he said; then added: "Our agent there needs a rest and a temporary change of climate; you will take his place—and get over this college foolishness—while you learn the native end of the copra-making business."

Donald Heathcote paused; half to himself he said: "I promised your mother—" then cleared his throat. "Yap is one of the islands of the Caroline group, and the Caroline group is in the Southern Pacific," he amended sternly, recollecting the inadequacies of modern education.

There was a silence. "But I don't want to go to Yap—" commenced Jerry.

"I have here for you certain instruc-

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tions as to the company's policies. And I would advise you to take along a supply of reading matter," suggested Donald Heathcote, and rang for his secretary. Jerry, emerging dazedly from his father's office, had a curious conviction that he had tried ineffectual titles with a steam-roller.

Three months later, after a seemingly endless voyage in the pitching discomfort of the old ship, Jerry and his luggage were put ashore on the rickety dock near the long, thatched copra storehouses of the Oceanic Trading Company. The agent, white-faced and heavy-eyed, greeted him with amazed effusiveness and, after a superficial inspection of the nearer premises, led him toward the living-quarters, a small, two-room hut.

"It's pretty primitive," apologized the agent, indicating the cot-bed, wabbly, home-made table and chair, and the smoke-blackened cooking brazier; then he turned a puzzled face toward Jerry. "Are you *really* the old man's son? How did you ever happen to come way out here?" he demanded.

Jerry smiled. "My father wants me to learn the business 'from the ground up,'" he answered.

"He's sent you to the right place if he was trying to eliminate distractions," commented the agent grimly, and turned a wistful face toward the anchored steamer. "You probably won't see another ship for six months," he volunteered. "I'd have died, in another year, of lonesomeness—and the climate—if I hadn't had this break." Rousing himself, he explained the details of his housekeeping arrangements. "I've trained Tomak, a native, to do a little white-man's cooking; I give him his food, that other hut, and a certain amount of tobacco, in payment. He's pretty fair except when he's having one of his fits; then you have to shift for yourself."

"*Fits?*" demanded Jerry.

"Yes. Epilepsy, I guess. Tomak falls on the ground and throws himself about—can't be anything serious, because the natives always stand around and laugh. At times, though, for simple people, they're uncommonly heartless and cruel," said the agent.

"But why do you bother with an epileptic? A woman would cook better, besides keeping the place clean," vouchsafed Jerry, looking with distaste about the unattractive interior.

"You can't hire women; the natives wouldn't allow one of them to step inside your door," said the agent, and added that he was going home to get married. "I'll have my girl bring all of her relatives back with us," he planned. "The Oceanic Trading Company are fine people to work for—but it's powerful lonely in a moneyless world full of cocoanuts."

"'Moneyless'?" repeated Jerry.

"Everything here is done by trade. So many cocoanuts mean an order on the company's store for so much canned stuff or tobacco. The only money on the island is that sandstone stuff—big, rough-hewn circles, from two to twelve feet wide—which the natives stack, as an ostentatious exhibition of affluence, outside some of the huts. You see, the women pick their clothes off the trees—so the root of all money-making is eliminated," laughed the agent.

Two days later Jerry saw the rejoicing agent off, and settled down in the thatched hut. At first the novelty of tropical ways of living, the sight of the beauty of the foliage, the splendor of color in the flowers, and the sea, and the sky, were an absorbing attraction. As these became familiar and he began to pick up a few words of the Micronesian dialect he found much food for amusement in the doings of the men and boys who came and went on the copra barges, or around the husking-sheds. They were friendly, laughter-loving, and much given—after Jerry had learned a few words—to asking irrelevant questions. Of the native women and girls he had only an occasional glimpse; either from timidity, or through instructions from their fathers and husbands, they ignored the white man's existence, passing him, when accident demanded, with averted faces and a hurried rustling of their full skirts of dried pandanus leaves.

At the hut Tomak, furtive and sullen, cooked for him. Jerry, watching him as he bent above the primitive brazier, smiled at his queer grimaces, or shuddered over the ghastliness of his frequent attacks. Later, learning that Tomak had

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a great, unappeased longing—to possess one of the red-shell necklaces, which, with a loin-cloth, constituted the acme of masculine apparel for the wealthiest and most fastidious chief—Jerry Heathcote found Tomak pathetic. Living so close to the natives, what he learned was, all of his life, to give him insight and understanding of conditions among the workers who contribute to the success of what is now a vast business.

His father, if he had seen him, would have considered the experiment an unqualified victory, but somewhere—as she watched him re-reading, by the light of a dim lamp, his few books—his mother must have wept. And about this time Jerry commenced to be lonesome.

The nearest building to the living quarters of the Oceanic Trading Company's agent was a very long, carefully built and thatched native house, occupied, according to the invariable custom, by all the bachelors of the community. Jerry Heathcote found interest and a sort of wistful envy in watching the young men as they went in and out; amused themselves with native games and dances; sang the droning, age-old songs of Polynesia; or rested after the exhaustion of days and nights spent in the cramped confines of far-faring fishing canoes. And sometimes, as he sat fighting off the swarms of flies and mosquitoes in the doorway of his hut, Jerry Heathcote saw a girl come out on the stone platform of the bachelors' house and look, with evident curiosity, in his direction.

She wore the usual attire of the island women: a full skirt of layers of dried leaves and, about her neck, a cord of black hibiscus bast. Where she differed from the others was, that inserted through her skirt belt were a row of brightly colored and variegated croton stems; the leaves were very ornamental against the soft bronze of her skin.

Jerry Heathcote, puzzled, was forced to wait until his command of the language was sufficient to enable him to frame a question to Tomak. He put it carefully: "The young woman of the bachelors' house—is she a servant?"

Tomak, bending above the acrid wood smoke of the brazier, answered: "No."

"She lives there?" questioned Jerry.

Tomak, turning the fish in the flat pan, answered: "Yes."

Jerry tried again. "Do you know *who* she is?" he asked.

Tomak removed the fish before he replied, then: "Mispil!" he volunteered.

This was a new word. "'Mispil'? What does that mean?" demanded Jerry.

Tomak wrinkled his face in an effort at coherence. "Mispil means: woman of the bachelors' house," he said.

Jerry Heathcote gave a gesture of aversion. "You mean that she lives there—that they pay her?" he asked.

Tomak's attention had been attracted by a passing chief who had arrived that morning on a cocoanut barge. "I want—I *want*—" he whimpered, his eyes greedily fixed on the chief's necklace. "Thauei," he explained covetously.

"Is a red-shell necklace a 'thauei'?" inquired Jerry.

"Yes," agreed Tomak, and turned his attention again to the girl of the bachelors' house. "No. They don't pay her," he asserted.

At the time when Jerry Heathcote started to "learn the business," the best copra was made from cocoanuts which, after being split in half, were exposed to the sunlight. As they dried the meat would shrink away from the shell until it could be easily removed, when it became the article of commerce known as copra.

From this copra is extracted cocoanut-oil, which forms the foundation of all fine soaps, many toilet preparations, and candles, and the cocoanut stearin which is widely used in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of chocolates. After the oil is extracted the residue, known as cocoanut-oil cake, is a useful cattle food.

Sun-dried copra yields from 50 to 65 per cent of the cocoanut-oil. Much later in his life Jerry Heathcote was to learn that cocoanuts dried by hot air would yield 75 per cent—but during his days on the island of Yap the business was still in its infancy.

Cocoanut-palms will not thrive out of sight of the ocean; they flourish best near the sea—even where, at high tide, their trunks are wet by salt water. These trees frequently reach a height of one

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hundred feet; they commence bearing when seven or eight years old, and average from eighty to two hundred nuts a year, for from fifty to sixty years.

If a sound can be emblematic, the murmurous rustlings of the cocoanut-palms would be the recognized emblem for all Polynesia.

By the time the hot weather commenced, Jerry Heathcote remembered the years of his boyhood, the gay days of college life, as a vague, entirely unreal dream. Monotony was, at Yap, the only definite reality. Life was a matter of native-built barges with matting sails; of cocoanuts; of the incessant rattling of cocoanut husks in the pools beneath the husking-sheds; of still, white, suffocating heat; of copra, drying in endless rows, under the hot sun; of quick, enveloping darkness, and long, breathless, lonely evenings beside the dim flame of a dirty lamp; of the interminable counting of the barge cargoes, and the scribbling of payment orders on the company's store; of harassing swarms of insects; of the meteoric sallies of the vividly blue-tailed, house lizards across the thatch; of sudden, fierce, tropical typhoons leaving destruction in their wake; of green water teeming with sharks; of a heavy lethargy of fatigue which increasingly enveloped his mental and physical activities as, with menacing stealthiness, it crept across his waking hours.

Fairly early he lost account of the date —having neglected to cross off, on his calendar, the lagging days as they idled past; then, forgetting to wind his watch during the excitement of watching the havoc wrought by a wind-storm, he lost account of the time; inevitably it followed that the mere, meaningless names of months should cease to interest him. Due to a shipwreck the regular cargo steamer was months overdue, and the storehouses crammed with the waiting copra. By the time he had read each book in his small collection a sixteenth time, Jerry Heathcote had ceased to fight against the engulfing languor which besieged him; a longer experience in tropical sojourning would have warned him not to permit any further advance of this numbing exhaustion—but experience was one of the things he lacked.

Then came the worst of the hot season —ushered in by increasing humidity, a sun like a burnished-copper disk; nights of unabated heat, and a universe which swung and swayed before his heavy eyes.

Tomak registered his comprehension of the weather by increasingly frequent seizures and absences. Jerry often prepared his own meals, or, as time went on, ate nothing because of the lack of energy necessary to achieve even unappetizing results in cookery. Dizzy, burning or shivering through alternating attacks of fever and chills, unreasoningly exasperated by trifles, he struggled through the weeks until a day when misery predominated and mounting fever blotted out all else.

He never knew how he covered the distance between the sheds and his hut, but, staggering, stumbling, and groping, he somehow achieved it. Kerek, of the bachelors' house, watching him, drew her breath sharply as, with wide and shining eyes, he looked up and saw her standing alone upon the stone platform. Painstakingly he made his laborious way to her, and spoke carefully in the native dialect: "*I am so sick!*" said Jerry Heathcote, and crumpled into an unconscious heap at her feet.

Tomak, approaching, smirked at the girl. "The white man will soon die," he volunteered disinterestedly; then, in obedience to her imperious gesture, he helped to carry the unnoting Jerry back to his own house. "Shame upon you for allowing a place to get like this—you lazy, useless, detested one of the gods!" cried Kerek. With deft hands she smoothed out the dirty sheets on the cot and sent the snivelling Tomak for two pails full of fresh water; then, quickly and silently, she went about the task of making order take the place of chaos. Tomak, returning with the water, was put to work, and, grumbling and unwilling, scrubbed the floor under Kerek's sharp direction. "If I get it clean, will you give me a thauei?" he whimpered. "Where would *I* get a thauei?" she retorted.

"You'd better go back," suggested the quickly fatigued Tomak. Craftily, he added: "The bachelors will soon be returning from the fishing canoes—it will

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fare badly for you if they find you in the house of the white man."

"I shall stay here and see that you do your duty," answered Kerek, and turned deaf ears to his blubberings. Like most island women, she knew certain rules for the treatment of fever, and these she put to Jerry Heathcote's service; with unusual gentleness she bathed, lifted, and tended him, and, at stated intervals, gave him water to drink—noting, with swift compassion, the limp helplessness of his emaciated body, the dumb suffering in his staring eyes. With Tomak's grudging assistance she made, and kept, the thatched hut spotlessly clean.

Perhaps through a haze of fever and delirium Jerry Heathcote heard the loud-voiced arguments of an angry and astonished delegation from the bachelors' house that first evening. Stubbornly they ordered, demanded, insisted, that Kerek return; then, as they debated upon using force the sick man, moaning, tossed uneasily; in a second she had swept the astonished bachelors before her and, ostentatiously, placed Jerry Heathcote's revolver in a conspicuous position, then went back to the wabbly chair. She hardly allowed the skipper of a tramp steamer to look through the door when that visitor, hearing of the illness of the son of the Oceanic Trading Company's president, came to offer his useless assistance. "He looks pretty sick. I'll let his father's representative know at my next port," promised the skipper, as he went his way.

Through mazes of suffering, morasses of forgetfulness, and long, effortless wanderings in dreamlands, lovely and remote, Jerry fared for many, many days, while Kerek practised such primitive alleviations as lay within her knowledge, trusting largely to clean, cold, spring water for the sick man.

Tomak, querulous and resentful, was made to attend to his duties. During the first week, too, she had to listen to the delegations of bachelors, arriving singly and in groups, to harangue, to command, and to threaten, but Kerek was adamant. "Can't you realize that the lonely white man will die if he's left to that imbecile Tomak?" she reiterated patiently. Finally the bachelors played their last card. They spoke grimly of the degradation of her present position, and when that failed to move her, gave her a warning and their ultimatum. After that they came no more to the thatched hut of the agent of the great Oceanic Trading Company. And half a world away an old man read, with anguish, a message concerning his only son, and put into motion such facilities as, even then, the company possessed, and which, except for the compassion of a native woman for a suffering boy, would have amounted to less than nothing.

Jerry Heathcote, tossing on the narrow cot, was unconscious of these happenings, as he muttered incoherently of his father, of college days and happenings, of his old Scotch nurse; or mumbled disconnected words in the native dialect and sang, in a pitiful undertone, bars of half-remembered songs as the long weeks dragged heavily by.

But one day when the hot weather had broken in a wild storm and the fresh, rain-washed air was sweet with the cool scent of damp earth, he turned toward the breathless Kerek and asked lucidly: "Why don't the birds sing?"

She smiled at him—relief showing in her tired eyes. "Because there are no song-birds here," she said, and questioned: "You feel better?"

He nodded feebly, and dropped into a healing, restful sleep.

If Kerek imagined that with the going of the fever her troubles were ended, she soon learned better, for Jerry, convalescing, was increasingly difficult. For the first ten days he slept; after that he spent his waking hours thinking of the things that he wanted to eat. At first, such delicacies as Kerek and Tomak could achieve with taro roots, yams, cocoanuts, bananas and fish, satisfied his small appetite. Later, he ate voraciously everything offered and demanded beefsteak and roast lamb. Of these Kerek had never heard; Jerry, acquiring more hunger through his impassioned description, felt unreasoningly aggrieved when they were not forthcoming. For three days he yearned unceasingly for ripe peaches, then transferred his unappeased longing to pears, and talked of these fabulous, unknown delicacies until Kerek was undecided as to whether or not he was still

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delirious; after that, mince pie and doughnuts moved to first place, and he chanted of their deliciousness, while she, sitting in futile idleness beside him, knew the tortures of inadequacy.

And then, one day, he wanted flowers; Kerek smiled thankfully, and brought in an armful of hibiscus, dracænas, and heavily scented frangipani, but Jerry waved them petulantly away. "Not those garish, smelly things! I want roses and violets!" he cried fretfully, and turned his back. The next morning he insisted, almost fiercely, upon having ice-cream, and described and explained this phenomenon to Kerek until evening, when his truant fancy turned to a loudly reiterated longing for cream-puffs. About this time Kerek decided that a firm hand was necessary, and, with a stern glance at her belligerent patient, she announced that a person whose uniformly good appetite was a problem for quantity, needn't be so particular; and Jerry had the decency to look ashamed. After that, to his increasing amusement and diversion, he found her quick-witted and alert; Jerry took delight in demanding the impossible so that he might provoke Kerek to an answer. She teasingly nicknamed him "Laninii," and would not tell him what it meant. But usually, on both sides, there lingered a faint shadow of wistfulness.

"Where," she questioned, "do your people get all the things you tell about? Here, when we need food or clothing, we pick both from the trees." She was working on a new skirt of pandanus leaves as she spoke, Jerry contentedly watched her quickly moving fingers.

"Every one works for a thing we call money; it is made out of metal and paper," he explained, and launched into details.

Kerek laughed unrestrainedly. "What a lot of trouble you are to yourselves," she commented. Jerry gave up the attempt at defining the benefits of currency, and looked at the rapidly forming pandanus skirt.

Suddenly he was moved to ask a question. "I've never been very near to any of the other women here; are their ankles, and the backs of their hands, tattooed like yours?" he inquired idly.

She hesitated. "Only a few of them," she answered, and mentioned three of the older women.

"Why did you have it done? It isn't pretty, and it must have been painful," said Jerry Heathcote.

She bent her head over her work. "Tattooing—of this kind—is the mark of a mispil," she answered quietly.

Jerry felt a little shock of remembrance. There was silence in the room—except for the rustling of the pandanus leaves. "I can't, for the life of me, understand how *you* could live such a life," he burst forth; "it is disgraceful!"

She looked at him with an amazed and bewildered expression. "From the earliest days it has been the custom here for the unmarried men to steal from a neighboring tribe the young girls who become mispils of the bachelors' houses. Kikaaki, the chief's wife, was one; Pae, another; Mohuto, a third. When it becomes—*necessary*—one of the bachelors marries the mispil, and she becomes a respected member of the community. Then the bachelors go out and steal another girl—" Her voice trailed off into silence. Later, she laid down the finished skirt and went to summon Tomak, leaving Jerry to the contemplation of his own flabbergasted reflections.

"After all, if it is the way the natives here manage—and no blame falls on the captured girl—it's none of my business," mused Jerry, and turned to the arriving Tomak. "By the way, what does 'Laninii' mean?" he asked.

Tomak wrinkled his face in an effort at coherence. "Laninii means: not to forget; means: to recall; means: *memory!*" he achieved triumphantly.

"I'll certainly remember that Kerek saved my life," thought Jerry, and when she returned he greeted her as though nothing had happened. Emboldened, she ventured a shy question: "When again you are strong, and go once more to the husking-sheds, may I stay on here to cook and clean for you?" she asked breathlessly.

Something in her manner disturbed Jerry; he thought it over. "You think that your people won't object? Until you came to take care of me none of the women had even spoken, or hardly glanced my way. I wouldn't want to be

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One day . . . he turned toward the breathless Kerek and asked lucidly: "Why don't the birds sing?"—Page 707.

the cause of making trouble for you," he said.

She ignored his objections. "We'll build on another room. And I'll plant a border of crotons. You'll get to like it here so much that you'll never leave!" she said tremulously.

During the discouraging days when he took his first feeble steps Kerek tended

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him with unfailing care; cheerfully, laughingly she helped him through the hours of weakness and disheartenment. To divert his mind, she sang the drawling songs of the Micronesians, related time-dignified legends, or told, with graphic emphasis, stories of the island gods. All of his life Jerry Heathcote was to recall whimsical descriptions of the doings of Yalafath, the supreme deity; or to wonder, in bad copra-producing years, if no offerings had been made to Marapou, sender of rain; and to reflect on the malicious doings of swarms of devil-bred Kans.

Added to weakness, Jerry was increasingly homesick, and for this Kerek had no sympathy. "When you know well my island, you will never wish to leave," she asserted with a stubbornness that was akin to panic. Brusquely, she added: "What is it, that we have not here, you long for?"

Jerry hesitated. "Well—birds," he answered wistfully.

She pointed to a frigate-bird wheeling, on slanting wings, above the thatched huts. "We have them!" she asserted.

"But they don't sing," he differed.

Her eyes were on the hovering bird. "He is sacred to Mubab, god of war, and when he comes there is misfortune. He has been above this house for days. I wonder—I wonder—" Her voice trailed off. Resolutely, she roused herself. "To-morrow you will be able to go for a little walk outside," she said.

"To-morrow," agreed Jerry Heathcote.

But to-morrow found all things changed. Very early in the morning a ship, under Donald Heathcote's frantic direction, put into the harbor, carrying a doctor, a nurse, and a substitute agent from the nearest port. Jerry was to go home at once—leaving with the least possible delay.

The doctor, bending above his new patient, spoke with wonder of the marvellous recuperative powers of youth which could bring a man, untended, through such an illness.

"I wasn't untended," asserted Jerry. "If you had seen what Kerek did for me—day and night!"

The doctor glanced patronizingly toward the native woman standing stiffly near the door and, smiling tolerantly, changed the subject. "Do you think that you will be able to start toward home in a day or two?" he inquired, and shook his head at Tomak hovering inquisitively near.

Jerry, smiling, put the question in native dialect to Kerek. She nodded. "I go with you," she said.

Jerry gasped. "Oh, I couldn't ask that of you; the doctor and nurse will try to look out for me. Besides, you wouldn't like my country," he added consolingly, glancing at her tattooed hands, bare feet, and shining body above the belt of her leaf skirt.

Kerek stiffened. "Why not?" she asked.

"Do you realize the sort of *clothes every woman* in my country wears?" he questioned indulgently.

"A skirt!" she suggested.

"Two or three of them, trimmed with ruffles, and starched; over those, a heavier skirt of woollen, with a long tail which drags on the ground; and at the back, attached around their waists with strings, a wire cage called a bustle," he said.

Kerek's eyes were round. "Tell me more!" she breathed.

"Above their belts they wear—underclothes," he amended sternly; "and also —*worse!*"

"What is that worse?" she demanded.

"It is a long, tight, heavy box, all reinforced with sharp, iron bones," he floundered.

She commenced to laugh. "No woman could, or would, wear all those things, Laninii," she asserted positively.

"You haven't lived where they have what is known as 'fashion,' Kerek," he assured her; "you'd be unhappy."

"I must go. *I can't stay here,*" she said miserably.

"You mean that you don't want to go back to the bachelors' house? That, of course, won't be necessary. You must let me prove to you how grateful I am to you for pulling me through that fever. You will never need to worry about the future," said Jerry.

Kerek shook her head. "I couldn't go back to the bachelors' house—even if they hadn't stolen a new mispil from my own tribe—they won't let me inside the door," she said dully.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because, against their warnings, I

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stayed here to take care of you," she answered.

Jerry Heathcote could not believe that he had heard aright. "Of all impossible things!" he asserted warmly, then added: "Don't you care! You can go back to your own people and live, in comfort, for the rest of your life."

She shuddered. "Not after I have lived in the house of the white man—already they have sent me word," she volunteered.

He was aghast at what her words implied. "Well, then, you can make your home here," he said less confidently.

Her eyes were shining with unshed tears. "The women of this tribe—since I am not married to one of their men—will not have me here. And no man will marry me." She paused. "Better that I go with you," she added, and turned away, leaving Jerry to face the situation.

Later, when the doctor had returned to his preparations aboard ship, Jerry sent Tomak to summon the chief of the tribe and the senior of the residents of the bachelors' house. He found them, in contrast to the former days of incessant conversations and irrelevant questionings, singularly reticent and unresponsive. They listened to his explanations, his arguments, his statements, and his commands, in silence. At the end Jerry Heathcote faced, with incredulous amazement, the fact that, against outraged native opinion and usage, anything that he could say or do availed less than nothing. "We make no complaint of *you*, but *we warned her*," volunteered the chief grimly, as he arose to go. "Degradation," mused Jerry Heathcote, "seems to be an elastic term—depending entirely on the point of view." He thought it over. "I'll have to do something—but *what?*" he pondered uneasily. And much thinking was entirely without result.

"When will you be ready to start, Heathcote? And what is worrying you?" asked the doctor at the end of the second day.

Jerry hesitated, then confided his problem, and asked for advice. "I certainly wouldn't consider it worth while to bother about that! Just go—and let the natives and Kerek settle the matter among themselves," answered the doctor.

"If, when I was so ill, Kerek had listened to *them*, where would I be now?" demanded Jerry indignantly.

The doctor being, where other people were concerned, a fatalist, shrugged his shoulders.

Jerry Heathcote, hunched weakly up in the wabbly chair, spent hour after hour reasoning out the problem of his responsibility and of his duty; he made many decisions and, after considering, discarded them. He could not, according to any rule of honesty or gratitude, leave Kerek to the mercy of the islanders; could he take her with him?

Undoubtedly his father would understand—but Jerry tried to visualize her among Occidental surroundings: Kerek had never worn clothes, a hat, or shoes. True, her hair—like the hair of all Micronesians—was not kinky; but her skin was dark, and her hands bore the telltale tattooing—always his mind came back to that. "I couldn't, knowing how she has lived, put her in a boarding-school for young girls, at home—even if they'd take her," pondered Jerry, mentally picturing the startled teachers. "If she'd only been all right it wouldn't be so hard," he mused, moving feverishly. "When I get all through, I'm back at the fact that she saved my life—and that I'm responsible for getting her thrown out," reflected Jerry miserably; vehemently he added: "Fine way the Oceanic Trading Company look out for their agents!" and lapsed again into his futile reflections.

Nine days passed without result—except that the doctor, gravely realizing that his patient was losing ground, advised departure, but Jerry would not go. Kerek, like a restless ghost, haunted the compound and stared at him with sombre, accusing eyes. "Can't you suggest *something?*" Jerry asked. "I can't stay here," she reiterated forlornly in answer. On the tenth day Jerry fainted; he looked very white and frail as they carried him into the hut, and the doctor's expression, when he ordered Kerek from the room, told her more than the words he could not say.

When the excitement was over she went out to talk to Tomak; the sound of her level, emotionless voice, reasoning, arguing, persuading, could be heard during most of the afternoon. That evening she asked permission to speak with Jerry, and faced him with a smile.

"Could you give me a large enough or-

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der on the company's store to get in exchange, from the bachelors', one of their largest fei?" she asked.

"'Fei'?" questioned Jerry.

"Stone money," she explained, indicating the crude, sandstone circles outside the bachelors' house.

"Of course," he agreed, "but you haven't any hut—what do you want it for?"

Her smile was gone. "I want it," she said, and took the order he wrote. Jerry did not see her again for two days. Then, with much formality, she asked permission to make him a visit. This time Tomak accompanied her. "My husband," said Kerek, and pointed to the chief's red shells which the smirking Tomak proudly wore.

"I bought him the necklace with the stone money," she explained quietly.

Jerry gasped. "Kerek . . . you *haven't*—you *couldn't* . . . have tied yourself for life—by bribing that dreadful . . . idiot?" he demanded.

She disregarded his question. "Now that I am . . . provided for . . . you can, without regret, return to your own people," she said. Turning, she went out. Jerry Heathcote never saw her again.

And so Jeremiah Heathcote—old, now—looks down from his office windows on to the decks of his returning ships riding, at rusty anchor chains, in the roadstead, and stifles a sigh. To his mother's gift of a vivid imagination is added his father's heritage of unfading remembrance; these enable him to picture, in detail, the dragging years of Kerek's existence—after he had sailed away.

"Because of her compassion, I spoiled her life—and left her, for reward, a hut half hidden behind a pile of fei and unlimited credit at the company's store.

"Tinned goods and stone money! If it wasn't so pathetic it would be ludicrous!" asserts Jeremiah Heathcote.

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MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE ELKHORN RANCH AND NEAR-ROUGHING IT IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

[FIFTH PAPER]

MY brother has written so much about his own ranch, and has given so vivid a description in his autobiography of the life led there, of the wonderful stretches of the Bad Lands, of the swaying cottonwood-trees, and the big fireplace in the Elkhorn Ranch sitting-room, around which he and his fellow ranchers gathered, exhausted by a long day's cattle herding or deer hunting, that it hardly seems possible that I can add much to the picture already painted by his own facile hand: ranch life, however, viewed from the standpoint of the outsider or from that of the insider has a different quality, and thus no reminiscences of mine would be in any way complete were I not to describe my first delightful visit paid to Medora, Dakota, and the surrounding country, in 1890. Our party consisted of my brother and sister-in-law, my sister Mrs. Cowles, then Anna Roosevelt, our friend Robert Munro Ferguson, my husband and myself, and young George Cabot Lodge. The latter was the son of our valued friend Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and was truly the "gifted son of a gifted father," for later he was not only to earn fame as a poet, well known to his countrymen, but in his brief life—for alas! he died in the summer of 1909—his talents were recognized in other lands as well.

I had been prepared by many tales for the charm and freedom and informal ease of life in the Bad Lands, and had often dreamed of going there; but, unlike most dreams, this one came true in an even more enchanting fashion than I had dared hope. Many had been the letters that my brother had written to me from Elkhorn Ranch several years previous to our journey. In June, 1886, he wrote: "I have never once had breakfast as late as four o'clock. Have been in the saddle all day, and have worked like a beaver, and am as rugged and happy as possible. While I do not see any very great future ahead, yet, if things go on as they are now going and have gone for the past three years, I think that each year I will net enough money to pay a good interest on the capital, and yet be adding slowly to my herd all the time. I think I have more than my capital on the ground, and this year I ought to be able to sell between two and three hundred head of steer and dry stock. I wish I could see all of you, but I certainly do enjoy the life. The other day while dining at the de Mores I had some cherries, the only fruit I have had since I left New York. I have lived pretty roughly."

I quote the above simply to show, what is not always understood, that my brother's ranching venture was, from his standpoint, a perfectly just business enterprise, and had not the extraordinarily severe winters intervened, his capital would not have been impaired as it was. Writing that same summer, shortly after hearing of the birth of my baby girl, he says in his loving way: "My own darling Pussie, my sweetest little sister: How can I tell you the joy I felt when I received Douglas' first telegram; but I had not the heart to write you until I received the second the good old boy sent me, and knew you were all right. Just to think of there being a second wee, new Pussie in

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this big world! How I shall love to pet and prize the little thing! It will be very very dear to Uncle Teddy's heart, which is quite large enough, however, not to lose an atom of affection for Teddy Douglas, the blessed little scamp. I have thought of you all the time for the last few weeks, and you can hardly imagine how overjoyed and relieved I felt, my own darling sister. I hope the little new Pussie will grow up like her dear mother, and that she will have many many loving ones as fond of her as her irrelevant old cowboy uncle is of Pussie, Senior. Will you be very much offended if I ask whether she now looks like a little sparsely-haired, pink polyp. My own offspring, when in tender youth, closely resembled a trilobite of pulpy consistency and shadowy outline. You dearest Pussie,—you know I am just teasing you, and how proud and fond I am of the little thing even when I have never seen it. I wish I was where I could shake old Douglas by the hand and kiss you again and again. . . .

"Today I went down to Dickerman to make the Fourth of July speech to a great crowd of cowboys and rangers, and after, stayed to see the horse races between the cowboys and Indians."

In another letter about the same time: "If I was not afraid of being put down as cold-blooded, I should say that I honestly miss greatly and all the time, and think lovingly of all you dear ones, yet I really enjoy this life. I have managed to combine an outdoor life possessing much variety and excitement, and now and then a little adventure, with a literary life also. Three out of four days I spend the morning and evening in the Ranch house writing, and working at various pieces of writing I have now on hand. They may come to nothing, however; but on the other hand they may succeed; at any rate, I am doing some honest work whatever the result is and I am really pretty philosophical about success or failure now. It often amuses me when I indirectly hear that I am supposed to be harboring secret and bitter regret for my political career, when, as a matter of fact, I have hardly ever, when alone, given two thoughts to it since it closed, and have been quite as much wrapped up in hunting, ranching, and book-making as I ever was in Politics. Give my best love to wee Teddy and dear old Douglas; do you know, I have an excessively warm feeling for your respected spouse. I have always admired Truth, Loyalty, and Courage; and though I am really having a lovely life, just the life I care for, please be sure that I am always thinking of my own, darling sister, whom I love so much and so tenderly. Ever your affectionate brother, Thee."

On August 7 of the same year he wrote again after having paid a brief visit to the East, and returned to Dakota: "Blessed little Pussie; Mother of an increasing and vocal Israel, I did enjoy my two visits to my dear sister, and that dear old piece of peripatetic bric-à-brac, her Caledonian spouse. Everything here is much as usual. The boys were, as always, genuinely glad to see me. I am greatly attached to the Ranch and the life out here, and am really fond of the men. It is in many ways ideal; we are so very rarely able to, actually and in real life, dwell in our ideal 'hero land.' The loneliness and freedom, and the half-adventurous nature of existence out here, appeals to me very powerfully. . . . Merrifield and I are now busily planning our hunt in the mountains."

Such letters as the above filled the members of his family with a strong desire to participate to some degree, at least, in the life which he loved so dearly; but the births of various small members of the family rendered such participation impossible until the late summer of 1890.

After a brief visit to St. Paul, Minn., we took train for Medora. My brother had heralded the fact that I (then a young woman of twenty-seven) was a mighty rider (I had followed the Essex County hounds in New Jersey), and the cowboys were quite sure, I think, that I would leap from the locomotive to the back of a bucking bronco. Our train drew up, or I should say, approximately drew up, to the little station at Medora at four o'clock in the morning, in one of the most frightful storms that I ever remember. Rain fell in torrents, and we had to get out on an embankment composed of such slippery mud that before we actually plodded to the station, our feet and legs were encased in glutinous slime; but the calls of the cowboys un-

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dauntedly rang out in the darkness, and the neighing of horses and prancing of hoofs made us realize that civilization as well as convention was a thing of the past. Will Merrifield, the superintendent of Elkhorn Ranch, and Sylvane Ferris, his able lieutenant, fully expected me to mount the extremely dangerous-looking little animal which they held by a loose rope, and they were inordinately disappointed when I pleaded the fatigue of two nights on the train, and begged that I might drive with the other less-adventurous ladies to the ranch-house, forty miles away. Before starting on this long trip we were entertained by Joe Ferris, the brother of Sylvane, who having once also been one of Theodore's cowboys, had now decided upon a more sober type of life as storekeeper in the little town of Medora. Joe and his wife were most hospitable, and above his shop in their own rooms we were given a nice warm breakfast and an equally warm welcome. After breakfast we came down to the shop, where our luggage had already been assembled, and there we began to sort what we would take to the Ranch and what we would leave. This required a certain amount of packing and unpacking, and I was on my knees "madly thrusting," as "Alice in Wonderland" puts it, "a right-hand foot into a left-hand shoe" when Joe came up to me and said: "Mrs. Douglas (they all decided to call me Mrs. Douglas, as more informal than Mrs. Robinson), it ain't worth while for you to tire yourself like that when the best packer in all Dakota is standin' in the doorway." I looked up and sure enough a huge man, who might have just walked out of one of Bret Harte's novels, *was* "standin' in the doorway." "There he is," continued Joe; "that's Hell-Roarin' Bill, the sheriff of the county; you heard tell of how he caught that lunatic; well, Bill's the best ladies' packer that ever was, and you had better leave all your bags to him to arrange." Fearing that "Bill" might be offended if I did not use him in the capacity of a French maid, and having frequently been told of the rapid results of hurt feelings on the part of "Bill," I suavely called him to my side, and telling him of the wonderful reputation which I had heard he enjoyed, I immediately put my wardrobe in his care, and to my infinite surprise the huge backwoodsman measured up to his reputation. Very soon the cavalcade was ready, the rain had ceased to fall in such torrents, the half-misty quality in the air lent a softer beauty to the arid landscape, and a sense of adventure was the finishing touch to our expectations as we started for Elkhorn Ranch. My disappointed friends, Merrifield and Sylvane, said that "they did not believe that Mrs. Douglas would like drivin' with a 'shotgun team' much better than ridin' a buckin' bronco, but, of course, if she *thought* she wanted to go that way, she could." An hour later "Mrs. Douglas" somewhat regretted her choice of progression; true enough, it *was* a shotgun team attached to that springless wagon in which we sat! The horses had never been hitched up together before, and their methods of motion were entirely at odds. The cowboy driver, however, managed eventually to get them started, and from that moment our progress, though irrelevant, was rapid beyond words.

We forded the "Little Missouri" River twenty-three times on the way to the ranch-house, and as the banks of the river were extremely steep, it was always a question as to whether we could go fast enough down one bank to get sufficient impetus to enable us to go through the river and up the very steep bank on the other side; so that either coming or going we were in imminent danger of a complete somersault. However, we did accomplish that long, exhausting, springless drive, and gradually the buttes rose higher and higher around us, the strange formation of the Bad Lands, curious in color, became more and more marked, the cotton-wood-trees more plentiful as the river broadened out, and suddenly we saw buried amidst the trees on the farther side of one of our fordings the substantially built, cosey-looking house called by my brother the Elkhorn Ranch.

In a letter written to my aunt, Mrs. Gracie, from the ranch-house I say: "We are having the most delightful time at the Ranch. The little house is most cosy and comfortable, and Mrs. Merrifield had everything so neat and sweet for us, and as she has a girl to help her, we really do not have to rough it at all. We all make our beds and do up our

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rooms religiously, but even that they would willingly do for us if we would let them. We have had three cloudless days, the first of which was occupied in driving the forty miles down here, and a beautiful picturesque drive it is, winding in and out through these strange, bold Buttes, crossing the 'Little Missouri' twenty-three times! We ladies drove, but the men all rode, and very picturesque they looked filing across the river. We arrived at the Ranch house at twelve o'clock and ate a splendid dinner of Mrs. Merrifield's preparing, immediately after which we climbed up a Butte and walked to Prairie Dog town and saw the little prairie dogs. We then mounted horses and took a lovely ride, so you may imagine that we slept well.

"The next day we were all on horseback soon after breakfast, Ferris and Merrifield with us, and off we rode; this time with the intention of seeing Merrifield lasso a steer. When we came to a great bunch of cattle, the practised eyes of the two men at once discovered an unbranded heifer, which they immediately decided to lasso and brand. It was very exciting. Merrifield threw the rope, cleverly catching its legs, and then threw the heifer, which was almost the size of a cow, and then Ferris tied another rope around its neck. The ends of the ropes were slipped over the pommels of two ponies who, in the most sensible way, held the heifer while the two men built a little fire and heated the cinch ring with which they branded the creature. It was all intensely picturesque. In the afternoon, we again rode out to be with the men while they drove the deer on the bottom, and Merrifield shot one; so you see, we have had very typical experiences, especially at the round-up yesterday."

Happy days, indeed, they were, full of varied excitements. Merrifield's little boy, Frank, only eleven years old, was the chief factor in finding the herd of ponies in the morning, for it was the custom to let them loose after twilight. Many and many a time I would hear him unslip the halter of the one small pony ("Little Moke" by name) which was still tied to the ranch-house steps and on which he would leap in the early dawn to go to round up the ponies for the day's work. I would jump up and look out of the ranch window, and see the independent little fellow fording the river, starting on his quest, and an hour or so later the splashing of many feet in the water heralded the approach of "Little Moke," his young rider, and the whole bunch of four-legged friends.

The relationship between my brother and his men was one of honest comradeship but of absolute respect, each for the other, and on the part of the cowboys there was, as well, toward their "Boss," a certain reverential attitude in spite of the "man to man" equality. How I loved that first night that we sat around the fire, when the men, in their effort to give my brother all the news of the vicinity during his absence, told the type of tale which has had its equivalent only in Owen Wister's "Virginians." "There is a sky-pilot a good many miles from here, Mr. Roosevelt," said Sylvane, "who's bringin' a suit against you." Sylvane announced this unpleasant fact with careless gaiety, stretching his long legs toward the fire. No one was ever so typically the ideal cowboy of one's wildest fancy as was Sylvane Ferris. Tall and slender, with strong fair hair and blue eyes of an almost unnatural clearness, and a splendid broad brow and aquiline nose, Sylvane looked the part. His leather chaps, his broad sombrero hat, his red handkerchief knotted carelessly around his strong, young, sunburned throat, all made him such a picture that one's eye invariably followed him as he rode a vicious pony, "wrastled" a calf, roped a steer, or branded a heifer; but now sitting lazily by the fire, such activities seemed a thing of the past, and Sylvane was ready for an hour's gossip.

"A sky-pilot? Why should a sky-pilot bring suit against me?" said my brother laughingly.

"Well," said Sylvane, "it was this way, Mr. Roosevelt. You see, we was all outside the ranch door when up drives the sky-pilot in a buggy. He was one of them wanderin' ones that thought he could preach as he wandered, and just about as he drove up in front of our ranch his horse went dead lame on him and his old buggy just fell to pieces. He was in a bad fix, and he said he knew you never would let him be held up like that, because he had heard you was a good man

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Theodore Roosevelt and R. H. Munro Ferguson at the Elkhorn Ranch, after a successful hunting trip.

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too, and wouldn't we lend him a horse, or send him with the team to the next place he was going to, some forty miles away. We were not too anxious to do it, but we felt we had to be hospitable-like, with you so far away and the sky-pilot in such a fix, so we said 'Yes,' we would send him to where he wanted to go, and there he is now, lyin' in a hut with one leg broken and one arm nearly wrenched off his body, and he's bringin' suit against you, which ain't really fair, we think."

"What do you mean, Sylvane; what have I got to do with his broken leg and arm?" said my brother, beginning to feel a trifle nervous.

"Well, you see, it is this way," said Sylvane; "he says we sent him to where he is with a runaway team and he was thrown out and broken up in pieces-like; but we says how could that team we sent him with *be* a runaway team—how *could* a team be called a runaway team when one of the horses ain't never been hitched up before, and the other ain't run away not more'n two or three times; but I guess sky-pilots are always unreasonable!"

This conclusion seemed to satisfy Sylvane entirely; the unfortunate condition of the much-battered sky-pilot aroused no sympathy in his adamantine heart, nor did he feel that the sky-pilot had the slightest cause for his suit, which later was settled in a satisfactory manner, but the conversation was typical of that evening's ranch news by the big wood-fire.

Our day at the round-up was one of the most fascinating days of my life, and I was proud to see that my city-bred brother was as agile and as active in the duties of rounding up the great steers of the plains as were the men brought up from their babyhood to such activities. We lunched at midday with the round-up wagon; rough life, indeed, but wonderfully invigorating, and as we returned in the evening, galloping over the grassy plateaus of the high buttes, I realized fully that the bridle-path would never again have for me the charm it once had had. Nothing in the way of riding has ever been so enchanting, and the curious formation of the Bad Lands, picturesque, indeed, almost grotesque in line, in conjunction with the wonderful climate of that period of the year and the marvellous mingling of tints in the sunset sky, resulted in a quality of color and atmosphere the like of which I only remember in Egypt, and made as lasting an impression upon my memory as did the land of the Nile.

During our stay, my original failure to leap, on my arrival, "from the locomotive to the back of a bucking bronco" had more or less been effaced from the memory of the cowboys by subsequent adventures, and the last day that we spent under the cottonwood-trees, by the banks of the Little Missouri, was made significant by the "surprise" gotten up by Merrifield and Sylvane for the special edification of my brother and husband. The surprise took the form of the "wrastling" of a calf by no less a person than myself! Merrifield had taught me to rope an animal, Sylvane had shown me with praiseworthy regularity the method of throwing a calf, and the great occasion was heralded amongst the other members of the party by an invitation to sit on the fence of the corral at three o'clock, the last afternoon of our visit to Elkhorn, and thus witness the struggle between a young woman of the East and a bovine denizen of the Western prairies. The corral, a plot of very muddy ground (having been watered by a severe rain the night before), was walled in by a fence, and generally used when we wished to keep the ponies from straying. On this occasion, however, it was emptied of all *but* the calf, which was to be the object of my efforts and prowess. I was then introduced by Merrifield, very much as the circus rider used to be introduced in the early Barnum and Bailey days; then followed a most gruelling pantomime; the calf, which was of an unusually unpleasant size, galloped around the corral and I, knee-deep in mud, galloped after it, and finally succeeded in achieving the first necessity, which was to rope it around the neck. After that, the method of procedure was as follows: The "wrastler"—on this occasion my unfortunate self—was supposed to get close enough to the animal in question to throw himself or herself across the back of the galloping calf, with the purpose of catching the left leg of the animal, the leg, in fact, farthest away from one's right arm. If this deed could be accomplished and

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the leg forcibly bent under the calf, both calf and rider would go down in an inextricable heap, and the "wrastling" of the calf would be complete.

I can feel now the mud in my boots as I floundered with agonized effort after that peripatetic animal. I can still sense the strain in every nerve of my body as I finally flung myself across its back, and still, also, as if it were only yesterday, do I remember the jellied sensation within me, as for some torturing minutes I lay across the heifer's spine, before, by a final Herculean effort, I caught that left leg with my right arm. The cries of "stay with him!" from the fence, the loud hand-clapping of the enthusiastic cowboys, the shrieks of laughter of my brother and my husband, all still ring in my ears, and when the deed was finally accomplished, when the calf, with one terrible lurch, actually "wrastled," so to speak, fell over on its head in the mud, all sensation left me and I only remember being lifted up, bruised and encased in an armor of oozing dirt, and being carried triumphantly on the shoulders of the cowboys into the ranch-house, having redeemed, in their opinion, at least, the reputation which my brother had given me before I visited the Bad Lands.

Years later, when the young owner of Elkhorn Ranch had reached the higher estate of President of the United States, I, as the sister of the President, was receiving with my sister-in-law at the breakfast in the White House, at his inaugural in 1905, and was attired in my best black velvet gown and "presidential sister" white plumes; I was surrounded by senators and ambassadors, when suddenly, coming toward me, I recognized the lithe figure of my brother's quondam cowboy, Will Merrifield. He, too, had climbed the rungs of the ladder of fame, and now, as marshal of Montana, he had been intrusted by the State of Montana with the greetings of that State for the newly inaugurated President. Coming toward me with a gay smile of recognition, he shook me warmly by the hand and said: "Well, now, Mrs. Douglas, it's a sight for sore eyes to see you again; why, almost the last time I laid eyes on you, you were standing on your head in that muddy corral with your legs waving in the air." Senators and ambassadors seemed somewhat surprised, but Will Merrifield and the President's sister shook hands gaily together, and reminisced over one of the latter's most thrilling life victories. But to return to our farewell to Elkhorn Ranch in 1890.

The three weeks' visit to the ranch-house had passed on fleet wings, and it was a very sad little party that turned its face toward Medora again, in preparation for the specially planned trip to Yellowstone Park. Theodore Roosevelt, as one may well imagine, was making a very real concession to family affection by arranging this trip for us and accompanying us upon it. What he loved was roughing it; near-roughing it was not his "métier," nor, frankly, was it his "métier" to arrange a *comfortable* trip of any kind. He loved wild places and wild companions, hard tramps and thrilling adventure, and to be part of the type of trip which women who were not accustomed to actual hunting could take, was really an act of unselfishness on his part. We paid huge sums for no comforts, and although supposed to go—as we were riding—where the ordinary travellers in stage-coach could not go in Yellowstone Park, yet there *were* times when we seemed to be constantly camping in the vicinity of tomato cans!

I write again to my aunt two weeks after we start our Yellowstone experiences. "We have had a most delightful two weeks' camping and have enjoyed every moment. The weather has been cloudless, and though the nights were cold, we were only really uncomfortable one night. We were all in the best of health and the best of spirits, and ate without a murmur the strange meals of ham, tomatoes, greasy cakes and coffee prepared by our irresistible Chinese cook. Breakfast and dinner were always the same, and lunch was generally bread and cheese carried in our pockets and eaten by the wayside. We have really had great comfort, however, and have enjoyed the pretense of roughing it and the delicious, free, open-air life hugely,—and such scenery! Nothing in my estimation can equal in unique beauty the Yellowstone canyon, the wonderful shapes of the rocks, some like peaks and turrets, others broken in strange fantastic jags,

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and then the marvellous colors of them all. Pale greens and yellows, vivid reds and orange, salmon pinks and every shade of brown are strewn with a lavish hand over the whole Canyon,—and the beautiful Falls are so foamy and white, and leap with such exultation from their rocky ledge 360 feet down.

"We had one really exciting ride. We had undertaken too long an expedition, namely, the ascent of Mt. Washburn, and then to Towers' Falls in one day, during which, to add to the complications, Edith had been thrown and quite badly bruised. We found ourselves at Towers' Falls at six o'clock in the evening instead of at lunch time, and realized we were still sixteen miles from Camp, and a narrow trail only to lead us back, a trail of which our guide was not perfectly sure. We galloped as long as there was light, but the sun soon set over the wonderful mountains, and although there was a little crescent moon, still, it soon grew very dark and we had to keep close behind each other, single file, and go very carefully as the trail lay along the mountain-side. Often we had to traverse dark woods and trust entirely to the horses, who behaved beautifully and stepped carefully over the fallen logs. Twice, Dodge, our guide, lost the trail, and it gave one a very eerie feeling, but he found it again and on we went. Once at about 11 P. M., Theodore suggested stopping and making a great fire, and waiting until daylight to go on, for he was afraid that we would be tired out, but we all preferred to continue, and about 11:30, to our great joy, we heard the roar of the Falls and suddenly came out on the deep Canyon, looking very wonderful and mysterious in the dim star-light. We reached our Camp after twelve o'clock, having been fifteen hours away from it, thirteen and a half of which we had been in the saddle. It was really an experience."

It was a hazardous ride and I did not terrify my aunt by some of the incidents such as the severe discomfort suffered by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt when she was thrown and narrowly escaped a broken back, and when a few hours later my own horse sank in a quicksand and barely recovered himself in time to struggle to terra firma again, not to mention the dangers of the utter darkness when the small, dim crescent moon faded from the horizon. My brother was the real leader of the cavalcade, for the guide, Ira Dodge, proved singularly incompetent. Theodore kept up our flagging spirits, exhausted as we were by the long rough day in the saddle, and although furious with Dodge because of his ignorance of the trail through which he was supposed to guide us, he still gave us the sense of confidence, which is one's only hope on such an adventure. Looking back over that camping trip in the Yellowstone, the prominent figure of the whole holiday was, of course, my brother. He was a boy in his tricks and teasing, crawling under the tent flaps at night, pretending to be the unexpected bear which we always dreaded. He was a real inspiration in his knowledge of the fauna and birds of the vicinity and his willingness to give us the benefit of that knowledge.

I find in my diary of that excursion a catalogue of the birds and other animals which he himself had pointed out to me, making me marvel again at the rapid observation which he had made part of his physical equipment. I note: "During the first four days we have been in the Park, we have seen chipmunk, red squirrel, little black bear, elk watering with the horses, muskrat in the streams, golden eagle, Peregrine falcon and other varieties, red-tailed hawk and pigeon hawk, Clark's crow, Canada jay, raven, bittern, Canada goose, mallard and teal ducks, chicadee, nuthatch, dwarf-thrush, robin, water oozel, sunbird, longspur, grass finch, yellow-crowned warbler, Rocky Mountain white-throated sparrow, song-sparrow, and wren."

Each one of the above I saw with the eyes of Theodore Roosevelt, and can still hear the tones of his voice as he described to me their habits of life and the differences between them and others of their kind. To him this trip must, of necessity, have been somewhat dull, based as it was upon the companionship of three women who were not hunters; but never once during those weeks did he seem anything but happy, and as far as we were concerned, to see the beauties of nature through those ardent eyes, to hear the bird-notes through those ears, attuned to each song, and to listen constantly to his stories of wood and plain, his interpreta-

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tion of the lives of those mighty pioneer men of the West—all of this comes back to me, as a rare experience which I have gladly stored away in what Emerson calls "the amber of memory." How we laughed over the strange rules and regulations of the park! Fierce bears were trapped, but could not be killed without the kind permission of one of the secretaries in Washington, the correspondence on the subject affording my brother infinite amusement. *His* methods under like circumstances would have been so very different!

The experiences at Elkhorn Ranch and again in the Yellowstone Park were of special benefit to me from the standpoint of the comprehension which they gave me of the absolute sympathy which my brother felt both with the nature and the human nature of the great West. No period of the life of Theodore Roosevelt seems to me quite as important, in the influence which it was to bear upon his future usefulness to his country, as was that period in which, as man to man, he shared the vigorous work and pastimes of the men of that part of our country. Had he not actually lived the life not only of the hunter and cattleman, but had he not taken actual part as sheriff in the methods of government of that part of our country, he would never have been able to interpret the spirit of the West as he did. He would never have been recognized *as* such an interpreter, and when the time came that America could no longer look from an uninterested distance at the Spanish iniquities in Cuba, the fact that Theodore Roosevelt had become so prominent a figure in the West proved the essential factor in the flocking to his standard of that mass of virile manhood which, under his leadership, and that of the then army doctor, Leonard Wood, became the picturesque, well-known "Rough Rider" Volunteer Cavalry of the Spanish-American War.

Theodore Roosevelt, himself, in a letter to John Hay, written long after our visit to his ranch and our gay excursion to the Yellowstone, describes the men of that part of the world. He was taking an extended trip, as President, in 1903, on the first part of which journey Mr. Hay had accompanied him, and at Oyster Bay, on his return, he writes to his Secretary of State to give him further details of the trip:

"From Washington, I turned southward, and when I struck northern Montana, again came to my old stamping grounds and among my old friends. I met all kinds of queer characters with whom I had hunted and worked and slept and sometimes fought. From Helena, I went southward to Butte, reaching that city in the afternoon of May 27th. By this time, Seth Bullock had joined us, together with an old hunting friend, John Willis, a Donatello of the Rocky Mountains,—wholly lacking, however, in that morbid self-consciousness which made Hawthorne's 'faun,' go out of his head because he had killed a man. Willis and I had been in Butte some seventeen years before, at the end of a hunting trip in which we got dead broke, so that when we struck Butte, we slept in an outhouse and breakfasted heartily in a two-bit Chinese restaurant. Since then I had gone through Butte in the campaign of 1900, the major part of the inhabitants receiving me with frank hostility, and enthusiastic cheers for Bryan.

"However, Butte is mercurial, and its feelings had changed. The wicked, wealthy, hospitable, full-blooded, little city, welcomed me with wild enthusiasm of a disorderly kind. The mayor, Pat Mullins, was a huge, good-humored creature, wearing, for the first time in his life, a top hat and a frock coat, the better to do honor to the President.

"National party-lines counted very little in Butte where the fight was Heinze and anti-Heinze, Ex-Senator Carter and Senator Clark being in the opposition. Neither side was willing to let the other have anything to do with the celebration, and they drove me wild with their appeals, until I settled that the afternoon parade and speech was to be managed by the Heinze group of people, and the evening speech by the anti-Heinze people; and that the dinner should contain fifty of each faction and should be presided over in his official capacity by the mayor. The ordinary procession, in barouches, was rather more exhilarating than usual, and reduced the faithful secret service men very nearly to the condition of Bedlamites. The crowd was filled with whoop-

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ing enthusiasm and every kind of whiskey, and in their desire to be sociable, broke the lines and jammed right up to the carriage. . . . Seth Bullock, riding close beside the rear wheel of my carriage, for there were hosts of so-called 'rednecks' or 'dynamiters' in the crowd, was such a splendid looking fellow with his size and supple strength, his strangely marked aquiline face, with its big moustache, and the broad brim of his soft dark hat drawn down over his dark eyes. However, no one made a motion to attack me. . . .

"My address was felt to be honor enough for one hotel, so the dinner was given in the other. When the dinner was announced, the Mayor led me in!—to speak more accurately, tucked me under one arm and lifted me partially off the ground so that I felt as if I looked like one of those limp dolls with dangling legs, carried around by small children, like Mary Jane in the 'Gollywogs,' for instance. As soon as we got in the banquet hall and sat at the end of the table, the Mayor hammered lustily with the handle of his knife and announced, 'Waiter, bring on the feed.' Then, in a spirit of pure kindliness, 'Waiter, pull up the curtains and let the people see the President eat';—but to this, I objected. The dinner was soon in full swing, and it was interesting in many respects. Besides my own party, including Seth Bullock and Willis, there were fifty men from each of the Butte factions.

"In Butte, every prominent man is a millionaire, a gambler, or a labor leader, and generally he has been all three. Of the hundred men who were my hosts, I suppose at least half had killed their man in private war or had striven to compass the assassination of an enemy. They had fought one another with reckless ferocity. They had been allies and enemies in every kind of business scheme, and companions in brutal revelry. As they drank great goblets of wine, the sweat glistened on their hard, strong, crafty faces. They looked as if they had come out of the pictures in Aubrey Beardslee's Yellow Book. The millionaires had been laboring men once, the labor leaders intended to be millionaires in their turn, or else to pull down all who were. They had made money in mines, had spent it on the races, in other mines or in gambling and every form of vicious luxury, but they were strong men for all that. They had worked, and striven, and pushed, and trampled, and had always been ready, and were ready now, to fight to the death in many different kinds of conflicts. They had built up their part of the West, they were men with whom one had to reckon if thrown in contact with them. . . . But though most of them hated each other, they were accustomed to take their pleasure when they could get it, and they took it fast and hard with the meats and wines."

The above description by the pen of my brother is the most vivid ever given of a certain type of man of the West. The types were many. . . . The Sylvane Ferrises and the Will Merrifields were as bold and resourceful as these inhabitants of the city of Butte and its vicinity, but for the former, life was an adventure in which the spirit of beauty and kindness had its share in happy contrast to the aims and objects of the men described by my brother in this extraordinary pen-picture. The picture is so forcibly painted that it brings before one's mind, almost as though it were an actual stage-setting, this type of American, who would appear to be a belated brother of the men of the barbaric period of the Middle Ages in the Old World, in their case, however, rendered even more formidable by a New World enterprise and acumen, strangely unlike what has ever been produced before.

It was because of his knowledge of just such men, and of the fact that they knew, although his aims were so different and his ideals so alien to theirs, that the courage of his mental and physical equipment could meet them on their own ground, that Theodore Roosevelt was respected and admired, although sometimes hated, by this type of humanity so opposed to the goals, actual and spiritual, for which he worked so faithfully during his whole valiant existence. They knew him for what he was, and feared him for the qualities which he possessed in common with them, and even more for the traits that they did not understand, and which, to them, made him inevitably and forever "The Mysterious Stranger."

(To be concluded.)

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TYTGAT THE TOY-MAN

By Helen Sterling Winslow
Author of "The Professor and the Smile," "The Wonder Worker"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

"Tous les marionettes
Font, font, font,
Trois petits tours
Et puis s'en vont."

"YOUR candle, monsieur."

Mademoiselle Marie held the candle out as she spoke, and Tytgat looked at her, thinking how pretty she was with her blond hair that curled and her trim little round waist. He knew she was not only pretty but clever and could make herself look nice without spending much.

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"Good night, monsieur."

Then he took his candle and went up to bed glad that she never left it on the stand in the entry with those of the other lodgers. At seven the next morning Tytgat came down from his room above Mademoiselle Marie's millinery establishment and going out passed through Emma Josef's shop next door, crossed the courtyard behind, and entered his workroom. There was no window, only a skylight under which stood his table, shiny with spots of hardened glue, surrounded with chips and covered with a jumble of half-finished dolls and drawings crude but quaint, as if done by a strangely gifted, mediæval child. He took up a small wooden man.

"You, sir, must have a blue coat and checked trousers like Monsieur Paul." And Tytgat put on his blouse and began setting his palette.

It was a year since he had had his chance, here in the employ of Emma Josef, to do what he liked: to carve toy figures and paint them charming, bright colors. He had never been so happy. He made the soldier presenting arms in the time-worn convention, the jack-in-the-box, the Columbine and Pierrot, but he also made another race of dolls, his own creation. When he wandered about the streets of the town he often murmured, smiling to himself:

All the little dolls,
Run, run, run,
Three times round
And then are gone."

So he made dolls like the people he saw. They were like but not obviously, being less the representation of the body than of the spirit. It was a characterization so subtle that not every one was aware of it. He made fun in a harmless, childish, never spiteful way, transforming the old and the ugly, ridiculing the self-satisfied and prosperous. Those who paused to look in Emma Josef's show-window at Tytgat's collection often turned away questioning. Why did this doll make one think of the lame man who bought rabbit skins, and that one of the little girl, Florentine, was she called, who delivered the cakes? When any one was made absurd, each person thought he recognized not himself but his neighbor, so every one was amused and no one lost his temper. And as fast as Tytgat finished these figures Emma Josef sold them.

This morning before he had arranged his colors she came in bringing a tray of coffee and rolls, and as she set it on the table she glanced at him with an expression almost doting.

"Well, Tytgat, don't you want any breakfast?" And she brought a chair which she very much filled as she sat down beside him.

Reluctantly he put aside his toys and then looked up with his rather infantile smile. He admired Madame Josef, her size stood for power. Hadn't he cause to be very grateful to her?—she fed him so well, paid him so well, and the fat profits she made out of him he thought little about.

"I want that Noah's ark finished today," said Emma.

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But Tytgat shook his head, with his eyes resting on Monsieur Paul.

"Yes," insisted Emma, "you can do it quicker if you use less paint; it will sell just as well"; and she added sharply: "You're too extravagant!"

In spite of her tone of voice she was not angry. She looked at his no-colored hair, that curled around his high forehead, at his long thin nose, a little bulbous at the end, and at his pointed chin, and was distinctly pleased with him; the very fact that he was a commercial asset made her feel him the more pleasing. But her heart was stirred, she could not have said why. She smoothed her glossy black hair and wished he would notice her more often. After all, she was only forty and a bit, a well-to-do widow, not bad-looking; why shouldn't he?

"Tytgat," she began when breakfast was over, "do you remember it's a year ago to-day since you came into the shop? We get along well together, don't we? It's like friendship, eh, isn't it, instead of business? But I've been thinking . . ." and again as they rested on him her hard dark eyes grew soft; "how much do you pay for that room of yours at Mademoiselle Marie's?"

"Two francs a week," he murmured, not at all interested.

Emma sighed. "All that! And haven't you ever thought how you might arrange your life better?"

Tytgat was rather dazed. "But I must sleep somewhere; what could I do?"

She smiled at him and her pale cheeks flushed a trifle, but she did not tell him what was in her mind. He felt vaguely that he ought to know as she leaned across the table nearer him: "Haven't you ever thought how nice it would be to have a home?"

"Me, get married?" Tytgat looked frightened, as though there were some one in hiding ready to seize him. "But who?" he cried. "I don't know any one," and he shivered as though a draft of cold air struck him.

"Isn't there some woman who could make you quite happy? One must not put these things off too long. Possibly I could be of some use to you, could I? You know, my friend, I would help you to the best of my ability—my little ability."

"Your ability—why, it's immense!"

"Ah, you flatter!" murmured the sleek Emma, and her full red lips curved into smiles.

"Why, no, I don't," he disputed childishly; "look what you do, you *sell* my things!" This to him was the supreme achievement. "You know all about business"—he used the word almost with awe. "If I ever married, who on earth would manage as well for me?"

Emma Josef bent still nearer as she spoke, and on the table her hand moved near his. Tytgat never knew how it happened, but suddenly her large, soft, plump hand, with the wedding-ring that fitted so tightly, covered his hand. In spite of himself, it was difficult to resist that touch.

"I should miss you, Tytgat, but you must do what you think is for the best."

"Miss me!" He was very much upset now. "But I don't want to go!"

It seemed that she was snatching away his warm nest from under him and thrusting him out into a cold world which he knew only too well. He glanced at her as though about to fling himself on her for protection, and suddenly found himself gathered to the ample bosom of Emma Josef, and the next thing he knew she was kissing him.

"Can it be," he whispered as soon as he recovered himself, "that you would think of me that way?"

"Why not?" and she kissed him again, kissed him as though she never wanted to leave off.

"You mean you would actually marry me, *me?*"

"Of course, you goose!" and then she added: "So I'll say 'Yes' if that's what you wish."

"But this is like a dream!" murmured the amazed little man.

"My dear, I always make my dreams come true."

Tytgat gasped, but the long habit of letting Emma decide everything was too much for him and he was passive now, but breathless as though he had been running fast and far, while Emma Josef beamed with triumph. She had taken a fancy to Tytgat when first she saw him standing in the rain and looking at the toys in her show-window; and when he

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said, "I can make better ones," she took a good look at him, then answered: "Come in and try." By the time the first hobby-horse was finished his ability was proved and his employer in love with him. She herself scarcely knew why. "He is a perfect idiot for all his talent," she told herself sternly, and then, at sight of his childish face with the surprised expression, her heart would melt. She felt an irresistible desire to touch the thick blond hair that fell over his big ears, she longed to make him look at her and adore her. He seemed to care for nothing but his toys; so she was jealous of his toys—none the less it was by his toys that she made her money. But all her success as a shop-keeper had not satisfied her; she was a childless woman and needed something to love, and who could complete the soft side of her hard self but Edgar Tytgat? This morning after she had succeeded in opening his eyes she rose with a contented sigh as the shop-bell rang, then left him, while he, very much shaken, returned to his toys. But when he took up Monsieur Paul Tytgat found him broken; how could this have happened unless Emma as she flung herself heavily across the table had crushed the little man?

"Can it be," Tytgat questioned, "that I shall marry that woman?"

He felt dazed by the magnitude of this drama in which, without knowing how, he had become the principal actor. "I did ask her," he murmured; "at least I suppose I did, but I didn't know I was going to, I don't know how I did it." Then he possessed himself in peace. "I could not do without her, and I don't believe she could do without me, so there you are!" However, he found it necessary to reassure himself further. "Her eyes are fine," but the thought left him cold. He slipped away early that night, and with the fragment of Monsieur Paul in his hand reached Mademoiselle Marie's. At that hour he did not find her waiting with his candle; so he hung up his cape and entered her shop in the dark and upset a stand of hats.

"Oh, dear! Mademoiselle!" he called.

She came noiselessly in her soft, gray-suède shoes, and brought a lamp. "Oh, you, monsieur, and you have knocked over all my hats! I didn't expect you so soon." She smiled as though she was not sorry to see him.

Tytgat went down on the floor to help pick up the hats, stealing glances at her meanwhile and wondering how she managed to look as fresh as though it were always the beginning of the day. The soft little frills on her white blouse made him think of waterfalls. How he would love to make a doll so like Mademoiselle Marie that not every one would recognize her, and which would have that kind of charm that mattered so much more than anything else.

She held up one of the hats. "Dear me, this one is rather bent, everything went wrong about it, and the flowers cost such a lot!"

He considered it gravely. "There are too many flowers"; he took it from her, rose, and began plucking out the violets. "What it needs is just a touch of pink with that lavender; have you some ribbon? Yes, that's perfect; there, you see the thing is done."

"Good!" she cried, and looking up at him from the floor she made him feel tall and successful. "I can ask twice as much for that hat now, and all because you happened to come in early; why did you?"

Her words brought back all that had come to him, and he sank miserably into a chair. "I came because something," he began; "oh, I was upset—what an experience!" and he put his hand to his head.

Mademoiselle Marie sprang up and asked with concern: "Is anything the matter?"

"I don't quite know; I am surprised; it was like this . . ." then he checked himself; he did not want Mademoiselle Marie to know. "I wish I could tell you, but I fear that wouldn't do."

"Ah, well, if it's a secret . . ." and she shrugged her shoulders a trifle, "what can I do?" She moved to the other side of the shop to get Tytgat's candle.

He made no movement to take it. "Do for *me*, mademoiselle?"

"For who else?" And she scratched a match briskly, as though it were a mere matter of business, which made him feel sad. But how was he to get sympathy from Mademoiselle Marie, because he was engaged to another?

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She held out his candle, smiling now rather mischievously. "With the best will in the world, one must know the facts to be of use, mustn't one? You are not ill, you seem unhappy; and when a man is unhappy you know people say: 'Well, that's a woman's fault.'"

He felt himself flush up to his ears. "But, Mademoiselle Marie," he managed to stammer, "would you really do something for me?"

"Ah, what could a little milliner do for you? You are an artist—I see that very well."

"I must think," he murmured, pleased with her words.

Still he lingered, for everything about Mademoiselle Marie was restful after the vitality and activity of Emma Josef. Mademoiselle Marie was brisk, but she made no noise when she moved; she was quick but she was soft as well; she was as blond as Emma was black, as small as Emma was large; and in her presence he felt a far more important person than when he sat at his work-table with Emma towering above. He thought how she had kissed him as though she could never stop, and then he suddenly wondered if Mademoiselle Marie had ever kissed any one in that way. He glanced at her mouth, and then, just as though she read his thoughts, her lips curved roguishly and showed her teeth, small, white, set rather far apart, and a tiny bit pointed, like those of some little animal.

"A glass of Dubonnet, monsieur?"

"That wouldn't help," he sighed; "good night, mademoiselle."

The next morning when he came down she was in the hall, and asked if he knew that he had dropped one of his dolls the night before. "I'm so sorry, but I'm afraid I have broken him."

"It wasn't you that broke him," Tytgat cried, so fiercely that she fairly jumped.

"Don't you want this little gentleman?" asked Mademoiselle Marie.

He shook his head, pleased that she spoke of Monsieur Paul just as he would have done. "Then, if you don't mind, monsieur, I will keep him."

"Mademoiselle"—Tytgat was radiant—"I tell you what I will do; I will make one specially for you."

"Ah, but I fear I haven't the sous to spare, such a price as felts and ribbons are now!"

"*Price!*" exclaimed Tytgat, "what I made for you would have no price!"

He looked for an instant into her eyes and felt she understood and could come with him into that strange world where he lived with his little dolls. Then another thought struck him and he cried with rage. "But she cares about the price!" And flinging open the door he was gone, as though the voice of Emma had summoned him.

In the following days Madame Josef was entirely content, plumper and healthier than ever, her hair even glossier, her brow smoother, while Tytgat grew smaller, as though in some psychological way she fed upon him. Tenderly she watched over him; she ran panting to close a door lest he should feel a current of air; she grumbled if he refused a second helping of soup, and was always sending the servant to the bakery for tarts to tempt him; and once, when she found him looking pale, she almost sobbed:

"What would I do, little friend, if anything happened to you?"

"I am just as I have always been," he replied rather peevishly.

Emma beamed; nothing damped her ardor and she took from her pocket a ring. "Look," she said, "eighteen-carat gold and a diamond; it belonged to my husband; now I want you to wear it."

He shrank back. "Wouldn't it be too large?"

"I've had it made smaller," she announced with triumph, and screwed it on his finger; "you can't get that off in a hurry. If any one recognizes it it will be as good as having bans published," and she patted his hand before she let it go; but after a moment of silence on his part she spoke again, with a note of wistfulness. "You like it, don't you?"

He looked at the bright, hard stone, the proportionless gold band; he was too much an artist to like it, too much a child to say anything but the truth. "No, I don't think I do like it; that is to say, not very much."

She took it good-naturedly: "Oh, well, it was only to please you . . . still if you are not pleased . . ."; but she could not

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go so far as to say that he need not wear her ring. "It's worth a good bit, but you would never think of that." And she ended with a smile, for his improvidence, so foreign to her own nature, amused her.

"Perhaps it's too expensive for me, eh?" he questioned; "too nice?"

"Not a bit," smiled Emma, whose large generosity demanded nothing; all she wanted was to shower on Tytgat the affection she had so long concealed.

"If Mademoiselle Marie sees me wear it," thought Tytgat, "she will know." All that morning he was conscious of the thing on his finger, and at lunch said to Emma: "I can't work with it on; I tell you what I'll do—I'll wear it on Sunday when I have on my best clothes."

Afterward, feeling his fingers were his own again, he began cutting a figure of Mademoiselle Marie. He enjoyed himself very much, sitting in a muddle of toys, all alone there in the gray light of his workshop, with the sound of the rain on the roof and the smell of paste and paint, but when Emma entered he hastily put the little figure away. She was surprised that he had not finished some soldiers, but she had sense enough to know that Tytgat must work in his own way and so she let him alone. But when the next day passed and the next and the soldiers still lacked their red coats, she began to be curious.

"Well, mon Edgar, I've scarcely a toy for the show-window; that's not good business; come, can't you make haste?"

He shook his head.

"Something new?" She pounced on the doll partly hidden under his hand, and holding it up gave a great, full laugh. "The little milliner that lodges you! Splendid Edgar! Isn't she the perfect old maid as you've done her! Ah, it's almost too cruel! Mademoiselle Marie as she would like to look; Mademoiselle Marie of fifteen years ago! If her skin was only as fresh as your paint!"

"What *do* you mean?" cried Tytgat, with the look of a child when a toy is about to be broken. Profoundly unhappy, he held out his hand; he wanted to get his image away from Emma, but he no longer felt about it as he had done. She had spoiled it.

"I'll put it in the window to-morrow."

Emma was still looking at the doll and not at Tytgat, and did not see in his face what had never been there before. It had hardened suddenly, all his loose, rather flabby muscles were tense, and the unaccustomed effort caused an expression of pain, physical as well as mental. "How every one will laugh!" murmured Emma.

"Laugh! No." Tytgat almost screamed. "I tell you this is not for your window."

She stared at him now. "But for what, then, have you made it?"

"To please myself!" and he seized the figure; "but it no longer pleases me." And he broke it.

Never having seen him like this, Emma was bewildered, but if she suspected anything she kept it to herself and, with a shrug of her shoulders, left him.

The next day was Sunday, and Tytgat's first waking thought was that Emma would expect him to wear her ring, the horrid symbol of his subjection. He thrust his head back on his pillow and later sent her word that he was too ill to get up. Then he locked his door, groaning to himself, "Emma must not come here," and thought of Mademoiselle Marie. "I really am not engaged to Emma Josef," he thought, but he shivered a little as he said it, for he felt that opposition, when Emma had her mind made up, was useless. He glanced at the sky. If it was fine she would want him to walk round the public gardens with her that afternoon, and what if Mademoiselle Marie should see him doing it! At last he heard the rain with relief, and rose and dressed, but when he went down and opened the street-door he let the sun into the entryway, and there he hesitated, ready, like a rabbit, to jump back to shelter. Then Mademoiselle Marie, dressed as though for some special occasion, came from the shop. He looked at her striped black and pink frock, her neat, gray-lisle gloves, and the hat he had trimmed, which gave him the delicious sensation that this charming person was, at least in part, his creation.

"How that hat does suit you, mademoiselle!" he murmured.

"Oh, your hat!" and she smiled as though she found everything in the world

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delightful. "I admired it so much that, instead of selling it, here I am wearing it! It's a great extravagance, no doubt, but there were violets enough left for another, and what will you—you know how one does things like that sometimes?"

Tytgat smiled a prolonged, childish smile, his vanity touched; here was some one who appreciated his touch and who could be as wayward as himself. "I think it's delicious, mademoiselle, doing things like that when all the reasons are for doing something else!"

She puckered her lips a little and did not quite admit this. "Not too often." Mademoiselle Marie had a very good head, and knew exactly what she wanted.

For a moment they stood silent, then stepped out together, and, side by side in the clean, rain-washed streets, they moved along, breathing the perfume of gardens blown over the high walls.

"Are you going out?" Tytgat inquired.

"And you, monsieur?"

"But where are you going?"

"After all," for Mademoiselle Marie was a little person, who saw things clearly, "do you regard that of so much importance on a lovely afternoon like this?"

"Why, no," he announced naïvely, surprised as always when he discovered the perfectly obvious. "The point is that we are together; that's what makes it agreeable."

"One must be a little aimless once a week, if one is hard at one's work the rest of the time; don't you think so, monsieur? As for myself, I do nothing worse on Sundays than stroll and dream and eat too many 'cornets de crème.'"

"I too have dreams," murmured Tytgat, "and I love 'cornets de crème.'"

"And have you recovered, monsieur, from your depression of the other evening?"

He caught his breath. "Don't ask me about that, please." And as he touched her arm she saw his anxious expression. "Not that way!" he cried, as they turned a corner that would have led back to Emma Josef's. It seemed to him that Mademoiselle Marie understood, for she faced firmly in the opposite direction and led him across the big, wind-swept square in front of the cathedral. Above their heads the cracked old bells chimed the hour.

"There's the tram, monsieur, for Fontaine aux Roses."

"I wonder when it starts," Tytgat mused vaguely.

Whereupon Mademoiselle Marie informed him promptly that it went on the even hour and that they had just time. Then she pressed on, while her skirts twisted round her in the breeze and her little suède shoes skipped over the puddles. They got on and took their places without another word, and as the car bumped along, gathering speed, she considered Tytgat and Tytgat considered her; and whenever their eyes met in these investigations they half-smiled and looked immediately away, and neither of them said anything, for the tram made too much noise. Tytgat was wondering why it was, when he was with Mademoiselle Marie, that he was confident that he could make the most amusing toys in the world, and perhaps some day beautiful oil-paintings as well, and when he was with Emma Josef, although she kept him at work and sold his things, he didn't feel so much like doing them; Mademoiselle Marie appreciated him, that was the reason; possibly she thought him a great man, he was not sure, and took another look at her. He felt proud and happy as the tram jolted them out of town and into the fields. He saw her with the sunlight mottling her face with light and shade, and falling in warm spots of color on her striped dress. His eyes crept up to her eyes. What lovely eyebrows she had! He imagined drawing them with the tiniest brush—nothing would be good enough but one of those sable ones that cost so much. As for Mademoiselle Marie, she knew, as she sat beside Tytgat, that he was as necessary to her as she was to him. She looked at his profile turned from her at that moment, and his large nose and hollow cheeks made her smile; yes, he was exactly like one of the carvings on the Gothic cathedral, but though she smiled she was not the less pleased. She had never seen any one like him, he was so clever, and, yes, so stupid; she admitted it, but liked him all the better for it. It was a satisfaction to have a man dull in some ways, for then one could be

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invaluable to him, just as a blind man utterly dependent upon a woman would give perhaps the greatest joy. She looked at last into Tytgat's eyes. By the time they reached Fontaine aux Roses all the words in the world would not have made their understanding more complete. Tytgat took her hand as they stepped from the tram.

"What a crowd, mademoiselle! Fête-day, of course, I had forgotten!"

To the accompaniment of a mechanical orchestra that jangled out of tune they walked across the fields toward tents and caravans where flags waved, dogs barked, and showmen hoarsely proclaimed their exhibits. Tytgat and Mademoiselle Marie talked about everything but themselves and were very happy.

"Mademoiselle," said Tytgat, "I want to get you some of that 'pain d'épice'; it looks nice." He took a surreptitious glance into his small purse. "Now I think of it, I haven't eaten anything today!" And as they strolled on he bit the head off a gingerbread animal. "I didn't have my food because I didn't want to go to her to get it."

"You have your meals, I suppose, monsieur, at Madame Josef's; she cooks well, doesn't she?"

"Too much onion," he condemned, and hurried on as though something that he very much wanted to leave were behind him. He paid six sous to take Mademoiselle Marie in to see the lions, but when they began to roar he grew pale, and at sight of some trained mice in the next tent he sighed with relief: "Ah, *they* are inoffensive."

When they reached the merry-go-round he chose the swan-boat, where they could sit side by side, and as they went round and round to the wheezy music ground out of the mechanism Tytgat wished he could go on forever in a sort of toy world where he could always have Mademoiselle Marie beside him. Then he began to think. What was happening to him was certainly very curious, and life, that had been so simple, was now as complex as for the hero of a great romance. He did not understand himself any more than he understood any one else, but it was all highly interesting, if rather dangerous. Here was Marie, and in the distance Emma Josef loomed powerful and dark! Since that fateful hour when she had made him her fiancé he was changed. He felt a great unrest and a hundred new desires.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered softly, "do you think a person can make one think about love—that is to say, make one want it, but . . . that is, I mean, not want it with the one who suggested it?"

"And what do you imagine I know about love?"

"Ah," he sighed, "I should have supposed some one would have told you all about it."

"But why?"

"Because," he whispered shyly, "you're adorable."

As the sun went down against the background of the wood the white tents of the fête grew gray, and here and there torches blazed and the crowd melted into a dark mass out of which sounded voices, laughter, and the cry of a tired child. They decided to stay and dine together, and sat at their table while tram after tram, which they didn't take, passed back to town. At last they started to walk home, since there was now no other way of going.

"I must make a toy merry-go-round," said Tytgat, "quite perfect, all painted lovely, bright colors, and I'll put dolls in it, portraits of every one in town; it will be delicious, for they will all be riding, not with the proper persons, the ones they ought to be with, but with the ones they *want* to be with! Do you see? Just like my being with you all this lovely afternoon and evening when I ought . . ." and here he broke off and buried his face in his wine-glass, glad of the darkness round them.

"But why shouldn't we amuse ourselves together?"

He could not answer her question and in his silence clung to the thought that she must not know; somehow—he did not see how—he must escape from Emma. Mademoiselle Marie did not press him; she only said:

"As for your toys—they're adorable—do you know what I wish? That I could have some part in them with you."

"Oh, you have!" he cried. "I always think of you when I make them."

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"Then how would it be, monsieur, if I put some of them in my show-window with the hats? Do you see what I mean? —a bonnet for old Madame Gaillard and beside it her portrait, a doll done you know just how, not her ugly flesh and bones, but her good heart; and only you and I would understand."

Embarrassed, he hesitated, then sighed. "How I should love you to have my dolls! But . . ." and he could go no farther.

"Ah, you say you would like it"—Mademoiselle Marie's voice was plaintive—"but I seem to know you don't altogether take to the idea, or is it that you keep something back?"

"Oh, that's not what I want you to think! It is like this—that is to say . . ." for a moment he floundered, then came out with as much of the truth as he dared. "Well, the person who already has them —*she* wouldn't like it."

"And it matters to you so much what *she* likes?"

"It matters to me only because I'm in a way in her power."

"Oh," mused Mademoiselle Marie, "a business agreement, I suppose!"

Tytgat, very wretched, could not explain that the agreement was more than business; he only remarked respectfully and with a shiver: "You see she is a woman of great strength."

"In spite of being so fat?"

"She is fat, isn't she?" and Tytgat felt better, as he laughed and looked admiringly at Marie's slim shape beside him.

Mademoiselle Marie swayed a little nearer as they walked: "Even though you know I love your dolls, you prefer Madame Josef to sell them; you feel safer in her hands?"

"*Safe!* Oh, dear, no," cried poor Tytgat. "That's just what I don't feel."

She said nothing and silently, under the stars, they went on. Tytgat paused, for an instant drew a deep breath of the summer night, then moved along beside his companion, conscious of a delicious scent of vervain shaken from the light folds of her dress. Her hand swung against his. He took that hand, so warm, so responsive, it seemed almost to beat against his own, and he lifted it to his lips; he tried to speak, but could not, and for a moment struggled with himself like a man casting off a chain. Then something of courage and of determination rose within him and he was able to say, more quietly and firmly than he had ever spoken:

"You shall have my toys, my friend; no one but you shall have them; I do them for you and they are yours just as I am yours. I give you my word."

Together they passed on, close beside one another, their footsteps slow on the long road toward home.

The next morning, smiling to himself and looking years younger, Tytgat excited Emma's curiosity. "Only a headache that kept you in yesterday, mon Edgar, but it seems as though it had done you good—how is that?"

At that moment her Edgar was like a child that did not want to be scrutinized. He felt very insecure in his present position; he tried to imagine what would become of a man who was engaged to two women at once; was it a crime, like marrying two? He knew he must explain everything to Marie, and he wondered if she could forgive him. Last night was too delicious, he simply couldn't tell her then about Emma. He also knew that sooner or later he would be forced to face Madame Josef. It was terrible. In the midst of his anxiety that afternoon he made the delightful discovery that the back windows of Marie's house gave on the small courtyard where his workshop stood. When Emma was busy with customers in the shop he hurried to Marie's window and called to her.

"You could jump down from there," he said, as she leaned out the first-floor casement. "Come, there is something I must say to you."

She leaned still farther and put her hand on his shoulder, lost her balance, gave a little cry as she felt herself caught by Tytgat and swung to the ground. Tytgat hurried her into his workshop, his hand on her arm, but the pleasure of having Marie in this place that seemed his very own was mixed with a sense of danger. Before he could speak the voice of Emma, from across the courtyard, made him jump.

"Edgar, mon Edgar, come and tell this gentleman whether you can do two horses by Monday!"

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"You could jump down from there," he said. . . . "Come, there is something I must say to you."—Page 730.

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"I'll be back in a moment," Tytgat whispered to Marie, as he hurried out, his face burning because Emma had called him her Edgar.

In the shop the gentleman took some time and finally, when free, Tytgat discovered, to his horror, that Emma had gone. Where was she? Where was Marie? What would happen if they met? It would not be pleasant. He fussed about, putting away toys, and then lighted a cigarette. He thought of Marie, of all that he so much wanted, and, nervous as he was, something stronger than his little self impelled him toward her. Hurriedly he crossed the courtyard, his heart beating under his thin, paint-stained coat; when he reached the door of his workshop it was closed in his face. It was never closed—what did this mean? From within came the sharp voice of Emma:

"Well, mademoiselle, and what are *you* doing here?"

Tytgat heard Marie reply, as though smiling with amusement, and gasped at her temerity. "Why, madame, I came by way of my window, to see some toys of Monsieur Tytgat; and, oh, I came, of course, because he asked me to."

"His toys, mademoiselle"—and Tytgat shuddered as he recognized the steely tones that Emma used to customers she didn't like—"are on exhibition in my show-room."

"Oh, but they won't be for long." Marie was at once blithe and mischievous. "For he's promised that in future I shall have them."

"What!" And Tytgat knew, as well as though he could see, the particular shade of angry red that spread over Emma's large cheeks. "So that's your little game, mademoiselle, to cut into my business! Well, you can give that up, I tell you."

Tytgat became suddenly aware of how these two hated one another; he felt Emma's rage, he dreaded her power, and the idea of this contest just on the other side of the door made him feel weak and dizzy. He didn't know what to do, couldn't think what to say, but evidently Marie was able to speak coolly enough.

"Oh, if it hurts your business, madame, so much the worse, but, after all, Monsieur Tytgat may put his things where he likes, and he knows I'll think of his interests."

"Give him a splendid profit!" sneered Emma. "And you think you know from your own blessed establishment, I suppose, so much about profits! Tytgat will do better attached to the dullest, mustiest place in town instead of the most thriving!" Then on the table her hand came down with a smack of determination. "You want his toys now, do you? Well, why weren't you clever enough to discover him first, set him on his feet?"

"Yes, and exploit him!" broke in Marie. "For that's what you do; I see through you, although he doesn't; you get rich out of his lovely things, and pretend he's not worth two sous!"

"You go too fast, mademoiselle!" Tytgat heard Emma fairly spit the words out. "It will be best for you if you don't poke your nose so far into the business of others. You mean to take his toys away from me, do you? Well, I say, if you don't give up that notion you'll be sorry! What about climbing in through your window to Edgar? How does that sound, and won't that be a pretty story? 'You're after him,' your customers will say."

"You can't make anything of that," cried Marie; "a mere nothing!"

"Can't I?"

Tytgat could feel Emma leaning heavily against the door where he stood, then heard her turn the key.

"Now, mademoiselle, while I have the door locked and before I open it we'll strike a nice little bargain. The price of my silence about your sneaking in here, is nothing more nor less than that you'll give up this folly about his toys. What time did you come? Two in the afternoon; yes, but things grow in the telling; the sort of old ladies that indulge in your bonnets might find another milliner if they found out that their Mademoiselle Marie wasn't Mademoiselle Marie des Anges! So, come, now, my dear, who's got the best of this?"

The perspiration was standing out on Tytgat's forehead. This was horrible; could Emma harm Marie? Was Marie trembling as she spoke?

"Of course, you'll have to open the door; it's absurd locking me in here; if Monsieur Tytgat were here you wouldn't dare."

And at these words the little man out-

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"I'm coming, Marie."—Page 734.

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side pressed against the door, his hand vainly turning the knob. Again he heard Emma:

"You boast, do you, of being able to make him do as you will! Perhaps you won't boast so much when every one is talking about you."

"As to this story, this libel"—and Marie's voice rose; "it doesn't matter much one way or the other, because Edgar Tytgat and I will so soon be married."

"Married! You! Edgar!" Tytgat heard Emma lunge heavily forward, the floor trembled under her, the air vibrated. "You lie! He's my Edgar, my fiancé."

"Yours!" And in that cry of Marie's astonishment and pain mingled.

Tytgat set his shoulder against the door; what must Marie think? He beat on it with his fists; he must get in.

Emma, shaken with rage, continued: "Mine, I tell you. He's been engaged to me a week."

Bravely Marie began: "I don't understand, there's some mistake . . . he asked me to marry him last night. . . ." Her words died to a whisper that seemed to poor Tytgat like a breath of the wind that had touched them in the summer darkness.

"Last night!" echoed Emma, and her voice, at first hoarse, dropped as though she felt herself sinking into an abyss. She was silent. Tytgat knew she was afraid—she who was afraid of no one, and who carried things through with a high hand.

"An indiscretion—too much wine—he didn't mean it," panted Emma in her terror; "men do, men will; you got the words out of him somehow! I know what women like you are who'll never see thirty again! You set your cap at him, a stick of rouge, played the ingénue. He was innocent of wiles, at your mercy! But listen to me—he'll soon forget, I promise you. You shall leave him alone . . . what do you want with him? He's not like other men, he's an original; he has no eyes for girls, only his dolls; then you, like a thief, try to steal him from me. Weren't there enough other men in the world? He was mine, I tell you, before ever you saw him; he's mine now; who's looked after him, slaved for him? I have, I! So doesn't he belong to me? You can do nothing for him . . . you, with your blond curls and white hands, can you love as I? What passion have you?"

"Insolent!" Marie's voice quivered, and for a second Tytgat could hear nothing; then . . . "But for all you say of love and your way of love, it's certainly not my way; moreover, I regard Edgar Tytgat as something more than a toy to be broken between us. I know he loves me, and I will never give him up, never."

Tytgat's heart was bursting; if Marie could speak like this what wouldn't he do for her?

"Open!" he cried, and threw himself on the door. He must reach her—how? He glanced wildly about. There was no window, only the skylight. He did not think; he simply snatched a ladder that was in the courtyard, climbed to the top, got out on the roof, scrambled to the open skylight, and shouted: "I'm coming, Marie."

He heard a shriek from those in the room as for an instant he hung by his hands. Then he dropped, crashing into the midst of the toy world on his table below. There he lay like a broken plaything.

Afterward, when he opened his eyes, it was into Marie's eyes that he looked. "Oh, my dear," she moaned, while Tytgat said nothing at all, "I thought you were dead!"

"It was for you," he whispered, and after a little was able to sit up, on the strength of feeling himself a hero. But this was not for long. "Oh, my head!" he sighed next. Then he turned his eyes from Marie's. "Is she here?"

"She ran for the doctor."

"And she may be back at any moment?" His feet went down over the edge of the table.

"Oh, can you walk?" asked Marie.

Tytgat looked at her very pale, but firm. "Anywhere to get away from *her;* come."

Unsteadily he got to his feet, took a step forward, feeling his strength, and so passed forever from the workshop and from the domain of Emma Josef. The arm of Mademoiselle Marie was round him, he was safe, he was happy; for she would not demand explanations which he could not possibly give, nor would she think that if his deed was brave it was also foolish.

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THE NEW HOSPITALITY

By Rebecca N. Porter
Author of "Wives of Xerxes," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"COME in. Glad to see you." If you had been house-hunting without success for three months, if you had a husband who was dissatisfied with business conditions at home and was seeking a new field for investment, if you possessed two small children who placed you beyond the pale of eligibility as a tenant, how would this sign, swung above the entrance to an auto-park camp, look to you?

To Mr. and Mrs. Fremont-Smith, motoring from Buffalo to Santa Barbara in a mattress-gorged automobile, it looked (to quote their own words) "like the Garden of Eden reopened to the human race after being closed for repairs."

The auto-park camp which the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce owns and places at the disposal of its motoring guests is only one of many such open-air hotels now scattered over the length and breadth of our country. A less poetic but more veracious comparison than the Garden of Eden is that they are the cafeteria idea raised to the *n*th degree. Come when you like, wait on yourself, and pay as you leave.

In Denver there is one which cares for more than fifty-five hundred cars. This is the Manhattan of auto-camp cities, the Middle Western metropolis of the thermos-bottle and the khaki lean-to. With fifty-five hundred neighbors, all of them practically within seeing distance of him, a tourist is under no more obligation to get acquainted than he would be in a city office-building. A New York apartment-house itself could not insure for him a more impregnable privacy.

But out on the genial shores of southern California there is a come-in-glad-to-see-you spirit which proves a universal solvent for urban and provincial reserve. Mr. and Mrs. Fremont-Smith felt it when, on the second night after their arrival, they were invited, without the preliminary of a first call, to attend a party. Somebody in camp was having a birthday, and this furnished the motif for a rollicking celebration. It was given in the community kitchen where, surrounded on three sides by gas plates and adjustable ovens, a group of forty guests were entertained. Everybody in the park was invited and everybody came. That the programme was entirely impromptu added to its variety and zest, for unsuspected talent disclosed itself and volunteered its service. Among the guests was a professional raconteur, a violinist, a sleight-of-hand artist, and a clever little school-teacher who offered to read palms. At the end of the evening a huge freezer of ice-cream was opened by the genial secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, two of the gas plates heated up the chocolate, and a cake from one of the down-town bakeries crowned the feast.

It was, as one of the group expressed it, "something new in parties." But what is infinitely more interesting to the student of modern sociology, it is something new in living. For the mere description of a successfully conducted auto-park party is not a significant thing. This new hospitality which we are offering to our travelling public becomes a vital element in our national life only when we consider the psychology that lies back of it. The question of where the Fremont-Smiths are going is of no importance. The really important questions concerning their trip are these: Why are they going? Having once started to "go," will they ever be content to permanently stop? And what will be the effect upon America of an increasing citizenship of Fremont-Smiths?

Barring those tourists who are in quest of health (and these are comparatively very few), there are to the superficial observer two completely satisfying answers

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to the question Why. These are the rise of household expenses and the decline of household servants. Nobody can deny these two factors in our national life, and what nobody can deny most of us accept as all-conclusive proof. We know that in the East there is an idea rampant that "out in California there is plenty of room." The good-humored tourist finding upon his arrival that this does not mean furnished-room, accepts the auto-park substitute, and flits adventurously from one camping-ground to another while his wife revels in the experience of housekeeping with no housework. All this is obvious, so obvious that the Fremont-Smiths have not been considered a problem at all.

They all look like this in Chamber of Commerce Auto Park. Santa Barbara, Cal., January, 1921.

But the motives which lead our summer campers to become perpetual campers are not to be so easily and plausibly labelled. Under the oak-tree where Mrs. Fremont-Smith is shelling peas, a searcher after the real well-spring of truth feels the hazel wand turn in his hand.

"We've been travelling for almost a year now," the hostess declares, making a place for her caller upon one of the car cushions. "We started out just to spend the summer, and then our real-estate agent wrote us that the people who were in our house would pay twenty-five dollars a month more if they could keep it through the winter. We figured that we could live out this way and save about fifty a month. Henry needed a change anyway, and I was simply sick of housework."

"But what will you do during the rainy season?" The caller being an adopted Californian dared hint thus at the possibility of intermittent sunshine.

"Oh, we'll go 'in' for January and February. We have a friend up in San Francisco who will rent us two rooms in his house. But it will certainly be hard to get used to being 'in.' We tried it for two weeks in Denver when the schools first started, and actually whenever I saw autos go past the window all packed for camping, I just ached to get up and start off somewhere—anywhere, just to be going."

And there is the real answer, or part of it, to the Why. In it there is no wail of the homeless seeking a hearth. There is no despair of a harassed housekeeper left servantless. For Mrs. Fremont-Smith never had a servant. By her own frank confession she was a New

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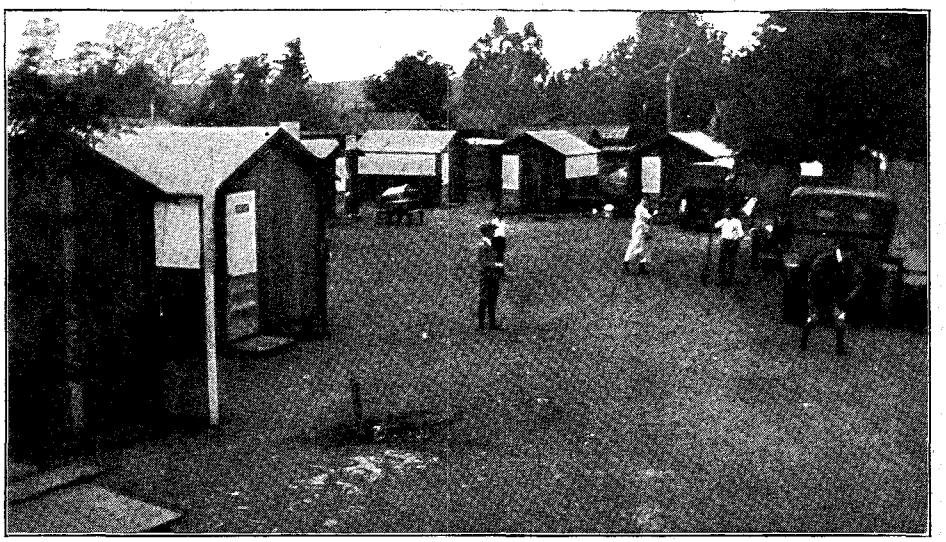

Showing bungalows in Chamber of Commerce Auto Park, Santa Barbara, January, 1921.

England girl raised in a large family where every child had a part in the home responsibilities. And parenthetically we may as well confess that most of the clamor about the servant problem comes from families not accustomed to domestic help save in emergency. Those whose traditions include this form of service are the ones who are adapting themselves most resourcefully and philosophically to the maid shortage.

It is not lack of help, then, not lack of home, that is driving our citizenship out upon the public road, but the spirit of "Let's go," which is rapidly becoming our national slogan. And added to the simple faith of our forefathers as expressed upon our medium of exchange it has a subtly pathetic humor—"In God we trust. Let's go."

A woman writer added fresh testimony to the trend of modern sentiment the other day. "I have to solve the problem of working and yet living outside," she said. "So I evolved the plan of stopping my car on some quiet roadside and writing on a pad in my lap. But I soon learned that roadsides, even very quiet ones, would not do. So many kindly people stopped with solicitous offers of gas and oil that my life became a succession of refusals. To the average American who owns an automobile it is an inconceivable thing that any one who is equipped to 'go' should voluntarily remain stationary."

But to return to Mrs. Fremont-Smith. When asked how she solved the school problem, she replied: "We just put them right in here. We've been here two months already and will probably be here two more. There are several children in camp about their age, and every morning one of us gathers them up and drives them to school. And here's a thing that will interest you. The teachers say that the children from the auto park are the cleanest pupils in the school."

This is not hard to believe. For mothers freed from domestic cares have more time to spend upon faces and hands and "behind the ears." And by that same token it is quite probable that the children at the auto camp have more parental co-operation in preparing their lessons.

Mrs. Fremont-Smith had finished the peas now and was running a deft hand down a small stocking leg, prospecting for holes. The double bed, sheltered by a khaki lean-to, was neatly made, and a roll of flannel underwear flapped upon the clothes-line. If it is true that houses reflect the characters of their owners, tents are infinitely more illuminating. Sitting at the door of this one it was easy

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to make the transition from casual acquaintance to confidant and so receive indirect introduction to some of the neighbors.

"Those people over there are from Indiana. They own a home and a lot of property there, but they decided that they wanted to travel, and they've been down in San Diego for four months. Her husband has got a job here now. He's a building contractor and is putting up that new office-building on B—— Street. They took a house two weeks ago, but yesterday morning back they came to camp. She said she just got so lonesome with nobody to talk to all day that she didn't know what to do. Not a soul came to call on her, and she said that when she'd think of the good times we all used to have together out here, cooking supper so cosily over in the kitchen and signing up for the waffle-iron on Sunday mornings, she just couldn't stand it. So they've taken one of those wooden lodges and will be here all winter."

Here she digressed from her responsibilities as hostess to call to the occupants of an incoming car. "Did you look at it?" The man replied evasively as he helped his wife to alight and began unpacking the groceries. Mrs. Fremont-Smith winked with genial camaraderie. "You see," she explained in a lowered voice, "we all *say* that we're here because we haven't any other place to live. And there's an unwritten law that whoever sees a sign of an apartment or house to rent must report it in camp. My husband and I have told those people about five different places but— Well, you see they're still here."

Most of these campers are "still here," and their permanency and contentment seems to answer definitely the second question. Having once started to go will they ever be content to stop? No. Why should they stop when in this transient camp they find freedom and adventure and casual comradeship.

Eagerly does the American father of to-day impart to his family the glad tidings that he has rented or sold the home and they can now live in an apartment. Willingly does the American mother of to-day accept the altered condition of living that will free her from domestic toil. Joyfully do parents and children flee at length from the Gomorrah of profiteering landlords to the fellowship of the roadside camp-fire. And the soul of the whole matter lies in this fact: the Fremont-Smiths sacrifice their home ties lightly because they bind them lightly. Only in song do they pay tribute to the theory of there being "no place like home."

It is Emerson who urges us earnestly to "stay at home in thine own heaven." "Good advice," say the Fremont-Smiths, "if you have that kind of a home. But making a heaven out of your home involves too much work. Even making a haven of it is arduous. And in place of drudgery we can have freedom. In place of routine we can have adventure. And for every friend we can have a campful of jolly acquaintances. And all this at the least possible cost." This is the modern philosophy. It gains converts every day. For after all, our chief quarrel with life is not only that it is so expensive but that it is so hard, so unlovely, so pitiless. No one has time for the inspirational comradeships of life. No one cares who lives next door, or dies there. The strain of modern economic life is forcing us to seek relief in strange and hitherto untried ways. Those who drive mattress-gorged cars through our streets are on a spiritual quest. What they are seeking is not material but spiritual shelter. And having found it in the community kitchen while awaiting their turn at the waffle-iron they are not to be forced back into the hideous mélange of civilization by the empty enticement of FURNISHED APARTMENT TO LET.

Whether we approve or disapprove of it, the fact remains that we are rapidly being herded toward community living. And what is the case which the American home as it now exists can present in defensive argument? We are born in public institutions, educated in public institutions, fed at public tables, entertained in community theatres. Whatever religious instruction we brook is supplied by Sunday-schools. What claim can the home present to the modern child that will take precedence in his heart over going to school in an auto-park car and celebrating a birthday in an auto-park kitchen?

A few years ago one of our magazines

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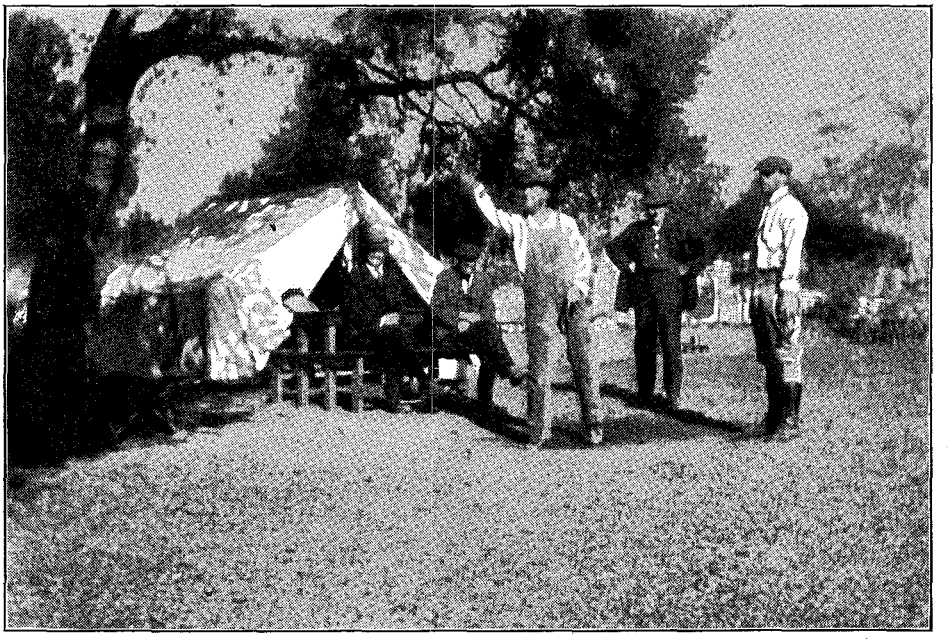
published the statement that the American buffalo was rapidly becoming extinct and his species would soon be seen no more except in zoological gardens. This announcement caused not the mildest ripple of excitement. For to most of us the buffalo had already passed. We were not accustomed to seeing him gamboling about on the front lawn, so his going left no gap in our lives.



Pitching horseshoes: Auto Park, Christmas Day, 1920. Santa Barbara.

With something of that same calmness must the child of to-morrow read the warning sign: "The American Home is Passing." What is home but one apartment-house and boarding-school right after another! The story of the American tourist visiting Italy with an English friend grows more pertinent with each succeeding year. Everywhere the American was impressed with the work of human hands and the dreams of human souls which have survived centuries of material and spiritual erosion. At last, in a voice thoroughly awed and a little despairing, he said to his companion: "When America is as old as Italy is to-day she will have no heritage like this to give to posterity. What is the secret of Europe's marvellous achievement? How has she managed to accomplish all this?" To which the laconic Briton replied: "By staying at home."

This is an indictment none the less arresting because it is presented in the negative. But staying at home has become of all things the most abhorrent. Behind the slogan "Better roads" is a far deeper significance than the mass of our countrymen realize. Of the twenty measures placed before the California voters last November, the single one on which no campaign time or money was wasted was the highway bond issue. The prevailing sentiment throughout the State was that it would carry anyway, and there was no use in spending any effort upon it. And it did. It carried by an overwhelming majority, while bills relating to more effective administration, education, and public health went down in contemptuous defeat.

To what does all this point? Why "better roads" at the expense of better schools or better sanitation? The answer is obvious enough and logical enough in view of the modern trend of sentiment:

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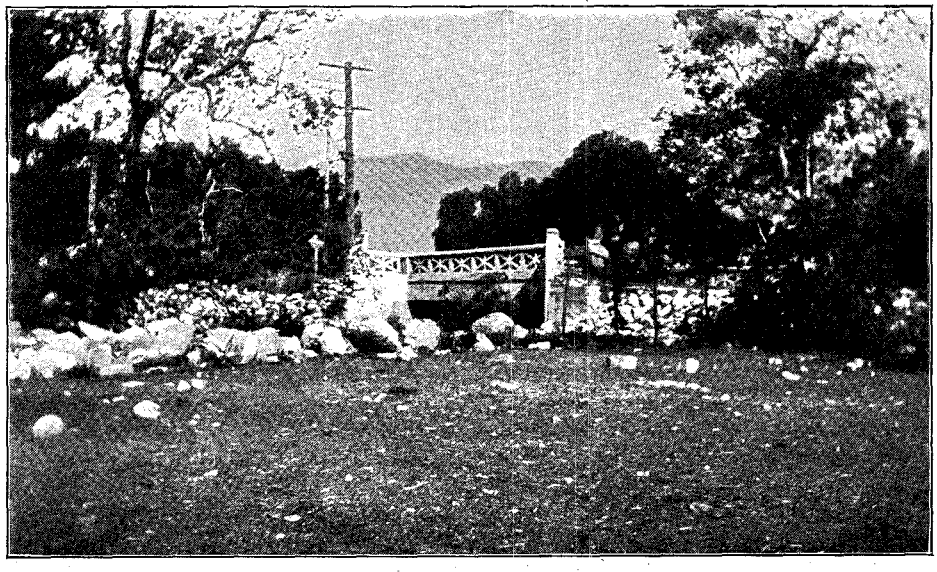
Better roads because, whether or not we have homes, we live on the roads. The American home is rapidly becoming merely a service station where we stop only long enough to get supplies for a trip. In a dim, indefinite way we are beginning to realize that during the past decade something fine and fundamental has passed out of our national life and in this spirit, which is pathetic because it is so little understood, we are throwing ourselves into the work of forming community theatres, community choruses, community auto parks.

One can conceive of a nation of Fremont-Smiths regaining perhaps some of our lost heritage of resourcefulness and cheerful adaptability. One may enjoy their easy comradeship even while despising them as slackers. But whether we feel for them pity, envy, or contempt, the fact remains that a steadily increasing part of our population are becoming the guests of the nation. And even an informal guest imposes definite responsibilities. A new spiritual tax has been levied upon us. For roadside democracy, like every other brand of democracy, presents problems and a price tag.

The Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce is harassed by the realization that it must somehow contrive to build more lodges for those members of the Fremont-Smith family who may elect to stay all winter. It must provide, and that right speedily, more shower-baths and waffle-irons. The school superintendent, the board of health, and the local pastors have already added the Fremont-Smiths to their calling lists. All this, as solicitous hosts, we must do in the name of the new hospitality. In return, we are reminded that the Fremont-Smiths spend their money in our town and that perchance (oh, beautiful indeed are the feet of those who bring these glad tidings into the local realty offices) they *may* decide to buy property here.

It is not permissible to inquire into the financial status of a guest. It is neither kind nor courteous to probe for details concerning his private plans. But even though we should entertain around our camp-fire some incognito son of Crœsus who is destined one day to electrify the town by purchasing an entire hillside and paying cash, there are those among us for whom the haunting question will still persist: Do the Fremont-Smiths pay their board?



Scene in Auto Park, Santa Barbara.

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IN HONEY'S HOUSE

By Wolcott LeClear Beard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

BECAUSE I had been a captain-doctor in France, where inconsiderate Teutons injected some mustard-gas and a few bits of H. E. shell into my system, my uncle and only relative purchased for me the practice of old Doctor Jenkins, who was anxious to retire. These facts are here given because they serve to explain me and my domiciliary advent in Greenwich Village. My advent is of importance, so far as this story is concerned, only because it placed me in a position to narrate said story.

Having thus attended to the above matters, I can begin fairly at the moment when I alighted at the Christopher Street Station from a Ninth Avenue train, dressed in brand-new civilian clothes. Setting my suitcase down on the platform, and assuming the attitude best calculated to ease the leg with a limp in it, I drew two keys from my pocket and proceeded to examine the tags that were fastened to them. They bore the inscriptions "Front Door" and "Back Door," respectively, with an address under each. The latter address was on Christopher Street.

"'Back Door' has the jump on 'Front Door' by nearly five blocks," said I to myself. "It mayn't be a very dignified manner in which to enter my new domain, but this gimpy leg of mine isn't strong on dignity, just now. 'Back Door' wins!"

So I stumped eastward, and soon found the door I sought. It was set in a brick wall and led, as nearly as I could make out, into the back room of a corner saloon. Upon entering, however, I discovered my mistake.

I found myself in a narrow, flagged alley which evidently, when New York still lay south of Canal Street, and Greenwich Village really was a village, had led from a back lane through a garden. To one side grew an ailanthus-tree, with the sunshine of late spring filtering greenly through its leaves. A stone arch, within which the original garden-gate must have swung, still was standing, just inside the doorway that had admitted me. On the flat top of this arch stood a large flower-pot with a dead geranium in it.

I am not likely soon to forget that flower-pot. It, the arch, the flagged alley, and the tree together formed, as it seemed to me, a quaintly picturesque fragment of old New York. I had paused, half turning, fully to take it in, and my eyes happened for the instant to be resting on the flower-pot in question.

At that instant there came a sound as though all the clocks in New York had tripped their winding pawls—or whatever the proper technical name of those things may be—had tripped their pawls and allowed their mainsprings to run unchecked. While this was still in progress there came a sort of "whish!" short but emphatic, followed by a report that might have been made by a rather heavy shotgun.

Coincidently with the report, that flower-pot behaved like a bursting shell. It started the dead geranium in business as a rocket, in which capacity it vanished into space. Its earth and shards were distributed impartially, far and wide. One of the latter struck me, and promptly I "took the count." Leaning against the alley wall, I slid downward until I sat on the flagged pavement and for a little the world, so far as I was aware, ceased to exist.

How long I sat there I don't know, but it could not have been very long. My bad leg regulated that matter, for it had fallen in a constrained position, and its emphatic protests brought me to myself. Slowly I climbed to my feet, feeling as though I had been kicked by a mule. The shard fortunately had hit me with its flat side, so the skin of my face was unbroken, but my eye was swelling so that already

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it was nearly closed, and I knew that soon it must look as though it had been operated upon by the late John L. Sullivan in his palmy days.

In this plight, covered with dust and dirt, limping worse than ever, I slunk in through the back door of the house for which I was bound. Mounting the basement stairs, one step at a time, I sank, an exhausted heap, into a chair of the office that was henceforward to be mine. It couldn't be called a really auspicious entrance upon the scene of my future labors.

Naturally I desired to rest a little, to brush myself off and bathe my eye before exploring my new domain. These moderate though heartfelt wishes were, however, denied me. I heard, as I thought, a rapping, coming from some point that I could not locate. Then there came a voice—a girl's voice.

"Doctor!" it cried. "Doctor—oh, doctor!"

I made no move at first. The sounds were not loud, and with my head swimming as it was, I could not be sure whether they came from the inside of that head or the outside. But in a moment the rapping was repeated, and another voice called—a girl's voice still, but far deeper and more powerful than the first had been.

"Can't you answer, doctor?" it demanded imperiously. "We know you're there; Maisie saw the back door open. Come here—quick! It's for Honey. He'll die!"

I staggered to my feet, then. Leaving the office, I returned to the passage.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"Here—at the door—Honey's door. Where did you suppose?" was the impatient reply, close to my ear.

Then, for the first time, I noticed the door in question. It was set in the passage wall, on the side opposite that from which my rooms opened. I drew a great bolt that fastened this door. Small wonder that we started—all three of us—the two girls and I.

Before me stood the most superb specimen of young womanhood that I have ever beheld. Very fair, with features of classical regularity, she was almost a giantess; yet her proportions must have approximated perfection as closely as human proportions ever can.

Peeping timidly from behind her was the other girl, as tiny as the first was great. This girl had little real beauty; yet somehow there was an appeal in her wistful face that instantly aroused in any decent man the desire to protect her. Just now her bobbed hair was rather untidy, and her soft, brown eyes were disfigured by a pair of those hideous, stovelid spectacles, framed with dark shell. The pair reminded me of nothing so much as a very small owl seeking the protection of a heroic, Norse version of Minerva, both owl and patron goddess being incongruously dressed in "mandarin" coats, blazing with gold-and-silver embroidery, loose bloomers to the knees, and black-silk stockings.

For their part, they saw a dusty, dishevelled blackguard, with a limp and a black eye, that looked as though he had come straight from a disreputable saloon as yet unaffected by prohibition. No; the fact that the blond goddess drew up her superb body in a manner that was almost threatening was not in the least to be wondered at, as I hinted before.

"I called for the doctor—for Doctor Jenkins," said she, with cold severity.

"I'm the doctor," I babbled confusedly forth. "Not Doctor Jenkins, of course—his successor. I know I don't look it. I've just had an accident. Hamilton's my name—John Hamilton."

She hesitated for a moment. It was only for a moment, however.

"We'll have to take a chance," said she. "So come on, John Hamilton—*Doctor* John Hamilton. You're needed badly."

She led me into a strange room which I had no time to notice, and past a young man whom I noticed despite the want of time, for he was as large for a man as the goddess, as I have called her, was for a woman. But unlike her, he had about him such a look of softness, physical and mental, such a look of confused indecision—funk is what it amounted to—that I learned to despise him even in the moment that it took me to reach the side of my patient.

My patient was reclining in a long chair, his eyes turned up so far that only

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the whites were visible. He must, I think, have been one of the least beautiful human beings in existence. His body was so weak; so puny and malformed, that it amounted almost to deformity. His face might have served for the model of a gargoyle. But of a kindly gargoyle; kindly and essentially so good that no amount of ugliness could disguise that fact.

In one hand this patient of mine gripped the barrel of an archaic gun so tightly that I had difficulty in releasing it. He was quite unconscious, but it was no wound from the gun that made him so. No detailed examination was needed to tell me how far wrong his heart had gone. One glance at his face was enough.

"Go into my office, get the little, black-leather box out of my suitcase and bring it here—and *run!*" I snapped, addressing the little owl-girl. "And you," I added, speaking to the young man, "help me get him to bed."

The little girl seemed to drift, rather than to run, like a bright-hued, wind-driven autumn leaf. The young man seemed somehow to shrink into himself as he sat, when he heard my words, but made no other move. It was the goddess who helped me get my patient to bed. Then I sent her from the room.

Long and anxiously I worked over that patient of mine. For a time it was touch and go. I shot enough nitroglycerine—hypodermically—into his system almost to have blown up the house, had it been put to its ordinary, non-medicinal use. After a while his heart-action strengthened, and he fell into a light but natural sleep. I tiptoed back into the room where I had found him.

There the goddess sat bolt upright in a chair, her eyes on the owl-girl and the objectionable young man in the opposite corner of the room. The young man, still seated, wore an expression of peevish discontent, as he read, or pretended to read, a huge volume of Shakespeare. The owl-girl knelt at his feet, her arms around his waist, and the stove-lid spectacles laid on the rug by her side in order that she might more comfortably cry into the handkerchief which she had wadded into a damp ball on the young man's knee.

The owl-girl sprang to her feet as I entered. All six eyes were fixed upon me. I hastened to answer the questions I knew they would ask.

"He's better—but nevertheless a very sick man," said I. "And there's another matter. Until now, you see, I never met——"

"Honey," supplied the goddess, as I hesitated.

"Until now I never met Mr. Honey, and know nothing of his affairs," I resumed. "Therefore—though it's an awkward necessity—I'll have to get the information from you people. Has he any relatives? And how is he situated financially?"

The owl-girl and the objectionable young man looked first at each other and then at the goddess. It was the goddess who answered. It seemed always to be she who answered. There was a hard, sneering little laugh on her beautiful lips as she spoke.

"Honey hasn't a relative or a nickel in the world," said she. "But don't fear, Doctor John Hamilton. Your fee will be paid. I'll personally see that it is."

She turned her eyes meaningly on the objectionable young man. With a whine of protest he jumped to his feet. As he did so the big volume of Shakespeare closed with a resounding slap. I turned upon him furiously.

"Have you no better sense than to make a noise like that—here?" I snarled. "Sit down and keep quiet. Do it now!"

He obeyed meekly. He was like a big, cowardly boy, who would like to bully, but doesn't dare. So I proceeded to empty the phials of my wrath upon the goddess.

"What right had you to assume that I spoke of my fee?" I hotly demanded. "As a matter of fact, the fee never entered my head. But this man will need care. Also many other things. It was a trained nurse I was thinking of."

The goddess smiled a wide and wonderful smile, showing perfect teeth. Also she held out her hand, which I found, when I took it, had the firm grasp of a man's.

"Doctor Jack, I beg your pardon," said she. "I ought to have had better sense. But you see," she added, with a motion of her head toward the objection-

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able young man, "I was thinking, for the moment, in terms of Harvey Priest, there."

Again there came that whine of protest from the objectionable young man, now identified as Harvey Priest. Harvey's whine availed him nothing, however, even though it was backed by a little cry from the owl-girl. With a wave of her hand the goddess temporarily abolished them both and went serenely on.

"I fear we can't run to a trained nurse," said she, "but I think we can manage the rest. Harvey, how much does Honey ask for that gun you're going to buy?"

"I never said that I'd buy it—I don't know that I want to," cried Harvey. "I won't buy *anything* till I know what it's worth. I *won't*, I say!"

The goddess, for a little, stood gazing at him with infinitely calm reproof. As Harvey shifted uneasily under her gaze, I observed him more minutely than previously I had been able to do. The inspection was not satisfactory.

Harvey's voice was thin and mean. It was not at all in keeping with his big frame; but with one aspect of his face—though with only one aspect—it was perfectly in keeping. For the face, though both handsome and intellectual in its way, was also mean; mean with the suspicious keenness of the petty trader, yet was soft despite its keenness. Harvey's dress was studiously negligent, his hair longish, his tie flowing. These things, constituting almost an official uniform of a certain class of beings that infest Greenwich Village, still failed to classify Harvey. For though that class is ridiculous enough, and possessed of many faults, those of the petty trader are not usually numbered among those faults.

In short, Harvey seemed to be a sort of contradiction in terms. Though my observation caused me to dislike him more than ever, I failed utterly to explain him. This the goddess then proceeded, in a measure, to do.

"Harvey's people, you see, began in a very small way," said she, quite as though Harvey was elsewhere. "But they rose in the world until now they manufacture an enormous quantity of frightfully ugly furniture in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In some respects Harvey takes after his people. But he prefers writing poetry to stealing designs for furniture. And though you mightn't think it, it's good poetry, too.

"Harvey," she went on, turning to the person addressed, "you made Honey prove that the old gun would shoot by firing it out of the back window—though what difference it makes whether an antique like that will shoot or not, only people from Grand Rapids can tell. But you know it's worth more than Honey asks for it because Honey says it is."

"Honey says it's old—Honey says it's worth the money," cried Harvey, "but how do I know that Honey knows? Just see it! Does it look like fifty dollars? Say!"

Harvey's voice had risen to a wail of protest. He pointed, and I then saw that the goddess had picked up the old piece that I had loosened from my patient's clutching hand. With the fierce joy that only an enthusiastic collector can feel, I took it from her and bent over it in close and loving examination.

"Who ever saw a thing like that, anyhow?" demanded Harvey, pointing again.

"Not many people," I answered. "There aren't many of them in the world, and never were. It's a wheel-lock."

Instantly Harvey's suspicions came to the fore. He proceeded to conduct a severe direct examination.

"Is it worth fifty dollars?" he demanded to know.

"Yes," said I. "Or ten times that."

"When was it made?"

"In the early part of the sixteenth century, probably."

"How does it work?"

"It's wound up with a key, like a clock. When the trigger is pulled the clockwork makes that little, toothed wheel buzz around against the flint, throwing a shower of sparks into the priming. But you know perfectly well how it works," I added impatiently. "You probably didn't see—that ailanthus-tree concealed me—but I was coming in by the back way when that thing was fired and scattered bits of flower-pot all over the place." And ruefully, tenderly, but quite unconsciously, I caressed the swollen and

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blackened place where formerly my eye had been visible.

The owl-girl laughed at this—a high, silvery peal of mirth. The egregious Harvey fairly brayed his appreciation of the joke at my expense, and the goddess again smiled that wonderful smile of hers. I didn't blame them. That involuntary caress must have been funny. I grinned myself, when I came to think of it.

Better, the joke seemed to have relieved a certain tension that was developing. Still laughing, with his suspicions apparently at rest, Harvey counted out fifty dollars from a big roll of bills and placed the amount in the goddess's hand.

"Let's go to dinner," said he. "Where shall it be?"

"The usual place," answered the goddess decidedly. "You run along and take that gun to your rooms and then go to the restaurant. Maisie and I will meet you there."

To this proposition Maisie—which evidently was the owl-girl's name—assented with enthusiasm. Therefore she wriggled into a long coat which covered her bloomers and her upper gorgeousness. She jammed a boyish hat down over her bobbed hair. Still like an autumn leaf—a brown one, this time—she drifted into the bedroom, and before I could stop her, had kissed my patient, but so lightly that he did not stir. Drifting back again, she kissed the egregious Harvey, who was departing.

She did not kiss me, and of course I did not expect her to, but I was conscious of an absurd disappointment because she hadn't. I was also conscious of a distinct pang of resentment as she kissed Harvey. I knew that in the circles which she affected, where ordinary conventions are banned with elaborate care, kisses are nearly as free as sunshine, and in Maisie's case as innocent. But one wanted her kisses to remain innocent, and felt instinctively that those rather thick, red lips of Harvey's were not nice lips for a girl like her to kiss.

With a nod and a smile at me, Maisie went out to dance little jigs on the stoop while waiting for the goddess. The goddess was standing at a window, looking out in the direction taken by Harvey, with a look on her gravely beautiful face that made me wonder. Apparently she was lost in a brown study, but after a little, with a deep sigh, she recovered her consciousness of outside affairs, and turned to face me.

"I forgot to tell you, Doctor Jack, that my name is Hilda Alstrom," said she. "You had better call me Hilda. You'll fall into the habit anyway, so you may as well begin soon as late. Now tell me something. You don't want to appear in public—do you?—with that eye of yours. No? I thought not. Another question. Isn't there some doctor who has charge of your practice until you take it over?"

"Yes," I answered. "A Doctor Clark. I don't know him."

"I do," said she. "I'll see him when I go out, and tell him that you'll be stuck here in the house for some days. Then you can put in some of your spare time in taking care of poor old Honey. I'll help with the nursing, of course, and so will Maisie. But mostly me. We all of us love Honey, but I love him better than any of the others, I think. You see, we're so alike—in spots."

I looked to see if she was joking, but she was not. On the contrary, her face was sad, with a sadness that somehow seemed bigger than that of other people, like everything else about her. But that this superb creature could in any way resemble the pitiful wreck in the next room seemed far too absurd a statement to be made seriously.

Evidently she perceived my doubts. She smiled again.

"What I told you is true," said she. "I think, a little later, you'll see that it is. Now you'd better write me a list of the things needed for Honey. I'll fetch them when I come back. I'll fetch your dinner, too."

"Bring back your own also, and eat it here with me," I begged.

"All right," she agreed. "Now get busy with the list."

While I wrote the list, she was putting on her long coat and buttoning it. I handed her the paper, together with a bill large enough to cover the costs. She stuffed both into her pocket in as matter of fact a manner as any man friend could have done. I think I began to estimate Hilda at her true worth right then.

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"Now you go and bathe that eye of yours, get into your pajamas and a bathrobe, and make yourself comfy," she commanded, as she was about to go. "Oh, yes; I forgot. Give Honey this when he comes to himself. It'll do him more good than any amount of medicine."

She pressed the fifty dollars into my hands, and was gone.

I went back to my own domain, to bathe my eye and change my clothing, as Hilda had suggested. I got the hang of the peculiar layout of the place now; it was really very simple. The house originally had been a very large one, standing by itself. Years before its lower part had been divided from front to rear by a partition. On one side of this partition was Honey's house; on the other my office and quarters. The communicating door had probably been cut through for the convenience of some former tenant who had rented both places. Above, the old house was divided into studio apartments, as I afterward learned, in one of which Hilda made little statuettes and Maisie pretended to paint.

Returning to Honey's house, I prepared some capsules of beef extract that he had, and which Hilda had pointed out to me. When I carried the steaming cup to Honey's bedside, I found that his eyes were open and fixed upon me.

"I haven't been really asleep, or unconscious, or whatever it is, for ever so long," said he, as I approached. "I was rather hazy for a little—I always am, after these turns, though I never before had one as bad as this. The haziness soon passed away. I just lay here listening and thinking. I didn't want to talk—not then."

"You'd better not want to talk now," said I, lifting his head and holding the cup to his lips. "Drink this, and then go to sleep."

He took the extract obediently; but there his obedience ceased.

"I've got something to say," he persisted doggedly. "And to say it will harm me much less than I'd be harmed by holding it in. You know that—or ought to."

All doctors know that sometimes the exertion of talking is less than that of keeping silent. But this is something that depends upon circumstances. I refused to commit myself. Honey went on.

"You heard those girls call me 'Honey,'" he said. "It's my real name—Alfred Honey—but one sinks the 'Alfred.' I rejoice in my family name. I rejoice in it because, when applied to me, it's infinitely more ridiculous than any nickname could possibly be. Therefore it forestalls possible nicknames, which would make me writhe, while I had to make a bluff of laughing at them. 'Honey!'—a term of careless endearment, born of perfect understanding between a man and woman who love each other—and me; a grotesque little bogie with a rotten heart. Can you imagine any woman loving me?"

"I can't imagine anything more utterly morbid than the rot you're talking," I replied. "Moreover, Hilda told me only a few minutes ago that she——"

"I know what Hilda said; I heard her—and God bless her for saying it!" he interrupted. "But the love she spoke of isn't the love I mean—and you know it isn't. The love I mean—the love that one woman has for one man—is denied me as completely as though I were already as dead as I ought to have been long ago—as dead as I soon will be."

"You soon will be if you allow yourself to get worked up, as you're doing," I scolded. But he went on, unheeding, and I didn't quite dare leave him by himself. He might have tried to follow me. He was quite capable of trying, and I knew it.

"You know what I am outside. I suppose you know that inside I'm just a man. A man—like you, it seems—with a collector's passion for arms—for weapons, and especially missile-throwing weapons. I love their history, their mechanism—their use, except when they're used to kill something. I can't bear to kill. Moreover, I have a morbid terror—inborn—prenatal, I suppose—of the sound of firearms. I dread the report of a gun infinitely more than I dread its bullet. Harvey Priest knows that—he's a sort of cousin of mine. That's why he made me fire that wheel-lock. He wants me to die. On account of Maisie."

"Of Maisie?" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes—Maisie. Priest made me fire

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that gun hoping that the shock of the report might kill me, and I didn't dare refuse for fear that Maisie might despise me, and my influence over her would be gone. I don't mind dying; but for her it's the worst thing I could do. My dying won't save her. And she must be saved."

"You mean from Harvey Priest?" I asked.

"Yes. Listen, doctor. With a dozen men that I know of—real men—I don't include myself among them—ready to fall at her feet and worship her, Maisie chooses to fall prostrate at the shrine of—Harvey Priest! Harvey Priest, who really cares for nothing but his own big carcass and its appetites and vanities; who's poisoning that pure mind of hers exactly as the drippings from a sewer will poison a spring. Maisie doesn't know. She *won't* know! So there's no one but me——"

"Can't Hilda influence her?" I asked, crossing the room in order to put down the cup that had held that beef extract.

"Hilda does what she can. She can't do much more. At best Hilda's only a woman, and Maisie's beginning to balk. I tell you, there's no one but me. *Me*—whom Maisie trusts because I'm such a damned horror to look at that she can't conceive my love for her being other than pure. So I *can't* die! Don't you see? I *mustn't* die! And you must keep me alive. So promise! Promise——"

At this point he actually raised himself on one elbow, and shouted so that his voice rang through the house. I made one jump across the room to his bedside. But he had fallen back, white and gasping, before I could get to him.

Well, it wasn't as bad as it might have been, of course—because Honey still lived. As a matter of fact, he showed more recuperative power than I had given him credit for. But the time that followed was a desperately anxious one, for all that. In the end I was obliged to give him a mild narcotic, which I was reluctant to do. He fell into as near an approach to a natural sleep as a narcotic can create.

Going into the front room, I filled a pipe with some tobacco I found there, and smoked, while examining the old arms with which the walls were covered. Beautiful specimens they were, one and all, that filled my heart with joy to behold. Some of them were without duplicates that I know of; and I know most of the world's great collections.

Then a key rattled in the lock of the front door, and Hilda appeared, together with two small boys, who put down a huge basket they had been carrying between them, and promptly disappeared. Hilda threw off her long coat and dragged a big table into the middle of the room.

"How's Honey?" she asked, as she began deftly to set the table.

"He talked himself into a semidelirium. I couldn't stop him," I replied. "He is quiet now, and will pull through this attack. But not the next one, I fear."

"Did he talk about Maisie?" she asked.

"Yes," I said; and she nodded understandingly.

We sat down, and she served the soup. She smiled as she handed me my plate.

"This is frightfully improper—our dining alone like this," she remarked.

I only laughed. To think of impropriety where Hilda was concerned seemed somehow so absurd. She nodded again, as though she had spoken with a purpose, and fell silent. So did I, for the dinner was good, and I very hungry.

"I was later than I intended to be," said she, after a long pause. "I found that the big table in the restaurant, where we usually sit, was unoccupied. So I waited until some of Harvey's friends came in. I don't like them, but there's safety in numbers. If I left Harvey and Maisie alone, he'd recite poetry to her. I don't approve Swinburne's poetry for Maisie's use."

"Does she like it?" I asked.

"I don't know. Neither does she. Maisie's mind is like a brook; just as pure, just as bright, and just as shallow. It isn't easy to pollute it. It can be done, of course—but it shan't be."

Honey had likened Maisie's mind to a spring. Naturally the similarity of the images struck me.

"Have *you* been talking with Honey about Maisie?" I asked.

"Not in this way," answered Hilda. "There's no occasion; we both know her so well."

Again Hilda fell silent, while I ate

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steadily on. It was some time before I noticed that she had apparently lost all consciousness of the food before her, and was sitting with her big, blue eyes gazing into space.

"Maisie *isn't* beautiful," she said thoughtfully, and half to herself. "Strictly speaking she's hardly even pretty. She has no more mind than a kitten. Yet men fall in love with her—go wild about her! Real men—men with brains, some of whom don't even particularly like her; for liking has nothing to do with loving. And Maisie collapses utterly at the feet of Harvey Priest, who loves nothing in the world except himself, who'd be tired to death of her in a week, but is willing to amuse himself for that week. It seems to me that those things are horribly mismanaged in this world. I wonder what laws govern them, anyway."

She had asked one of the questions that has defied the wisdom of the ages to answer. There was nothing that I could say. Then, so suddenly that it startled me, Hilda jumped to her feet.

"I must rejoin that party of Harvey's beastly little friends before it breaks up, so as to bring Maisie home," said she. "I'll be back afterward."

So she went. Honey slept. I pottered about, smoking, re-examining Honey's collection, of which I would never tire, and in between times dozing in my chair. In the early hours of the morning Hilda returned.

"I'll relieve you now," said she, peeling off her coat. "Tell me what to do; then go and get some rest."

When I had finished the few directions I had to give, Hilda made no comment, but stood looking down at Honey as he slept; and though he was much older than she, it seemed to me that there was something maternal in her gaze.

"Poor old Honey!" said she softly, after a little. "Did you ever stop to think of the heart-breaking tragedy of that pitiful body, with inside it all the loves and longings that all the things that a man—and a woman too—wants and ought to have? But I know you must feel it, though not as I do. Very few can feel it as I do. That's why few people can love him as much as I."

To me it seemed clear that now she implied what she had plainly stated the previous afternoon; namely, that there was some mysteriously unfortunate resemblance between Honey and her. It looked like affectation, the first trace of it she had shown.

"Hilda, why will you persist in talking such rot?" I demanded peevishly.

"Rot!" she repeated; then turned to face me. "Look at me," she ordered.

"I'm looking," I answered. "It's the easiest thing I know how to do."

"Never mind that sort of stuff!" she cried. "I know what I am and what I look like. I know exactly what my limitations are. And those limitations bar everything—just everything in the world—that a woman wants."

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked, utterly at a loss to understand.

With startling quickness, and an astoundingly small show of exertion, she reached forward, caught me by my bent elbows, lifted me a foot or more from the ground, and set me down again. And I am by no means a small man.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I can put the shot, throw the hammer and box. I can whip most men in a fair fight, and on occasion I've done it. What brains I have are mostly man's brains. Men don't think of me as a woman but—unconsciously—as another man, just different enough from themselves to be interesting. You do yourself. You laughed when I joked about the impropriety of our dining here alone. That's why I made the joke—to hurt myself a little more, just as you'll always be pushing your tongue against a tender tooth. You know what I mean."

She turned away, and I was almost sure that there was a catch in her voice; something like a birth-strangled sob. With her back to me, as she pretended to arrange something on the mantelpiece, she went on.

"I don't usually talk like this, especially on so short an acquaintance," said she apologetically. "But now—well, the circumstances are different—and you're a doctor—and all that. But don't try to answer what I said. Please! Just go to bed!"

I started to go; it was the only thing that in decency I could do. As I opened

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the door that separated Honey's house from mine, she spoke again.

"And don't run away with the idea that it's any unresponsive *man* that I'm pining for," she called. "It isn't. I only wish it were. Good night."

I didn't attach much importance to these last words, just then; I thought merely that Hilda was repenting of her frankness, and was therefore hedging. Nevertheless, I went to bed thoughtful and rather troubled. Of course Hilda had been absurdly morbid. Yet—was all that she said so absurd?

I am an average sort of man, I think, and therefore took myself as an example. I liked Hilda enormously. More than that, even in the few hours since first we met, I had formed a warm affection. But as to falling in love with her—well, I simply couldn't imagine myself in that position. It would be like falling in love with the Venus of Milo, or the Goddess of Liberty, or anything else that was unattainably big and beautiful, and though nominally feminine, still practically sexless.

But I understood what Hilda had meant when she spoke of the resemblance between herself and Honey. It was plain enough, now.

I went to sleep. At noon Hilda woke me and gave me breakfast. Then began the first of those pleasant, restful days that I shall always fondly remember.

Honey rapidly progressed toward the farthest point he ever could reach on the road to health. He recovered much more rapidly than I did; for recuperation from the partial failure of a weak heart is not nearly so tedious an affair as the recovery of the normal appearance of an eye that had been blacked as thoroughly as mine.

The two girls and Harvey Priest, and many others as well, ran in and out more than at first I really ought to have allowed; but for much of the time Honey and I naturally were alone; and our friendship grew with a rapidity possible only to a friendship between those circumstanced as were we. Every hour that passed served to increase my affection for a clean man, a great soul, housed in a body that was simply a living curse, and which soon must fail even as such.

In our love of ancient weapons, we met on the congenial ground of a common hobby. Honey was supposed to deal in them, but this was mostly pretense. He never would sell a really good specimen unless his collection boasted a better one. He had a little income of his own, and one instalment of it fell due during the time of our close association. He spent it all, and part of Harvey Priest's fifty dollars besides, in the purchase of his last toy.

It was an arblast—one of the military sort, intended for use against plate armor. Its bow, of solid steel, was wider and as thick as a small wagon-spring, though shorter. No unaided man was supposed to bend that bow. To accomplish this the crossbowmen of old used a small windlass that fitted, when required for use, over the butt of the weapon, and was operated by two cranks, one for each hand. It was a wonderful specimen. I was as enthusiastic concerning it as was Honey himself, and we must, I think, have behaved rather like two children.

Bowstring and windlass lines of course were missing; had disappeared in the course of the centuries since last they were used. So Honey and I proceeded to replace them. Sash-cord served very well for the windlass. The bowstring we made from many strands of picture-wire. To manufacture bolts for the old weapon was a more difficult problem, but at last we solved it by cutting the spring-roller of an old window-shade into sections and running melted lead into the resultant wooden cylinders. We only made two; the rest were failures.

Then we tried it out. Placing a pillow at one end of the passage, I stood at the other. I bent the bow, unshipped the windlass, and laid the bolt in its groove. Then, raising the ponderous weapon to my hip, I pressed the "goat's foot"—in other words, the trigger.

The bow twanged like a harp-string. Its vibrations, as its cord tightened, were almost like an electric shock. The other end of the passage looked as though a local snow-storm was raging there. This was on account of the feathers that flew as that shade-roller bolt ripped the pillow from end to end as it passed through to make a deep dent in the plaster beyond and to shatter itself to splinters by the impact.

Honey, who was reclining in a long

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chair, jumped to his feet with a squeal of joy. This recalled me to myself, and I got him back into his own chair, by the front window, for there was a paleness around his lips and the base of his nose that warned me against allowing him more exertion, mental or other.

Then Maisie came dancing in, wild with excitement. Hilda and Harvey Priest followed her. About them also there seemed to be a certain air of excitement, though more or less successfully suppressed. On the surface Hilda was simply grim and determined, Harvey sullen and mulish. I felt that something either had happened or was imminent between the three, though as to what it might be I could form no guess.

Honey saw nothing out of the ordinary; of that I was sure. He was full of his new toy and its late notable performance. At his behest I brought it forth and exhibited it to the newcomers.

The three guests showed a mild interest in our acquisition; in view of Honey's enthusiasm they hardly could have done less. Harvey Priest reached over and plucked the taut bowstring, so that it gave forth a deep, resonant note. He put his foot on the string and pressed, then shook his head and smiled at the resistance it offered. Maisie giggled at this, though there was nothing in the world, that I could see, to giggle about.

Then Hilda stepped forward. Picking up the arblast, she slipped her foot into the stirrup at its muzzle-end and, stooping, grasped the bowstring with both hands. She tried to straighten—failed—tried again. The bow bent, ever so little.

"Don't!" I cried. "You'll hurt yourself!"

She paid no heed. Her face flushed and certain cords, hitherto invisible, marred the smoothness of her neck. But her back straightened steadily, and slowly the bow curved more and more. I held my breath. The string, between her hands, crept upward along the groove. It reached the catch—hesitated, slipped into place with a click. The thing was done. The bow had been bent by pure, unaided human strength. It was a feat that I honestly believe could not have been duplicated by more than two or three men I have ever known.

We ought naturally to have laughed and applauded, but we didn't. Instead, there followed a short but awkward silence. For Hilda had glanced at Harvey, and by that glance all who saw it knew instantly that Hilda's performance was not merely a wonderful feat of strength. It also was a threat—a warning to beware of that strength, lest it be otherwise employed.

In the same half-hysterical manner that she had been giggling before, Maisie now began to whimper. I glanced at Honey, and the whiteness of his lips and around the base of his nose alarmed me; his former excitement and the present tenseness of the social atmosphere were both taking toll of him. This wouldn't do at all. I told the guests to clear out; that it was time for Honey's regular afternoon rest, and that he must begin to take that rest at once.

"I thought so," said Hilda. "Maisie, go up to our rooms and wait for me there. Harvey, go home. And walk slowly, so I can overtake you; I want to have a few words with you. Honey, dear, come with Hilda!"

She spoke as a nurse might speak to a tired child. And, like a nurse, she lifted him in her arms, and carrying him into his own room, laid him on the bed, then departed, full of her intention of overtaking Harvey.

Honey lay on the bed, his eyes closed. Then, a few minutes later, when I started to give him some medicine, he looked suddenly up at me.

"Where's Maisie?" he asked.

As though he had called her, Maisie at that moment came drifting in. She was dressed in conventional street-clothes, and this struck me, for it was the first time that I had seen her in any costume save the one she had worn when first we met. Slipping her arms around Honey's neck, she hugged his head close to her breast.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "I oughtn't to have taken the time—I'm late as it is—and I've had to duck Hilda in order to come. But I couldn't go away without some word of farewell."

"Go!" growled Honey. "Go where, pray?"

She made no reply; only kissed him

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"Don't!" I cried. "You'll hurt yourself!"—Page 750.

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and drifted out as she had drifted in, before I could tell her to go away, as I fully intended to do. From first to last, she had not so much as recognized the fact of my existence. For a moment I felt absurdly piqued; then Honey's excitement, now returned in full measure—and more—turned my mind to affairs of more immediate importance. Again I started to administer the deferred dose of medicine. He pushed it aside so roughly that most of it was spilled.

"Hamilton, the child is going away with that unspeakable Harvey Priest," he cried, his face livid. "I know it just as certainly as though I saw him waiting for her!"

"Piffle!" said I, trying to speak convincingly. "Probably her mother has suddenly appeared from Dayton, Ohio—isn't that where she comes from?—and is going to take Maisie back home for a visit."

"Her mother is *not* here! She ought to be—I wrote and told her so. But she isn't. Not yet. She hasn't had time to come. No!—what I say is correct. Maisie is going with Harvey Priest—whose touch is defilement—to her everlasting sorrow. I *know!*"

"And I know that you've spilled your medicine, so I'll have to go and hunt up those tabloids to make some more," said I, and turned to go.

As I went into my own office I felt once more, as on many previous occasions, how powerless, outside the purely technical realms of medicine and surgery, a physician is. In the present instance I had used my very best manner of peevish semi-indifference, intended to allay Honey's excitement by conveying to him the impression that spilling that medicine was a far more important matter than Maisie's farewell. The manner wouldn't work, and I knew it wouldn't. But it was all I had to offer.

I left Honey's house quickly, because inwardly I was almost as excited as he. For in my mind there was born and there grew the conviction that Honey was right—that in very truth Maisie was going away with Harvey Priest. Going to be married by some alderman or justice of the peace—perhaps. But in any event going to utter misery and neglect when the glamour of a week should have worn away.

And what could I do to prevent this? My duty lay with my patient. Yet one scheme of rescue, each more impracticable than the last, raced through my head as I absently hunted through a drawer for that box of tabloids that was in plain sight all the time.

Then it came—from the other side of that partition dividing Honey's house from mine—a single harp-like note, so faint in the short distance that I could not be sure that I really heard it.

Instantly there followed the agonized scream of a woman. This came from the street, and I sprinted for the front door. The woman screamed again as I flung the door open. It was Maisie. Somehow I had known from the first that it must be she.

With a travelling-bag clutched in one hand, and her face so white and drawn that I hardly knew it, she gazed at the form of Harvey Priest as it sprawled at her feet, a broad trickle of crimson creeping away from his head over the flag-stones.

In three jumps I was by his side—and so, as it seemed to me, was a fair half of the inhabitants of Greenwich Village, all of them chattering like sparrows. As I started to kneel by the fallen man, something rolled under my foot, nearly throwing me down.

A long-haired young artist—one whom I knew slightly as a visitor to Honey's house—picked up the object and weighed it in his hand. It was the section of shade-roller, run full of melted lead, that we had made for a crossbow bolt. I knew all along that it would be found there. The twang of that bowstring had told me so. But the wooden, lead-filled cylinder sent all others, the police included, far away on a false scent—and no wonder. Who could have guessed the truth?

"The man has been sandbagged!" shouted that excited young artist. "You could kill an ox with that thing. Is he dead, doctor?"

"No," I answered, trying to keep any note of regret out of my voice. "He was struck a glancing blow, and his hat partially shielded him. He isn't dead, nor likely to die."

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

In three jumps I was by his side—and so, as it seemed to me, was a fair half of the inhabitants of Greenwich Village.—Page 752.

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What I now wanted to do was to get back to Honey. It seemed an interminable time before a policeman arrived on the scene. He rang for an ambulance, which also arrived in the course of time, bringing with it a cocky young medical student in a white jacket who took Harvey to St. Vincent's Hospital. Some of Maisie's girl friends took her away, laughing and crying at once, to their own quarters, wherever they might be.

Thus liberated, I ran back to Honey's house. There I found what I dreaded and half expected to find. Honey lay by the front window, the heavy arblast across his chest. His heart at last had made good its long-continued threat. He was dead.

Hours afterward, Hilda came in, as calm and efficient as ever—a tower of strength, physically and in every other way. But she stayed only a little while.

"I had intended to send Harvey to the railway-station to meet Maisie's mother," said she, "but when he evaded me, I had to go myself. Maisie's with her mother now. They're going back to that Ohio town—and a good thing, too."

The days that followed are a confused horror to me of bizarre but kindly meant attentions on the part of practically the whole Village. Many times did I wish for Hilda, but no one knew where she was. But at last the funeral was over, and with a sense of desolation that amounted to a physical pain, I was seated in Honey's house, when the door opened and Hilda came quietly in. She was dressed, I remember, in severe black. The straight lines made her look taller than ever, but I never saw her more beautiful.

"I've been with Harvey," said she, forestalling my question. "I took him away from the hospital to a little cottage I rented. He's almost well, though weak. I had to tell them at the hospital that I was his wife before they'd let me take him. I am his wife now."

"You're *what?*" I demanded, incredulous of having heard aright.

"His wife," she repeated.

"His wife—the wife of Harvey Priest, after what—" I began.

"Yes," she interrupted. "His wife, notwithstanding what he is and what I know him to be. For I've no illusions concerning Harvey. He's not a very likable person, I fear. But love has nothing to do with liking. I told you that before, and I spoke from positive knowledge, God knows."

"But—hang it all!" said I. "Harvey Priest didn't want to marry you. He was afraid of you."

"That's why he married me. He is a coward," she replied composedly.

"But you said—just as you were sending me to bed the other night—that there was no man whom you wanted," I persisted.

"Do you call Harvey Priest a man?" she asked by way of reply. "I don't. But he'll be more of a man from now on. He'll be happier, too, than he's ever been before. He may not know it—he certainly won't acknowledge it for years to come—but he will be."

"May the devil fly away with *his* happiness!" I snapped. "How about yours?"

"I've taken what I wanted," she answered, with a sigh. "The rest is up to me, isn't it? But I doubt if there's much unmixed happiness in this world. Good-by, Doctor Jack; I won't see you again. Harvey and I are leaving for Grand Rapids. Good-by once more!"

She touched her cool lips to my forehead and went away. I also went away—back, from Honey's house to mine, and drew the bolt of the connecting door. There I looked at myself in a mirror. The blackness of my eye had all but gone.

Once more, then, I was a citizen of the outer world. So, with a sigh, I resolved to put the days just passed behind me, and take up the work that was to come.

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SCIENCE AND STYLE

By George Sarton

Author of "The Message of Leonardo"; Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution

THE word "style" has been used in such a promiscuous way that to be understood without ambiguity I must define it anew. It is not enough to say that style is a characteristic mode of expression, for then it would be almost impossible to speak of anything as styleless. Let us then define style as a mode of expression which does not simply characterize the individual who uses it, but expresses the thought and feeling of a great many more, maybe of a whole nation, of a whole period, or, better still, of the whole race. The larger the group, or the longer the time the soul of which it succeeds in evoking, the higher the style. The artistry, the virtuosity of the smaller craftsmen are often very peculiar; the style of genius is universal; it makes us touch the bed-rock of human nature. When we speak of style without further qualification, we mean its highest type, the ideal style of each epoch—that which remains at the bottom of the crucible at the end of any deep historical analysis. For example, when we think in the more general way of the Greeks or the Chinese, it is really of their style that we are thinking. We may forget the details of every one of the achievements which immortalized them, but we shall remain deeply conscious of their common form, of their common quality, that is (for no other word is more adequate), of their style.

To show how necessary it was to define style before attempting to speak of it, let me simply remind you of the fact that the same word is indiscriminately used to designate both the idea I have in mind and another which has become almost antipodal, the idea of fashion. For while I mean to convey the notion of something eternal, it is the very essence of fashion to flee away as fast as snobbism and business may demand it. Of course it is not fashion in itself, but its extravagance, as fostered by frivolous women and greedy merchants, which causes the promiscuous use of so good a word to be so shocking—as, for instance, when we speak of the latest styles or when we say of the pretty Miss Gooseberry (who would buy a new hat every week if she could afford it) that she is very stylish. As a matter of fact, a very fashionable woman is doomed to a styleless existence, even as a prostitute to a loveless one. How could she have a style of her own when she is ever ready to burn upon the altar of fashion that which she was still adoring yesterday and to yield herself to the newest fad?

My definition of style may seem a little complex, but this is unavoidable, for the idea itself is not by any means a simple one. An artist may be original to the point of freakishness and yet have no style of his own, or he may strive to conform himself faithfully to a traditional style and yet remain styleless. The fact is that style implies both tradition and originality, the former being the quintessence of centuries of labor and criticism, the latter the spark of genius by which inert tradition is brought to life again. That is why style can neither be improvised nor kept alive without continual improvisation.

When originality is lacking, whatever style there is exists only in a passive form. This may explain a fact which, I am sure, has puzzled many people. I refer to the curious limitations of taste shown by collectors, even by famous ones. While their taste is excellent, almost unfailing, as long as antiques are concerned, they often exhibit the most shocking lack of discrimination with regard to modern objects. These men lack originality; they need at every turn the guiding hand of tradition. They cannot of themselves help to prolong this tradition into the future; their taste is not creative. It also explains why so much of the modern imitation of period furniture is flat and uninspiring. The artisans who made these

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reproductions lacked originality; they copied in a servile spirit, and doing so, they necessarily missed the essential. Every detail might be correct, but the whole would be soulless, that is, styleless.

On the contrary, originality alone can never make up for the absence of a traditional instinct of beauty and a traditional reserve—for no man is so great that he can disdain the accumulated wisdom and the proved taste of his ancestors without danger. If there be one thing which the history of art establishes beyond doubt it is that no one was ever able to create a radically new style; or to put it in another way, the greatest revolutionaries of art and letters only succeeded because they kept to a large extent within the traditions of the past; sometimes their revolutionary effort consisted simply in reconciling divergent traditions. The relative failure of the moving pictures from the artistic point of view is due to the fact that in their case the current of tradition was suddenly stopped by an immense technical discovery which gave to the new art at the same time an absolute freedom from convention and an almost infinite power of realization. For every artistic rule is a help and a guide, as much as a hindrance.

Hence it is that style is the paradoxical blending of contradictory elements, imitation and originality. The paradox is only apparent, however, for there is at the bottom no contradiction but simply the eternal conflict between the spirit of the past and the spirit of the future. What is life itself if not a continual compromise between the past and the present? The slow evolution of style by a curious mixture of imitation and individual variation is not more mysterious than heredity; it is indeed the higher intellectual aspect of the same mystery. There can be no life without variability and originality; on the other hand, tradition, like atavism, exerts a moderating and stabilizing influence; it keeps individual originality within reasonable bounds and insures its fruitfulness.

Of course style implies a substance. A poem, a painting, a concerto, a scientific memoir imply thoughts. A happy way of putting it may give a new lease of life to an age-worn thought, but without original ideas a forceful style is really unconceivable.

Nature is the inexhaustible spring from which man draws his originality. If he presumes to draw it from himself, he must needs return to nature once in a while, or go stale. Every artistic revolution was a return to nature or a temporary withdrawal from it; in any case, it established a new relation between man and nature. This being so, who could be more original than the truly inspired scientist? For he can see in nature all that other people see in it—and beyond that so much more that it is as if other universes were unfolded to him, as if nature were multiplied. Just think of the amazing variety and beauty of the surface of nature; it will help you to imagine the infinite variety and beauty of the rest. The plumage of the birds, for example! Have you ever taken the trouble to examine one bird after another? You will find among them every imaginable and unimaginable pattern of line and color, every style of decoration, every mood. This dress is as severe as a Franciscan frock, this other as gay as a carnival costume, still another as grand as a coronation robe—and look at this one! How reticent it is, until one discovers some humorous bit of ornament. The variety is so bewildering, and so many of the countless artistic experiments of nature are so successful, there is such a profusion of beauty that it would be a very tough heart which did not soften, and that he would be very stiff, indeed, the man whose knees would not bend. The impulse to worship the anonymous artist may be so great that one does not any longer try to understand but is satisfied to admire and be thankful. Yet some men are not so easily pleased; great as their love be, their curiosity, their wish to understand, is greater still. They want to know why nature is so beautiful. They do not believe in miracles; they believe that there is a reason for everything, even for all this insuperable glory. Of course none of them has ever been able to find the ultimate reason, but one can lift the innumerable veils of nature one by one, and so discover at each step, behind the external beauty of the uni-

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verse, a new secret beauty, so brilliant that the former pales in comparison.

And so it is that when scientists have been endowed with a sufficient sense of style, they have produced some of the greatest and noblest pages which man ever wrote. Think of Archimedes, of Galileo, of Pascal, of Henri Poincaré! The latter, for example, has left us a few pages of such extraordinary plenitude, limpidity, and beauty, that whoever understands them fully, whoever grasps the underlying thought and the perfect adequacy of his language, feels an indescribable joy, a great serenity descending upon him. It is a joy of the same quality and intensity as that which the view of a beautiful landscape or of an early Chinese or Italian painting could give him. He must feel the identical artistic value of these things, the only difference being that in the latter cases he is moved by the superficial beauty of nature, in the former by its more secret harmony.

Unfortunately, the great scientists are so engrossed in their research that they cannot write much, and pages such as the ones to which I referred are very rare. It is probable that many smaller scientists missed a higher fame only because they had not this necessary power of expression, because they lacked style. They had been taught to observe, but not to express themselves, and their artistic education had been so utterly neglected that they could but see a carcass where they should have seen a triumphant body, and they could but hear a noise when they should have heard the very music of the spheres.

Style is the perfect adequacy between substance and form. It is necessarily traditional, because the substance of our thoughts can but vary very slowly; it is original to the extent that our thoughts are. They need not be entirely new, but one cannot express them in a new way unless one sees them in a new light. There can be no style where there is no substance, and its substance in the last analysis can only be the reality of nature or the poet's dream. In the first case we have to do with the style of science, in the other with the style of fiction. In both cases the value of one's style depends upon its faithfulness; it must be true either to nature or to one's dream. For once that one has chosen the medium of expression—whether it be ink, or marble, or pigment—there is only one adequate way of revealing his thoughts; any other is but a compromise or a lie. It is in that sense that one can say that genuine truth cannot be styleless, or that style is the highest form of truth, for perfect style implies absolute sincerity. Style is "the most austere of mental qualities, the ultimate morality of the mind."*

To come back to science, it offers to the artist such an inexhaustible substance, such a wealth of gigantic thoughts, that its comparative neglect, outside of its own technical sphere, is to me a matter of perpetual wonder. Where else could one expect to find a purer, a deeper, a nobler inspiration than in the very bosom of nature? Think of it! If the outside show is so marvellous, what must it be inside . . .? Therein we are given endless opportunities to contemplate not simply the innermost beauty, the secret harmony of nature, but also the supreme form of human genius. It is easy to imagine that to lift up the impenetrable veils of nature one after another called for an immense output of ingenuity, of patience, and of imagination.

It is not unreasonable to hope that when born writers and artists will have enough knowledge to receive their inspiration directly from the realm of science, we shall witness the efflorescence of a new literature more pregnant and possibly more beautiful than anything of the past. An enormous step forward will already be made when the style of our youth will be shaped not merely by teachers of literature or art but also by enthusiastic men of science, who will be able to open to them fresh visions of incomparable greatness and mystery.

I have often wondered whether our language suffers more from the carelessness of the truants who "treat it rough" or from the zeal of schoolmasters who poison and choke it by their pedantry. I imagine that much slang and many wicked words are used in purgatory—but the overpolished and underfed language of these pedants, their lukewarm elo-

* Whitehead.

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quence, their bloodless, stereotyped, emasculated, professorial style is the very language of hell. Teachers of literature and of art can teach everything except the one thing that matters—style. The best they can do, if theirs are inspiring personalities, is to discover the incipient style of their pupils and stimulate its development.

I do not mean to say that a pure style cannot be attained without scientific knowledge, for the whole history of literature and art would gainsay such a reckless statement. But I do say that a sound scientific education, such as the one I dream of, would not in the least jeopardize the attainment of style. A good teaching of science should be implicitly a teaching of style. It is possible that such teaching would discourage many literary efforts, but I assume that this reduction would only affect the most mediocre literature and hence would be a positive gain. Indeed, the modern world suffers as much from a plethora of writing as from a dearth of style. Besides, the opening up of fresh sources of inspiration would give an enormous impetus to the activity of the most gifted. I dare say, also, that of two men having equal artistic abilities, the one commanding more knowledge will reach a far higher level of style. He alone will be able to produce this beauty of an extraordinary kind, perhaps the most specifically human type of beauty (one might call it "Pascalian beauty"), which is found only in the writings of those who were at the same time great scientists and great artists.

I well know that some scientists affect to despise literary activities to the extent that they intrust to secretaries the writing of their own memoirs. This only proves that their ideas, however important in some technical respect, are rather of a low quality; it proves that they are unable to appreciate the value of the innumerable shades of meaning which language attaches to our thoughts as soon as we try to communicate them. Their indifferent language expresses the mediocrity of their soul. Truly, these men are no more scientists than stonecutters are architects. Sometimes they complain that their discoveries lack recognition, without realizing that they were the first to jeopardize their success. For no discovery is completed until it has been explained, and they never took the trouble to explain it properly. These inarticulate investigators are often so little aware of this shortcoming that they take pride in their own disgrace and distrust the scholars who do not share it. It is men of this type who spoke ill of Renan's scholarship because he wrote so well; it is the same men who keep out of their academies those who reveal a suspicious sense of style. They seem to believe that a scientific paper should not be taken seriously unless it be painfully tedious.

I prefer to turn my face from them and to look toward the future. When the attention of our youth will be more evenly divided between literary and artistic studies on the one hand and a full and sound scientific education on the other, a type of men which has now almost vanished will then slowly reappear. I mean all-round humanists able to appreciate the beauty of science as well as the beauty of art, and to understand nature as well as man. Such complete humanists have existed in the past; there is no reason why they should not thrive again in the future, though their reappearance will hardly be possible without a profound transformation of the present courses of study. It is from these new humanists, when they have grown sufficiently strong and numerous, that we may reasonably expect the creation of the new literature to which I referred above. They may also inspire a new art. Why not? The leading men of the golden ages of art, for instance the fifth century before Christ, were men of just such a type; they united in their minds idealism with knowledge, they were instinct with the love both of beauty and of truth.

By giving more importance to the teaching of science, at least one literary advantage would be obtained. Clear thinking and writing would be stimulated and unclear writing discouraged. One can but despise the man of letters or the artist who expresses himself unclearly on a gambling chance that some will mistake his mistiness for real profundity. Yet

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this trick is often successful. For it is a fact that many people—especially women who have received in a college or a finishing school just enough education to make others and themselves believe that they know something—are very often attracted by unclear writing, and fall an easy prey to any faker who knows how to bait them. They seem to assume that any muddled thought is deep, and hasten to proclaim its depth to suggest that they have fathomed it. On the contrary, when a sterling thought is expressed to them without bluff, and so clearly that one can see through it as one sees through the crystal water of a mountain lake, they are apt to think that it is shallow. That is natural enough, for they cannot grasp the pregnancy of such simple language, and yet they feel that nothing is hidden from them. Indeed, such clear style is like a mirror which reflects their own image; they see in it nothing but their own shallowness.

Experimental research would help boys and girls to realize the utter dishonesty of loose thinking. It would convince them that to fail to think out, if one thinks at all, and, having thought them out, not to express one's ideas as clearly as possible (if it be only for oneself), is a sort of cowardice.

The development of what I might call a "scientific conscience" would also discourage a great deal of useless writing. We may divide all writings into two classes: those which deal with dreams and those which deal with reality; or, to put it more briefly, fiction and non-fiction. I have no quarrel with fiction; we need it, were it only to prove that there is, after all, much more variety and fantasy in nature than in our most fantastic dreams. We need good novels, and we can never have too much of the best sort of poetry (but how rare it is!). The worst sort of literature is that which is supposed to represent reality and falsifies it, which is supposed to inform us and misinforms us. I suppose that scientific habits would go far to check the literary tendencies of men distinguished neither by their style nor their knowledge; men who make books as one would pave roads, without any inspiration; men whose only ambition is to get into print, or to make some money, or, at best, to "write well"; that is, to write as their old teachers have taught them, with the correct spelling and punctuation and a few conventional trimmings. Oh, how one would wish that they wrote less correctly and in a more personal vein! But it is hopeless, and the best that one can expect from them is that artificial and unconvincing elegance, as nauseating as the after-smell of cheap perfume.

That is why nothing irritates me more than to be told that an essay of mine is "well written." He who speaks so to me rubs me up the wrong way, indeed. "Well written! Did he say well written?" The ass does not realize that he has been trampling on a piece of my own heart. If a girl, after having read a letter in which a friend had dared at last to express his fondest hope, remarked to him that it was "well written," how would her lover feel, do you think? Well, I can but feel as he would. Is not any writing which has been deeply meditated, and has at last burst straight from one's heart, a message of love? No, I do not try to "write well." I often feel that I have something to say, but I keep silent as long as I can, or I speak of the weather and the crops and the family. But the thought accumulates in me, until sooner or later the pressure becomes so great that I must speak out. And then I try to say what I have on my mind as clearly and simply yet as forcibly as possible.

A scientific training would slowly inculcate a greater fear of error, a deeper respect for truth, and hence would inspire any would-be writer with a deeper sense of responsibility. Any author should be considered as guilty of indiscretion so long as he had not proved that his knowledge, conviction, and power of expression gave him, indeed, a right to speak. Besides, he should be repeatedly made to realize that the attainment of the highest style implies absolute devotion. One must be ready to spend one's whole substance; anything short of that would be mean. If one does not write with one's own blood, what is the use of writing at all?

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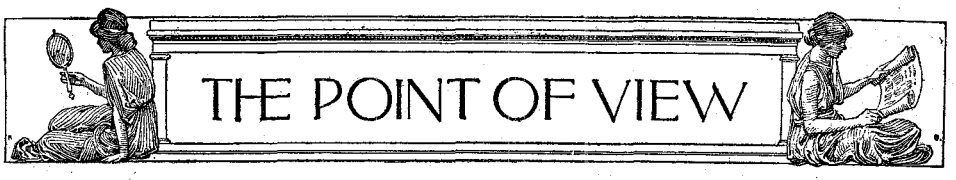

"THE Steady" is formed when Jackson's River, after pouring over the sharp edge of the Barren Gounds and foaming down through a stony bed an hour's journey for a man, falls upon quietude and floats along a tranquil course of four miles before it begins again its rush over the rocks for the sea, some nine hours' walking, below. On "The Steady on Jackson's" there are long stretches where the alders hang low over the creeping stream and swirling eddies, where the fisher who knows the secrets of these waters can raise the grilse in swift, deft fight, and sunken ledges where the fly cunningly laid on the smooth current brings, mayhap, the wild scream of the reel as a salmon makes his first plunge for freedom.

"The Steady on Jackson's"

The Steady has few inhabitants, and visitors are rare, but a bear has put his footprints into the mud of the reed bed, the little foxes have been out playing on the smooth sand-bar, a caribou cow has brought her calf down the hillsides from her refuge in the desolate barrens for a walk along the edge, half in the water, half out, and the beaver has left the chips of his portable carpentering kit in the thicket of young shoots.

On bright days the air has a crystal clearness, and the limpid blue sky fades into a sweep of varied greens from the dark, sharp tips of the pointed firs showing on the skyline of the lower hills, down the softly curved slope through the light patches of birch, tufted with the masses of richer color of the lush spruces of the North, to the dull heavy tint of the alder bed.

Calm hours are frequent in the shelter of the hills, and there is a strange, sweet silence here when the wind does not wake the notes of the trees. The chatter of the squirrel is never heard in Newfoundland. At intervals the fox-sparrow looses his strain, like a folk-song, gay but with a touch of elusive sadness. The sweet weather bird, who is none other than our old friend the chickadee singing his summer song, pipes up gently from time to time. The white-throat is nesting everywhere, but when you see him bustling around you recognize at once that he is too busy with his household affairs to give directions to "So-ow Wheat!" And all the warblers and thrushes are, not timid—for they have never seen man—but shy. You catch brief glimpses of them, but they seem to be in a conspiracy to ignore you as an alien intruder; except the Canada jay, who haunts your camp at meal hours to take food out of your hand when you are looking, or to steal it from your plate when your head is turned.

There is new life in this quiet and peace, but only he can find it who seeks it in a march for hours, pack on back, up the river-bed, getting around a beetling cliff from time to time by fording the river precariously, waist-deep, on slippery boulders—perhaps in a pouring rain which counsels haste lest a spate bar the rough track completely. The Steady might indeed be reached with a great train of camp-followers, but its subtlest charm would be missed by the luxurious "camper"—the addict to tents and canned peaches and wash-basins and tinned corned-beef hash and folding camp-chairs. Procul O! procul este profani! There is no sleep so sound as his who lies to rest in the teepee shanty. You build it in an hour and a half with three crotches and a score of poles under and over the slabs of birch bark laid shingle-wise, rough side out. It is covered with heavy green moss to keep the bark from curling and nature takes your handiwork back to herself. No alien thing like a staring white tent, it becomes a part of the woodland and seems to have grown where it stands. The heaviest rain cannot pierce the frail shelter, the swirls of smoke drive every fly from under the smooth ceiling, on the bed of boughs covered with rubber coats you lie soft with your light blankets under you, for the fire of dry fir and split birch across the triangular opening keeps you warm on all but the frostiest mornings when the red coals have faded just before sunrise.

"Persicos odi puer apparatus!" You eat three slices of bacon, a cup of dried peaches simmered over the fire before you slept, a flapjack accurately fitted into the frying-pan, topping off with a mighty bowl of oatmeal, and you "go in the strength of that

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meat" till the sun is high in the heavens. Three slices of toast or a handful of hard-tack, a cup of tea, a cake of chocolate, and a pipe, and you are ready to double the march. When the sinking sun begins to cast shadows on the water, even the oldest fisherman feels a new thrill as a light-hooked fish starts down the current out of the pool and he knows that to lose him means only boiled rice and raisins for supper. At the end of a day of hard but gloriously useless work, full to repletion of broiled grilse and boiled rice, you bring from your pack the hoarded store of cigars and then, while the cloud of tobacco smoke at the head of the shanty matches the wood smoke that curls up from its foot and mayhap a belated thrush sounds its clear bell across the river, you are sure that the hardships which haunt its approach are only the strong lacing of the cup of pleasure to be drained on the banks of "The Steady on Jackson's."

As to Our Heirlooms

WOMEN have won out in many things, but although they may vote, and become members of Congress, and Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and Heaven knows what else, there are still strongholds where the eternal masculine intrenches himself. When he considers his Family (not his family of the present, but his Family of the past) and reflects with pride on his Name, man has little use for a Female Descendant. Yet the children of the female descendants may be more numerous, and indeed may do more to perpetuate the credit of the Family than those that bear the name. Such are some of the contrarieties of Nature.

My friend Marmaduke bears a historic name and he has no children. The other day I had an argument with him on the subject of heirlooms. He maintained that no female descendant should be allowed to possess the family relics: the old chairs on which generations of their ancestors had sat, or the china and silver which had graced their tables, or, more than all, the portraits which they had caused to be painted to perpetuate them in the eyes and minds of their children and their children's children.

"What then?" asked I.

"In case there are no descendants of the name they must be given to a State Historical Society," he replied firmly. "All their descendants can go and look at them."

"But if none of them are by way of going to that place," I rejoined, "the things are altogether lost to them. Besides, a hundred descendants gazing at a portrait, a chair, a dish, in a museum would never get the value out of them that one household or even one member of that household may get. Pardon me for saying," I added—warming up to the discussion—"pardon me for saying that I think you overestimate the interest which outsiders will take in your family heirlooms. A few, a very few, persons interested in the study of certain periods may look attentively at your chairs and your china. If your portraits are the work of really great and famous artists they will, of course, have their recognized place. If they are simply good portraits, by a good but not particularly renowned artist, and not great works of art, few persons will give them more than a passing glance, no matter how distinguished the originals were or what were their services to the State or to society."

In fact, my friend seems to me quite to miss the point in which the real value of heirlooms consists. For instance, one of my family convoyed a party of Indian sachems to England, where they were presented to Queen Anne. I have one cup out of the tea-set that Queen Anne gave him on that occasion. Could even the whole tea-set mean as much to the visitor to a museum as that little cup means to me and my children? They, with their youthful preoccupations, would pay small attention to the picturesque incident were it not for this small relic which fixes it in their minds and interests them in an ancestor who was a really great man. But I am a female descendant, and my friend would say that I have no business to have the cup—that I ought to send it to join its fellows in the museum to which they have been given.

I have a dish out of a dinner-set brought home from China in the ship of an ancestor. In the centre are the intertwined initials of himself and his wife. The rest of the set is in the museum, being of a ware now grown rare; but my dish has far more significance to me than the rest of the set now has to any one whatever. I have a chair in which I can picture the little young grandmother who died in her twenties, and it seems to

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me that she was dressed in the quaint embroidered frock which was handed down to her daughter. The chair was old when she sat in it (I fancy her feet didn't touch the floor, even though she sat very straight) but the frock, I think, was new. As to the portraits of my own parents, their loss would be unspeakable. Of course my friend would say that it doesn't matter in the least how much they mean to me or may mean to my children and grandchildren. I haven't the Name, and if they are not in a family of the Name they must be in the museum. I am coming to that.

It has seemed to me that most of the young people are growing up with far too little sense of the past. They will not read about it. The Movies and the *Saturday Evening Post*, or perhaps scientific journals or daily papers, or merely the rush of life, bar the way. But these concrete tokens of a past of which they are the heirs do appeal to them. With these things to look at they are willing to hear of the men and women who did things that were possibly better worth doing than those important affairs in which they are themselves engaged. From one thing and another they gain a consciousness that their family past is something to live up to; and more than anything else, the portraits make that past vivid. One lives with them, traces resemblances, studies characteristics. I remember many years ago delighting in the portrait of a woman of my own blood, but in the possession of another female descendant; and, by the way, I should never have seen that kinswoman of the past if she had been in a museum. Day after day she enlivened my visit.

"But how delightful she must have been!" I exclaimed. "And what a good time she must have given that handsome man who was lucky enough to marry her. And what a wonderful thing for these little girls to have her to look at during every meal."

Years later I read of her and her delightfulness in the memoirs of a French émigrée. Had this charming humorous face of Margaretta been hanging bleakly on a museum wall she wouldn't have given nearly so much pleasure or done so much good.

I will not deny that in this day of moving from houses to apartments, and from apartments to hotels, there are advantages in lending certain of one's treasures to a museum until some member of the family can accommodate them worthily. Storage and travel do not agree with portraits. But they should be lent and not given. Nor do I deny that there is a certain plausibility in the argument of my friend as to the keeping together of heirlooms which have belonged to a family of historic importance; and in a country where the law of primogeniture prevails one can see some advantage in the permanent assembling of the family treasures in an old historic mansion which is still the home of the family. In our own country Mount Vernon is unique. It is not a museum, but a shrine; and it is managed with such tender and reverent care that it still seems like the home of Washington. More fortunate than some other mansions, it has not fallen under political management. Long may it keep out of politics!

But putting aside distinguished exceptions, in a country like this we must balance and choose; and here, where the inhabitants, from the passengers in the *Mayflower* to the latest immigrants in the steerage of an ocean liner, have broken with their past, it seems to me that a wide distribution among them of reminders of that past is precisely the most desirable thing. It is not so gratifying to a man's personal and family pride to distribute his things among the children of female descendants as to affix labels to museum pieces, but is it not likely to be the method which will do the most good, besides giving the most happiness? Human nature doesn't cling to a museum, and it is always true that "man loves most that which is his own."

But I don't expect to convince my friend Marmaduke. His mind is made up.

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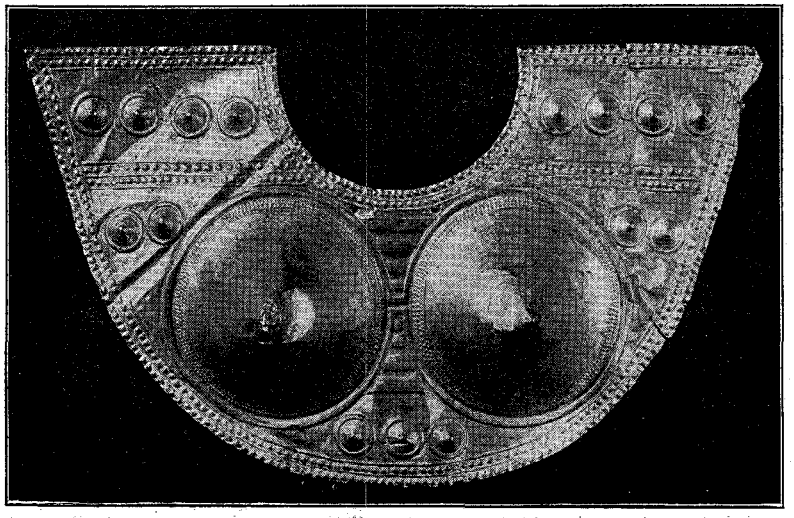
THE FIELD OF ART



Gold breast-plate from Colombia of thin beaten gold decorated in repoussé, twenty-two inches across.

MODERN AMERICAN ART AND THE PRIMITIVE

By Mary MacAlister

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM EXAMPLES IN THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA, AND THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

AMERICA offers unlimited opportunities for artistic progress along new lines. If we lack the ennobling influences of great inherited art traditions of the past rooted in our own soil, we do not lack the possibilities of indigenous and national development of art for the future. We have begun to realize the possession of vast stores of primitive art in Indian decorative ideas, and the religious interpretations, legendary lore, and ancient myths connected with them. We possess in American "Colonial" architecture and decoration—Spanish as well as English—adapted styles with many most interesting characteristics that are indigenous in different parts of the Western continent. For absolute, daring originality, we have, of course, the sky-scraper, and it surely seems destined to be yet further advanced from the basis of pure utility, and more completely reconciled to beauty.

The prehistoric world of aboriginal America is still one of the most mysterious phases of human existence. Exactly four centuries have elapsed since the Spanish Conquest of Mexico, the first permanent invasion of outside civilization into the New World. We know that it was a very thorough invasion, indeed, with atrocities on both sides. It imposed the religion and the art of Spain upon the native Aztec inhabitants and destroyed all that could be destroyed of the tangible evidences of their civilization. Whatever was left of early Central American and South American civilizations also became wholly Spanish in a short time. Aboriginal characteristics only lingered in those qualities of crudeness

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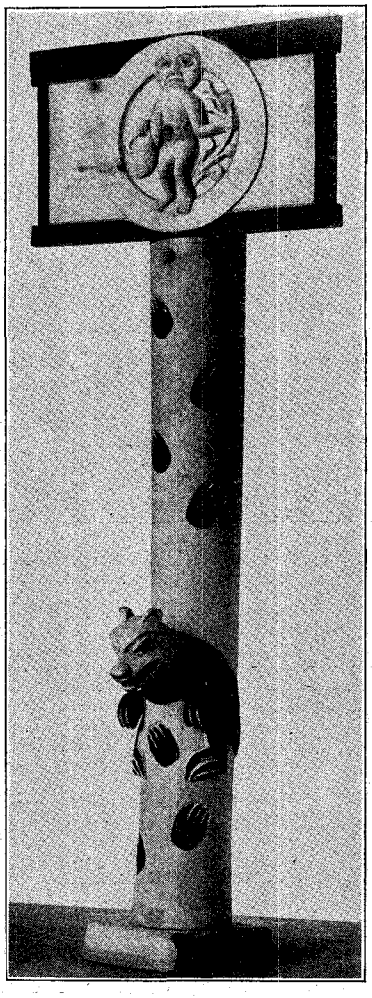
which give to early Spanish-American architecture and craftsmanship something of the individual, the indigenous.

The Aztecs of Mexico, the Mayas of Yucatan, and the Incas of Peru, each at different periods, more or less lost in the mists of antiquity, reached an advancement unknown to any tribes of North American Indians. The boundaries between barbarism and civilization are not very rigidly defined, though the generally accepted test of civilization is the ability to express ideas in signs and hieroglyphics—something approaching a written language. Another test is the use of metals. However, it is in the habitations of man that his knowledge and skill have always been most vividly displayed and handed down to posterity. As he progressed beyond the stage of caves and tents, and constructed permanent dwelling-places and places of worship and public assembly, he became an architect; and architecture, it is agreed, is the great legacy of one generation to another. In the remains of early advanced American peoples all of these elements are found to be crudely developed. There are ancient Aztec documents, there was a written Maya literature, and the Peruvians had their methods of keeping records. The lavish profusion of ancient American gold and silver work has very recently been illustrated by brilliant archæological finds, consisting of gold breastplates, implements, jewelry, and idols (most of them now in the University Museum, Philadelphia). These things are dazzling to the eye in their display of precious metal, and make more real the legends of early Spanish chronicles, the tales of "El Dorado," and the wonderful Pagan ceremonies, so rich in picturesque and dramatic quality, on the famous sacred lake of Guatavita, in Colombia, some of them coming from the very locality of that buried treasure. As for the architecture of prehistoric America, so much of it has been absolutely extinguished that it is difficult for us to form any definite ideas of it. The cathedral of the City of Mexico was built on the site of an Aztec temple, by Indian workmen. Every vestige of the heathen edifice has vanished. It is in Yucatan that there are to be found the most wonderful ruins of the American architecture of antiquity. Explorations of the ruins at Chichen Itza and other antique sites have supplied enough to enable the imagination to conjure up visions of an ancient splendor of temples and palaces, with painted walls and sculptured reliefs, of a style different from any other of which we have any knowledge. Facsimiles show it to be a strong and bold ornamentation, conveying an impression of rude power, with bedizened figures of potentates and slaves, and a crowded detail of tropical symbolic forms to whose significance there are few clues.



Haida Indian totem-pole, Queen Charlotte Island.

By courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The prehistoric pottery of the Western World was moulded without the use of the potter's wheel, but it developed along æsthetic lines, and compares favorably with the archaic pottery of the Eastern

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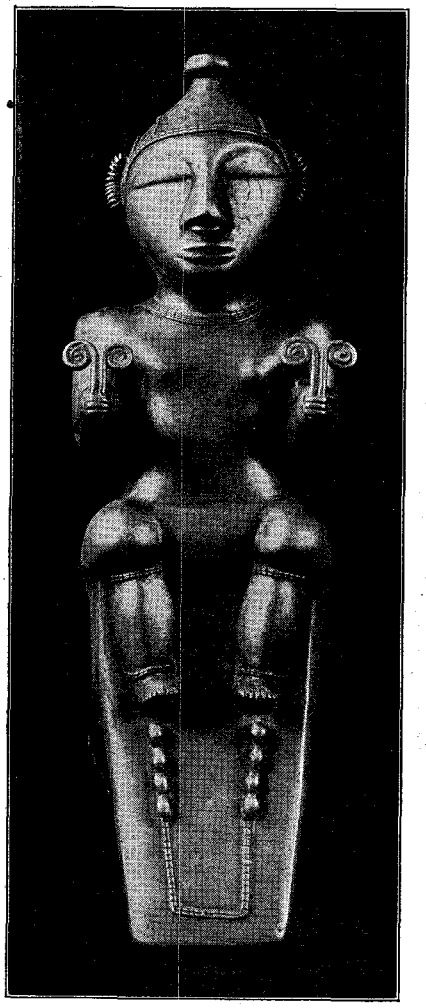
World. The Peruvians were expert weavers; the fragments of cloth from their ancient tombs in museums are widely used by modern textile designers.

All this art may yet yield up more of its secrets, but even incompletely revealed it is of extraordinary interest.

The student of North American Indian decorative art finds a wealth of material ready to hand. There are very fine collections of Indian arts and crafts—notably in the Natural History Museum, New York; the University Museum, Philadelphia; the Field Museum, Chicago; and at the National Museum, Washington; not to mention smaller collections. At Santa Fé is the American School of Research, giving opportunities to study aboriginal cliff-dwellings and the communal life of the ancient Pueblos that still exist in New Mexico and Arizona. The artistic colony which has migrated to the Southwest has made various aspects of Indian art familiar of late years to many people.



Early American gold idol.

Indian decoration, as exhibited in basketry, weaving, pottery-making, and other handiwork, is the outgrowth of conceptions of nature embodied in religious beliefs, which were symbolized by elaborate ceremonials, possible only to the "collective" barbaric mind. These ceremonies included strange dances and impersonations of the forces of nature, and songs and chants accompanied by the pulsating rhythm of drum-beats and rattles that are of the very essence of dramatic art and of music. The appeal of music is so much more direct and emotional than that of any plastic or graphic art, and the effect of Indian songs heard in civilized surroundings is singularly arresting. The sustained vibrations, with sudden breaks, are like the sighing and beating of wind and wave, or the discordant cries of wild woodland life—not to be set down in musical notation without change.

Indian folk-lore, handed down from generation to generation by spoken narrative only, is nature-lore, given human and other animated shapes by the primitive idealists and visionaries of the American wilderness, who were more closely attuned to its moods than civilized man can ever be. These gods and demons are not to be compared to the old Greek gods, so perfected in their human forms and attributes, for the Indian striving after ideal beauty is often obscure and uncouth in its expression. The artistic mind groping in the mazes of voluminous ethnological records has need of a good deal of intuition and selection in order to grasp the elements of beauty with which the Indian imagination was endowed.

So far as it is possible to generalize about the beliefs of the tribes which were distributed about the North American environment, ranging from semi-tropical to Arctic regions, authorities are agreed that most of them had the idea of the "Great Spirit" pervading all nature. There was a recognition of the powers of good and evil, forever contending, and personified by the natural

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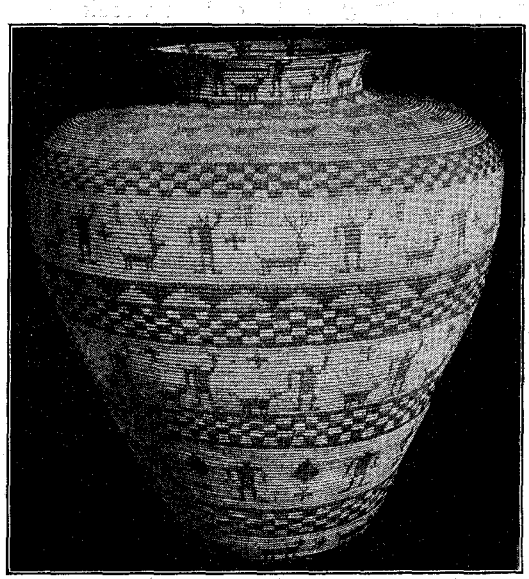
powers of light and darkness, and there was a recognition of the male and female elements in all things. There are myths of the Creation, and of the Deluge, and of Fire. The Sun is masculine and the Moon has feminine attributes. There are tales of the Morning and Evening Stars, and of the Pleiades, or "Bunched Stars"; Thunder is the god of war; the Thunder Bird has eyes of lightning and a voice of thunder. The Four Winds play a highly significant part in Indian myths, and a fantastic Whirlwind is found in some localities. It is very surprising to find that there are Indian versions of some of the most familiar fairy-tales of civilized life. For instance, the "Sandman" of the little song of our childhood is a bee sprite, and throws pollen in the eyes of drowsy Indian babies. It is not possible to judge of the age or origin of many of these tales, and there may be European, or quite modern, connections. But whether wholly original or adapted, there is a touch of primitive poetry, as there often is in the Indian names of localities which we still use.



Apache Indian basket jar.

The original is one of the largest baskets, nearly three and one-half feet high, and very perfect in technic and design.

The decorative design with which the Indian ornamented not only ceremonial objects and robes, but the objects and costume of daily common use is extremely interesting. Its color is in the light and brilliant key of an out-of-door people, produced by pure vegetable dyes, and varied enough to suggest color schemes for modern use. It is geometric design very largely, and there are the selfsame common motifs that primitive man evolved out of nature in other parts of the world—the checkered patterns, the Greek fret, and interlaced lines—as Chinese as they are Greek. The Indian elaborated these and originated new conventionalized forms, and also used pictorial ornamentation.

In Alaska the parallels with Asiatic art are particularly striking and have often suggested to archæologists their theories of possible intercourse across the narrow northern seas. The Northwest Pacific coast decoration differs from that of other Indian tribes, being more realistic in its typical legendary wood-carvings that take the form of grotesque masks and head-dresses which represent the animal heroes of the region. And the tall totem-poles record the deeds of the past, as strange a survival of barbaric America and as far removed from the present as anything well could be.

There was one minor and essentially primitive art which the North American Indian was able to carry to a finished perfection in the isolation of the wilderness, and that was the making of baskets. In some regions a rare artistic instinct was developed in the women of certain Indian tribes. By skilful placing of both simple and intricate design motifs, and a peculiarly attractive use of subdued dusky coloring on a light groundwork, there are some most unique effects in the old basketry. Neither basketry, nor pottery-making, nor blanket-weaving are lost arts among the Indians, and recent experiments have shown that advancing civilization may not wholly kill aboriginal craftsmanship. Whether Indian decoration has vital elements that can be developed in civilized design is the question that is undecided.

It is, however, not the arts and crafts of Indian life that have most directly influenced American art so far, but an abstract influence that has inspired much notable recent work in both painting and sculpture.

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Hopi Indian group.
Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

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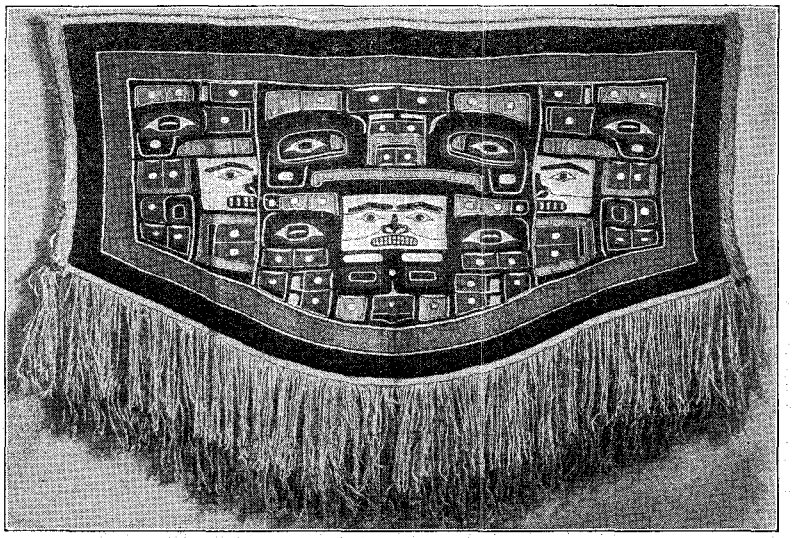

Ceremonial blanket of the Northwest Pacific coast.
It is woven of wool and cedar bark, showing typical animal design, and is entirely different from Navaho blanket.

Mr. Dallin's "Medicine Man," one of the earlier Indian subjects, has been made popular through reproductions. This equestrian figure, in its calm, monumental pose of invocation, expresses the spirit of bygone aboriginal America as distinctively, in its way, as the familiar Saint-Gaudens's "General Sherman" expresses the Americanism of the Civil War in the advancing, concentrated impetuosity of horse and rider, led by triumphant Victory. To-day, with our experience of the World War marking such a sharp division in the ordered sequence of time, both these conceptions are of the past, the one hardly more remote than the other.

To-day what does the famous sky-line of Manhattan express? We scarcely attempt to define it ourselves in words, though many foreign visitors try to define it for us. One critic says America has "dipped the Greek perfection in a bath of morning freshness" in creating the sky-scraper, "beauty crowning utility." Others see Gothic inspiration in some towering office-buildings and hotels. But the ideas that set engineers to working out the upward expansion of commercial New York were hardly Gothic. Perhaps there really is a dim connection with the aboriginal cliff-dwelling rising straight up from the Western plain. At any rate, the first effects must have been accidental, and not studied and calculated, as is now the case, when proportions and ornament are planned to a gigantic scale. And in a great city of tall buildings the magic of nature creates, with the changing seasons and the passing hours, a wonderful pageantry of savage beauty that is inspiring to modern art.

In the Old World civilizations past and present live side by side, not disassociated as here, and even though the old order is changing everywhere and abnormal phases of art have sprung up, the gracious inheritance of the past still exists. In America we are only just coming to be really aware of it, and to understand how ancient beauty came into being from natural environment, given religious interpretations and interwoven with outside influences, and how it is intimately associated with daily life. We need to take broader views of the past, to be more familiarly in touch with it, in the strenuous business of reconciling art to a commercial existence in which nearly everything must first of all be "made to pay," and craftsmanship is at so great a disadvantage in competition with machinery.

It is these practical problems that challenge the imagination in the future possibilities of art in the New World.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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